

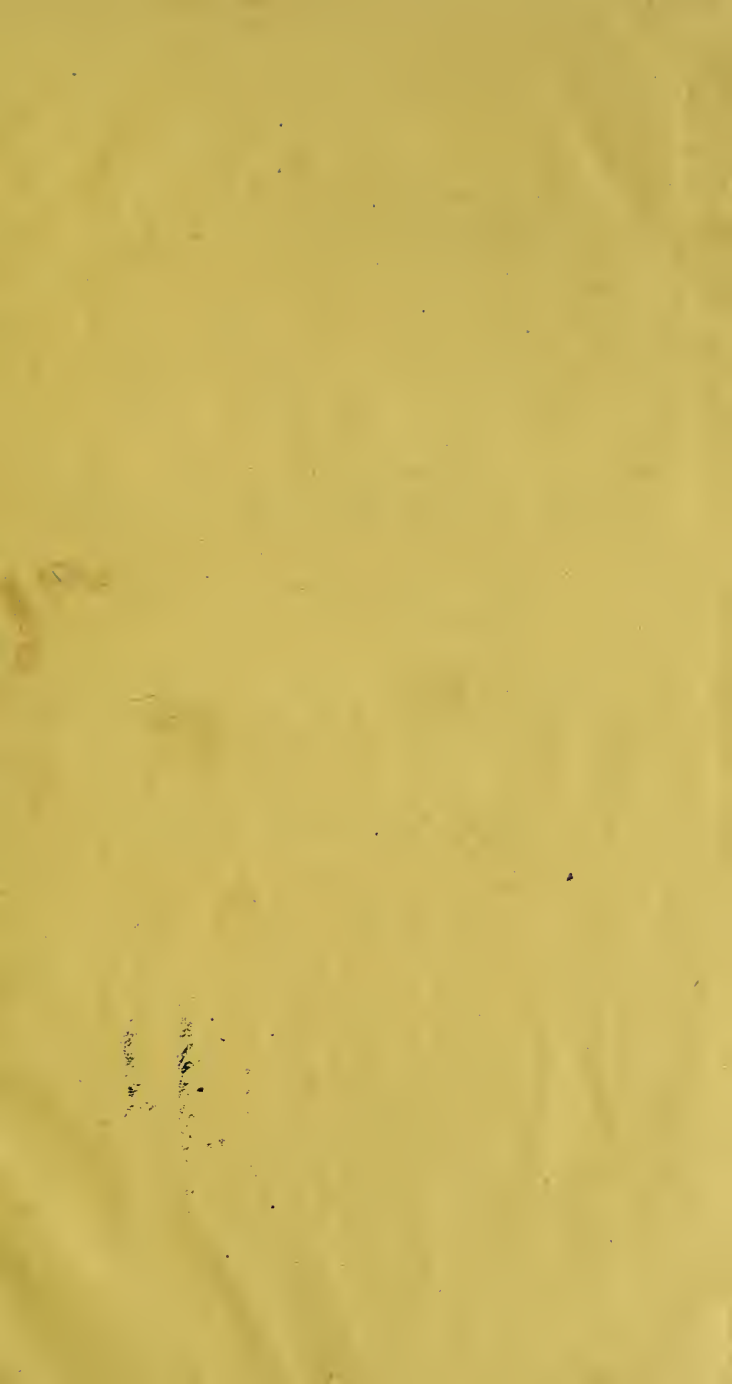
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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS;

CHIEFLY RELATING TO THE LATE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

2 Vols. Cloth, with 6 Portraits, 21s. Proofs 28s.





SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,

From a Painting by Vandyke (1735) in the Possession of M^r Colley

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS;

CHIEFLY RELATING

TO THE LATE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,

DURING HIS LONG RESIDENCE IN BRISTOL.

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES & CO. AND HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO.

1837.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It was my first intention to have drawn up a brief statement of the chief incidents in Mr. Coleridge's Bristol Life, and to have sent it to the gentleman who is now officially engaged in compiling a more extended Memorial of Mr. C. At the time this intention was entertained, I was but imperfectly aware of the extent and complicated nature of my materials, and also of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, which afterward became increasingly manifest, of reducing the narrative to a compass that could have been accepted. If my original purpose had been persisted in, and the compression in question had been effected, this work would never have appeared; in which case, an exclusion, in all likelihood, would have followed, of many, if not of all its most striking features. Being therefore compelled to relinquish my primary design, or submit to a sacrifice of nine tenths of the following pages, in order that the epitome might harmonize with the purposes of another, of acknowledged competence, but, perhaps, with views somewhat different from my own, I thought it best, as well as most likely to accord with the wishes of the Reader, to withhold assent to so large a spoliation and to print the memoir in its present unmutilated state.

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PREFACE.

It must be regarded as an extraordinary circumstance, that Mr. Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," should have passed over, in silence, all distinct reference to BRISTOL, the cradle of his literature, and for many years his favourite abode; the enlightened inhabitants of which city ever warmly patronized him, and whom he thus addressed, at one of his public lectures, 1814: "You took me up in younger life, and I could wish to live and die amongst you:" so that but for these reminiscences, no memorial would be preserved of the eventful portion of Mr. Coleridge's days, here detailed; and consequently all that follows is so much snatched from oblivion.

It may be proper to notice that the title here adopted, of RECOLLECTIONS, is to be understood as a general, rather than as a strictly applicable phrase, since the present work is founded on numerous letters, copies of letters, and memoranda, that, for the most part, have lain in a dormant state, nearly *forty years*, and which were preserved as mementos of past scenes, personally interesting, but without the least reference to ultimate publication. Circumstances, however, have latterly arisen, which suggested to me the propriety of converting these miscellaneous papers into a record of a genius, who, when viewed in all his features, has scarcely been surpassed in modern times.

It might prove acceptable to the reader, to learn what the circumstances were, in which this work originated.

On the death of Mr. Coleridge, while I united my own inobtrusive sympathies with those of his other numerous friends; and the press, in every form, teemed with more notices of the departure

of this master spirit, than have appeared, in reference to any one individual, since the death of Dr. Johnson, I was a stranger to the remotest intention of disturbing my own quiescent papers, though the thought occasionally passed my mind, especially when I saw mis-statements in circulation, that no individual possessed a more ample acquaintance, at least, with many of these subjects, than myself.

An influential friend now addressed to me a letter, (1835) who well knew my intimacy with Mr. Coleridge, urging me to write a memoir of him, during his residence in Bristol;* (a period in which, as a nucleus, so many men of genius were there congregated, as to justify the designa-

* "History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated."—DR. JOHNSON.

tion, "The Augustan Age of Bristol.") The proposal at that moment, from the repugnance every mind feels, suddenly to adopt new impressions, combined, as it was, with a confirmed reluctance to commence any laborious undertaking, assumed a decidedly repulsive aspect.

When I considered, before I could accede to this solicitation, the mass of letters, &c. it would be necessary to examine, methodise, and transcribe, with the almost unconquerable difficulty of maintaining *fidelity*, without, in some quarter, exciting *offence* when, in addition, I remembered my advancing years, and declining health, as well as the necessity to which I should be subjected, in compiling an account of Mr. Coleridge during the required period, of referring rather largely to other friends, now living, with whom his actions and letters were intimately connected, and thus to hazard a breach both of confidence and delicacy; when the subject was viewed in this comprehensive light, I deemed it most accordant with

discretion, as it was with inclination, to decline a compliance with my friend's request; which I accordingly did, and assigned the reasons that influenced my determination. Here I thought the affair had terminated.

On the contrary, soon after the transmission of this decided negative, I received a second letter from the same gentleman, urging me to reconsider my resolution, and enforcing his request, by saying, my compliance "would fill up an important chasm in Mr. C.'s life," of which little or nothing was known.

This second application excited a ruminating inquiry in my mind. I considered, that the information I had it in my power to convey, could be derived from no other source, so that if I declined the task, an extensive hiatus must necessarily appear in any more elaborate Life of Mr. Coleridge which should be written. Whatever my qualifications in other respects might have been, I well knew my opportunities were the

most favourable for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the subject, in consequence of my having been exclusively privileged with intercourse and correspondence with Mr. C. during the whole of his residence in and near Bristol; by which means, I was enabled to behold him in all his shades of character; as well as capacitated for observing his actions, and witnessing all his projected, or accomplished, literary undertakings. I considered also, that my detached, and, in some cases, abbreviated memoranda, however adequate for my own requirements, would prove inefficient guides to any successor, who might wish to mould the materials into a coherent whole.

With these convictions resting on my mind, I began in some measure to relax, and thought, if facts and letters were alone given, I might with little trouble, prepare a short account of Mr. Coleridge, occupying the space merely of forty or fifty pages. This therefore was my first purpose. But there is progression in most human plans.

I commenced now more minutely to examine my scattered papers relating to Mr. C. to which every day made large accessions, till they at length formed, almost, a portentous aggregate.

A wider field now gradually unfolded itself. I found that Mr. Coleridge's letters were far more numerous than I had anticipated, and also that my documents relating to Mr. C. embraced not only the period of his residence in Bristol, but included also his occasional visits to that city in after years. If I wrote any thing, I became convinced that "facts and letters" would be insufficient, but that they must be accompanied with explanatory remarks, and the whole thrown into the form of a narrative;—and also that it would be desirable to introduce incidental notices of various characters who were connected with Mr. Coleridge, or with Bristol, during the period described; which, with every disposition to avoid needless amplification, would probably occasion the work to extend to two volumes.

I hesitated, but soon (whatever effort it might cost me) decided on the latter expedient ; and the more readily, as I believed it possible to curtail the notices of living friends, to an extent which would obviate objection, or that, in other cases, I might obtain permission : so that I began to perceive an *obligation* resting upon me, not to leave that to another, which, for the reasons before stated, none could do so well as myself. I may add, when I reflected on Mr. Coleridge's singular life at these periods, its instructive imports, and diversified incidents, the more important, as a subject for Biography, it appeared ; and while the last of my objections subsided, with the determination to commence the MEMOIR, I experienced an interest arising in my mind, favourable to the undertaking, with a vivid renewal of those half-forgotten scenes and images which animated my younger days. This being a simple statement of the introductory circumstances and motives, which influenced the drawing up these pages, I shall now state the

principles on which the work has been conducted.

To please each individual, of every class of readers, I well knew would prove an ineffectual effort. *One* might wish that I had passed over all reference to the aberrations of genius, as well as to the immature projects entertained by Mr. Coleridge, in early life. Another might justify allusions to the indiscretions, as well as to the unchastened enthusiasm of youth, but protest against all notices of pecuniary transactions, and particularly of *one* noble instance of liberality. Another might allow of such introductions, as tending to elucidate the mind, as well as the circumstances of the person delineated, but object to the printing letters of a melancholy description, and especially to such as verged on a prostration of spirit. Joy might hand her nectarean chalice to Mr. C. in a succession of felicitous moments, but the sigh of misfortune, or the tear of destitution, (in deference to the reader's exquisite sensibilities) must not for one moment be tolerated.

It was not improbable, I conceived, but that this sentiment might be proclaimed the loudest, by those who were the least solicitous, in the golden opportunity for ever past, to remove, by their timely commiserations, and out of their abundance, Mr. Coleridge's numerous and bitter sources of complaint! Another might advocate the ascription of virtues real or imaginary, in limitless extravagance; but the least hint at defects, would utterly subvert, in their estimation, all the fine architectural proportions of the edifice.

Another might desire the exclusive display of the grander incidents, and, from his partiality to the imposing and the mighty, condemn the introduction of what he chose to call, trifles. But trifles in application to one, might not be such to another. All are aware how acceptable any accession to our *trifles* would be relating to SHAKSPEARE, or NEWTON, or MILTON. It is a just complaint that we do not know enough of the minutiae of great men. They are too often pre-

sented to us in the mass, rather than in the detail, so that our estranged spirits are not sufficiently united. Besides which, incidents, however minute, that illustrate character, are not trifles, but often component parts of a majestic whole. The feelings of every reader must confirm the opinion, that biographical interest is never so effectually excited, as when the formal drapery, the court habiliments, are thrown aside, and the subject of the narrative, escaped from constraint, in his home-dress, by his deeds and his utterance, reveals, not the factitious, but the unsophisticated man.

Another might strenuously denounce all reference to Mr. Coleridge's unhappy passion for *Opium*, or suggest, if noticed, that it should be expressed in the most general and indefinite terms, so that it should attach to him as lightly as water to the feathers of some bird of the ocean. And here I expect the strongest opposition will be discovered. I have considered this subject in

another place, but I now cursorily ask, with the certainty of an affirmative reply, whether the Reader, instead of seeking a fictitious display, does not desire a faithful exhibition of the individual whose life he is perusing? And if this quality be deemed an indispensable requirement in each ordinary biographical sketch, how much more emphatically is it demanded, in application to so marked and original a mind as that of Mr. Coleridge?—a man who, from his intellectual eminence, ceases to be private property, but is transferred, with all his appendages, to the treasury of the public.

Without pausing therefore to determine, whether some minds, from their contracted horizons, may, or may not, condemn all beyond the limit of their own sight, I have aimed to present him in his true features, and *not* without those disclosures, essential to any Life of Mr. C. which claimed impartiality for its basis. He will be found, it is believed, in the following narrative,

invested with all the excellencies to which he had a rightful claim, and they were many, but, it must be acknowledged, not to the exclusion of those darker traits which pertained to one portion of his life, and which he himself so unreservedly confessed and deplored.

With all these possible and probable objections, from different quarters, advancing in formidable array, my only alternative appeared to be, firmly to adopt that course which accorded with my own sense of right; duly reflecting on, and adjusting, the claims of the dead, the timid, and the public. Such, I believe, has scrupulously been done; and happy am I to subjoin, that this procedure has met with the full concurrence of many of Mr. Coleridge's oldest and truest friends.—The ultimate appeal is to the Reader.

If the obligation to convey these undissembled facts, had not been imperative, I should gladly have consigned to oblivion, that one letter of Mr. Coleridge, (had its disposition depended on myself)

to be found at the end of the second volume ; which letter, in the perusal, will fill with anguish every friend and extort a sigh from the stranger. But it should be recollected, that such withdrawal from the public eye, (arising out of its peculiar obligatory sanctions,) would have been injustice to the living, and treachery to the dead. This letter is the solemnizing voice of conscience ! Mr. C. lived to bewail his intemperate use of opium, as well as to writhe under its consequences, and wrote the letter in question, from the most benevolent of motives, as the best remedial effort in his power, to counteract the influences of his pernicious example ; indulging the ardent hope, that his full and spontaneous confessions might operate as a sea-mark, to apprise others of the vortex, which had “ well nigh ” involved him in irremediable destruction.

No considerate friend, it might be thought, would desire the suppression of this letter, but rather its most extended circulation ; and that,

among other cogent reasons, from the immense *moral lesson*, enforced by it, in perpetuity, on all CONSUMERS OF OPIUM; in which they will behold, as well as in some of the other letters, the “tremendous consequences,” (to use Mr. Coleridge’s own expressions) of such practices, exemplified in the person of Mr. C. and to which terrible effects, he himself so often, and so impressively refers. It was doubtless a deep conviction of the beneficial tendencies involved in the publication, that prompted Mr. C. to direct publicity to be given to the subject of this remarkable letter, after his decease; which letter, of itself, deserves to be spread through all lands, as the most sovereign antidote to opium, the world has seen; and which, from its salutary prospective influence, may save from ruin, many yet unborn.

The reader is requested especially to bear in mind, that this one letter, to the publication of which some of Mr. Coleridge’s friends may entertain an invincible objection, is one which preemi-

nently demands the sacrifice of private feeling to public utility. Can any reflecting, it might almost be said, any rational mind, deliberately desire the suppression of this penitential letter, in which Mr. Coleridge, for the good of others, magnanimously forgets its bearing on himself, and makes a full and voluntary confession of the sins he had committed against "himself," his "friends," his "children," and his "God," by persisting, through so many years, in the intemperate use of, what he latterly and justly called, "the accursed drug?" In the agony of remorse, at the retrospection, he required that this letter, of bitter compunctious self-accusation, should hereafter be given to the public; using the following strong expressions. "After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness, and its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example!" This is the most redeeming letter, Samuel Taylor Coleridge

ever penned. A callous heart could not have written it. A Christian, awaking from his temporary lethargy, might. While it powerfully propitiates the reader, it almost converts condemnation into compassion.

The Individuals who would aim to suppress this letter, (perhaps from a kind motive) on the failure of their endeavours, (from the same mistaken feeling) might strive to neutralize its effect, by affirming that it was written under a narcotic influence, as were also, on a like supposition, the other letters of Mr. Coleridge, which so feelingly advert to his wants, and his opium.

In order to correct this misapprehension of Mr. Coleridge's real condition, it is only necessary to state, that, at the period when he wrote this one letter, as well as the other letters referred to, however disturbed his conscience may have been, and passively subjugated his will, his understanding, his reasoning faculty, was as clear and vigorous as at any period of his life; and which assertion

is supported by the internal testimony of those writings which he produced, when his indulgence in opium prevailed the most.* This being an undeniable fact, *who* can be authorized in affirming, that Mr. Coleridge's thoughts, when he wrote these letters, were obscured by his deteriorating indulgences? or, hazard the declaration, equally invalid, that his wishes, with respect to the publication of his *Testamentary Letter*, were ever different from those he had so deliberately avowed?

It should be remembered, that if I have deemed it right not to conceal Mr. Coleridge's disastrous habits, and characteristic peculiarities, I, on the contrary, have borne ample testimony to the grander features of his character; and this I did, not more in justice to him, than as a contribution to my own happiness. I may be allowed to subjoin, that, in the following work, I have

* See in particular, Mr. Coleridge's Letters on the Fine Arts, in the Appendix, written in the year 1814.

endeavoured, however imperfect the accomplishment, to exhibit an example of what Biography *ought to be*, in order to redeem its character, an undisguised portraiture of the man, rather than a stream of undeviating eulogy.

If there be those who still persist in censuring every allusion to Mr. Coleridge's intemperate use of opium, (and I have reason to think there are) it would be equitable in such, to recollect, if stronger arguments will not reconcile, that I have advanced nothing on this, or any other subject, with which the public, in a less correct form, are not already acquainted, so that it might be the wiser part, in some of Mr. Coleridge's friends, neither to extenuate, nor ineffectually attempt to conceal his habits, and their disastrous effects, (applying at least, to one period of his life) but to acquiesce in allowing them to stand out, in conformity with Mr. C.'s own express injunction, as heralds, proclaiming to contemporaries and successors, a loud and salutary warning.

It affords to all who knew Mr. Coleridge, the purest pleasure to reflect, that his inveterate passion for opium was eventually overcome; and the lacerated feelings he so long endured, show, to a memorable extent, the deadly struggle for mastery, sustained, in a mind like his, between inveterate habit, and an awakened conscience; when, as might be expected, in the protracted conflict, the better principle triumphed.

In the succeeding pages, while much has been conceded to truth, it is no small honour reflected on Mr. Coleridge, that his conversation, and his writings, were ever the powerful advocates of Religion and Virtue. His splendid conversations have passed away, but his writings, in all their exuberance of genius, will shed an imperishable lustre on his name, when, in the really important sense, all besides his merits, and his misfortunes, will be forgotten.

I cannot withhold a final remark, with which my own mind is greatly affected. The whole of

the events subsequently recorded, resemble, now, a disturbed vision of the night, which, through the dim vista of memory, already appear identified with the scenes before the flood! while almost all the ardent and bustling spirits, once so well known, and here so briefly noticed, have been hurried off our mortal stage!—Robert Lovell!—George Burnet!—Charles Lloyd!—George Catcott!—Dr. Beddoes!—Charles Danvers!—Amos Cottle!—William Gilbert!—John Morgan!—Ann Yearsley!—Sir H. Davy!—Hannah More!—Robert Hall!—Samuel Taylor Coleridge!—and now, Charles Lamb!

“What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!”

J. C.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

(See Vol. I. p. 317.)

1. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, VOL. I. *Frontispiece.*
2. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, VOL. II. *Frontispiece.*
3. ROBERT SOUTHEY, ... VOL. I. *Page* 6.
4. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, VOL. I. — 250.
5. CHARLES LAMB, ... VOL. I. — 277.
6. AMOS COTTLE, ... VOL. I. — 124.

OBSERVATIONS ON PORTRAIT No. 1.

This portrait of Mr. Coleridge was taken in oils, by a Mr. Vandyke. (a descendant of the great Vandyke.) He was invited over from Holland by the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, to assist him in his portraits, particularly in the drapery department; in which capacity he remained with him many years. Mr. Vandyke afterwards settled in Bristol, and obtained great and just celebrity for his likenesses. His portrait of Mr. Coleridge did him great credit, as a better likeness was never taken; and it has the additional advantage of exhibiting Mr. C. in one of his animated conversations, the expression of which the painter has in a good degree preserved.

OBSERVATIONS ON PORTRAIT No. 2.

This portrait of Mr. Coleridge was taken by Mr. Robert Hancock, in crayons. (afterwards fastened and varnished, so as to have all the stability of oils.) The likeness was much admired at the time, and has an additional interest, from having been drawn when Mr. C.'s spirits were in a state of depression, on account of the failure of his "Watchman." The *dress* is precisely that which Mr. Coleridge wore when he preached his first sermon, in Mr. Jardine's chapel, at Bath. (Vol. 1. p. 179.)

OBSERVATIONS ON PORTRAIT No. 3.

This Portrait of Mr. Southey, by Hanceck, was a most happy likeness at the period at which it was taken ; admitted to be such by all Mr. S.'s friends.

OBSERVATIONS ON PORTRAIT No. 4.

The portrait of Mr. Wordsworth, No. 4, was taken also by Hancock, and was an undoubted likeness, universally acknowledged to be such, at the time.

OBSERVATIONS ON PORTRAIT No. 5.

This portrait of Charles Lamb, by Hancock, was a masterly likeness. Mr. Coleridge often used to look at this image of his old friend and school-fellow, and express his warmest approbation of its accuracy.

OBSERVATIONS ON PORTRAIT No. 6.

This portrait of the late Amos Cottle, by Palmer, (a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds) was esteemed a great likeness, although it but imperfectly represents one of the finest of human countenances.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE PORTRAITS OF
COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, AND LAMB.

These likenesses were taken in the years when each of the writers published his *first volume of Poems*; and (as the only fair criterion) the fidelity of the copies to the originals, *in those periods*, was universally admitted. The time also in which these four men of genius were drawn, was, perhaps, the most advantageous for exhibiting their genuine characters; in which case, the likenesses contained in the following work, are those which might most faithfully and favourably descend to posterity.

It must be acknowledged that, after the intervention of forty years, the external symbols take a wide departure from their prototypes. Consistently with which established *process*, the features of these eminent men have partaken of the allotted mutation; and, during this lengthened space, for the most part, have become so changed, as to require strong evidence, and almost an *effort* in the beholder, to admit the assumed identity of the earlier with the latter countenance. But, however different, both likenesses may be equally good, relatively to their respective periods; consequently one does not interfere with, or invalidate the other, and, according to the diversity of tastes, where *both* are not chosen, as presenting transitions of great interest, each individual will give the preference as he likes.

There must be some one time the *most* favourable for expressing the moral and intellectual character of the face; and the question to be solved, is, whether that time be at an earlier, or more advanced, or the last stage of life. Some will be inclined to regard the age of TWENTY-FIVE, as about the time when the human visage has arrived at its highest perfection, for here the mind is fully developed, as to its capacity for receiving ideas, while the face usually exhibits a simplicity and an ingenuousness which characterize the *Man of Nature*, uncontaminated by the world, where sincerity directs, and honest enthusiasm impels.

But whether the justice of this remark be admitted, or denied, it will be allowed that the highest value would be attached to legitimate likenesses of SHAKSPEARE and MILTON, at the age of TWENTY-FIVE.—The rose is the most beautiful before it is full blown, and the oak of the forest receives our highest admiration, before the blast has shattered its limbs, or its towering head has been scathed by the lightning.

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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

It is necessary to inform the reader, of my having been a bookseller in Bristol, from the year 1791, to 1798; from the age of 21 to 28: and having imbibed from my tutor and friend, the late John Henderson, (one of the most extraordinary of men) some little taste for literature, I found myself, during that period, generally surrounded by men of cultivated minds.*

I must here intimate, that I intend in the following pages inflexibly to adhere to an undisguised statement of occurrences as they arose, with the primary intention of elucidating a few years of the

* My speaking so often in the first person, cannot be avoided in a work of *Auto Biography*. I submit to the necessity with reluctance, and hope it will not be ascribed to any obtrusive or ostentatious motive.

life of Mr. Coleridge, but which will necessarily involve references to other men of genius, living and dead, with whom he was intimately associated. Brief notices will also extend to two or three other eminent individuals with whom I was once acquainted, and who were connected with Bristol. With these brief preliminary remarks I shall commence the "Recollections."

At the close of the year 1794, a clever young quaker, of the name of Robert Lovell, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me, that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehannah, to form a "Social Colony;" in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed. None, he said, were to be admitted into their number, but tried and incorruptible characters; and he felt quite assured, that he and his friends would be able to realize a state of society, free from the evils and turmoils that then agitated the world, and present an example of the eminence to which men might arrive under the unrestrained influence of sound principles. He now paid me the compliment of

saying, they would be happy to include *me* in this select assemblage, who, under a state, which he called PANTISOCRACY, were, he hoped, to regenerate the whole complexion of society, and that, not by establishing formal laws, but by excluding all the little deteriorating passions; injustice, “wrath, anger, clamour, and evil speaking,” and thereby setting an example of “Human Perfectability.”

Young as I was, I suspected there was an old and intractable leaven in human nature, that would effectually frustrate these airy schemes of happiness which had been projected in every age, and always with the same result. At first the disclosure so confounded my understanding, that I almost fancied myself transported to some new state of things, while images of patriarchal and pristine felicity stood thick around, decked in the rain-bow’s colours. A moment’s reflection, however, dissolved the unsubstantial vision, when I asked him a few plain questions.

“How do you go?” said I. My young and ardent quaker friend, instantly replied, “We freight a ship, carrying out with us, ploughs, and all other implements of husbandry.” The thought occurred to me, that it might be more economical,

to purchase such articles in America; but not too much to discourage the enthusiastic aspirant after happiness, I forbore all reference to the prolific accumulation of difficulties to be surmounted, and merely inquired, who were to compose his company? He said that only four, had, as yet, absolutely engaged in the enterprise; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from Cambridge; (in whom I understood the plan to have originated;) Robert Southey, and George Burnet, from Oxford, and himself. "Well," I replied, "when do you set sail?" He answered, "Very shortly. I soon expect my friends from the Universities, when all the preliminaries will be adjusted, and we shall joyfully cross the blue waves of the Atlantic." "But," said I "to freight a ship, and sail out in the high style of gentlemen agriculturists, will require funds. How do you manage this?" "We all contribute what we can," said he, "and I shall introduce all my dear friends to you, immediately on their arrival in Bristol."

Robert Lovell (though inexperienced, and constitutionally sanguine) was a good specimen of the open frankness which characterizes well-informed quakers; and he excited in me an additional interest, from a warmth of feeling, and an extent

of reading, above the ordinary standard of the estimable class to which he belonged. He now read me some of the MS. poems of his two unknown friends, which at once established their genius in my estimation.*

My leisure having been devoted, for many years, to reading and composition, and having a small volume of Poems, at that time in the press, I anticipated great pleasure from an introduction to two poets, who superadded to talents of a high order, all the advantages arising from learning, and a consequent familiarity with the

* Robert Lovell, himself, was a poet, as will appear by the following, being one of his Sonnets.

STONEHENGE.

Was it a spirit on yon shapeless pile ?
 It wore, methought, a hoary Druid's form,
 Musing on ancient days ! The dying storm
 Moan'd in his lifted locks. Thou, night ! the while
 Dost listen to his sad harp's wild complaint,
 Mother of shadows ! as to thee he pours
 The broken strain, and plaintively deplores
 The fall of Druid fame ! Hark ! murmurs faint
 Breathe on the wavy air ! and now more loud
 Swells the deep dirge ; accustomed to complain
 Of holy rites unpaid, and of the crowd
 Whose ceaseless steps the sacred haunts profane,
 O'er the wild plain the hurrying tempest flies,
 And, mid the storm unheard, the song of sorrow dies.

best models of antiquity. Independently of which, they excited an interest, and awakened a peculiar solicitude, from their being about so soon to leave their "father land," and to depart permanently for a foreign shore.

One morning, shortly after, Robert Lovell called on me, and introduced Robert Southey. Never will the impression be effaced, produced on me by this young man. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners; an eye, piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence. I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship, and, to the present moment, it has never, on either side, been withdrawn. I had read so much of poetry, and sympathized so much with poets in all their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that, to see before me the realization of a character, which, in the abstract, most absorbed my regards, gave me a degree of satisfaction, which it would be difficult to express.

I must now make a brief reference to George Burnet, who, in this epidemic delusion, had given his sanction to, and embarked all his prospects in life, on this Pantisocratical scheme. He was a young man, about the age of twenty; the son of a respectable Somersetshire farmer, who



W. H. Hancock del.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From a Drawing by Hancock (1796) in the Possession of Mr. Cottle.



had bestowed on him his portion, by giving him an University education, as an introduction to the Church, into which he would probably have entered, but for this his transatlantic pursuit of happiness. His talents were not conspicuous, but his manners were unassuming, and honesty was depicted on his countenance. He possessed also that habitual good temper, and those accommodating manners, which would prove a desirable accession, in any society; and it soon appeared, without indicating any disrespect, that his was a subordinate part to act in the new drama, and not the less valuable, for its wanting splendour.

After some considerable delay, it was at length announced, that, on the coming morning, Samuel Taylor Coleridge would arrive in Bristol, as the nearest and most convenient port; and where he was to reside but a short time, before the favouring gales were to waft him and his friends, across the Atlantic. Robert Lovell, at length, introduced Mr. C. I instantly descried his intellectual character; exhibiting as he did, an eye, a brow, and a forehead, indicative of commanding genius. Interviews succeeded, and these increased the impression of respect. Each of my new friends read me his productions. Each accepted my invi-

tations, and gave me those repeated proofs of good opinion, ripening fast into esteem, that I could not be insensible to the kindness of their manners, which, it may truly be affirmed, infused into my heart a brotherly feeling, that more than identified their interests with my own.

I introduced them to several intelligent friends, and their own merits soon augmented the number, so that their acquaintance became progressively extended, and their society coveted. Bristol was now found a very pleasant residence; and though the ship was not engaged, nor the least preparation made for so long a voyage, still the delights and wide-spreading advantages of Pantisocracy, formed one of their everlasting themes of conversation; and, considering the barrenness of the subject, it was, in no common degree, amusing, to hear these young enthusiasts repel every objection to the practicability of their scheme, and magnify the condition to which it was to introduce them, where thorns and briars were, no doubt, to be expelled, and their couch to be strewed with down and roses.

It will excite merely an innocent smile in the reader, at the extravagance of a youthful and ardent mind, when he learns that Robert Lovell

stated, with great seriousness, that, after the minutest calculation and inquiry among practical men, the demand on their labour would not exceed two hours a day; that is, for the production of absolute necessaries. The leisure still remaining, he said, might be devoted, in convenient fractions, to the extension of their domain, by prostrating the sturdy trees of the forest, where “lop and top,” without cost, would supply their cheerful winter fire; and the trunks, when cut out into planks, without any other expense than their own pleasant labour, would form the sties for their pigs, and the linnies for their cattle, and the barns for their produce; reserving their choicest timbers for their own comfortable log-dwellings. But after every claim that might be made on their manual labour had been discharged, a large portion of time, he said, would still remain for their own individual pursuits, so that they might read, converse, and even write books.

Cowper, in an unpublished letter, now before me says, “I know well that publication is necessary to give an edge to the poetic turn, and that what we produce in the closet, is never a vigorous birth, if we intend that it should die there. For my own part I could no more amuse myself with

writing verse, if I did not print it when written, than with the study of tactics, for which I can never have any real occasion." But our young and ardent friends seemed to entertain a strong impression, that, the mere pleasure of writing, that is, like virtue, writing for its own sake, was all the mental and rational gratification wise men could desire. Views and times alter, and these richly-endowed young men, in after life, were prompt, and amongst the first to confess the fallacious schemes of their youth; but, at this time, the pleasurable alone occupied their field of vision, and confidence never stood more unencumbered with doubt.

If any difficulties were now started, and many such there were, a profusion of words demonstrated the reasonableness of the whole design; impressing all who heard with the conviction, that the citadel was too strong for assault. The Mercury, at these times, was generally Mr. Coleridge, who, as has been stated, ingeniously parried every adverse argument, and after silencing his hardy disputants, announced to them that he was about to write, and publish, a quarto volume in defence of Pantisocracy, in which a variety of arguments would be advanced, in defence of his system, too

subtle and recondite to comport with conversation. It would then, he said, become manifest that he was not a projector, raw from his cloister, but a cool calculating reasoner, whose efforts and example, would secure to him and his friends, the permanent gratitude of mankind.

I must here cursorily remark, that, the great fault of biography, is, that writers too often proceed on a system of concealment. Their chief aim appears to be, almost to deify their hero, and totally to exclude from observation, every incident and trait of character which brings him down to truth and the level of humanity. Virtues may be magnified, without limit, but defects, though prominently characteristic, must be suppressed, as blight and mildew that injure the stateliness of the plant: so that we often find substituted for the man, (that alone which the reader wants) a beautiful, but almost an ideal image. It is not enough that he should be great, or otherwise great and good, but, (however fidelity might be sacrificed) he must present no admixture of contrary qualities. He must march on through his earthly career, irradiated alone by unattainable excellence. There is scarcely an individual whose life is of so neutral a description, if faithfully detailed, as not

to present much from which others might derive lessons of wisdom. If this be applicable to the multitude, how much more emphatically just is it, in reference to the ethereal spirits, on whom the Almighty has lavished a double portion of intellectual grandeur! But all the advantages to be derived from these living instructors of mankind, on a comprehensive scale, must result from a faithful developement of the broad features of their earthly conduct and character, where their landmarks and quicksands are made manifest, to warn or encourage succeeding voyagers on the ocean of life.

From the sentiments thus entertained, I shall represent Mr. Coleridge, in the section of his days which devolves on me to exhibit, just as he was, and that with a firm belief, that, by so doing, without injuring his legitimate reputation, I shall confer an essential benefit on those to come, who will behold in Mr. C. much to admire and imitate; and certainly some things to regret. For, it should be remembered, Mr. Coleridge, from universal admission, possessed some of the highest mental endowments, and many pertaining to the heart; but if a man's life be valuable, not for the incense it consumes, but, for the instruction it

affords, to narrate even defects, (in one like Mr. C. who can so well afford deduction, without serious loss) becomes in his biographer, not an optional choice, but an imperative obligation.

It is proper additionally to remark, that, some apology, or propitiation, may be necessary toward those who regard every approximation to poverty, not as a misfortune, but a crime. But pecuniary difficulties, especially, as occurring in early life, and not ascribable to bad conduct, reflect no discredit on men of genius. Many of them, subsequently, surmounted their first embarrassments by meritorious exertion; and some of our first men (like travellers, after having successfully passed through regions of privation and peril) delight even to recall their former discouragements, and, without the shame that luxuriates alone in little minds, undisguisedly to tell of seasons, indelible in their memories, when, in the prostration of hope, the wide world appeared one desolate waste! but they ultimately found, that these seasons of darkness, (however tenaciously retained by memory) in better times, often administer a new and refreshing zest to present enjoyment. Despair, therefore ill becomes one who has follies to bewail, and a God to trust in. Johnson and Goldsmith,

with numerous others, at some seasons were plunged deep in the waters of adversity, but halcyon days awaited them: and even those sons of merit and misfortune, whose pecuniary troubles were more permanent, in the dimness of retrospection, only stand out, invested in softer hues.

Cervantes is not the less read, because the acclamations of praise were heard by him in his abodes of penury. Butler, Otway, Collins, Chatterton, and Burns, and men like them, instead of suffering in public estimation from the difficulties they encountered, absolutely challenge in every generous mind an excess of interest from the very circumstances that darkened the complexion of their earthly prospects.

In corroboration of this remark, in our own day, the son of Crabbe, who must have cherished the deepest solicitude for his father's reputation, has laid bare to general inspection his parent's early perplexities, by which impartial disclosures, we behold the individual in his deepest depressions; worth enriched by trial, and greatness, by a refining process, struggling successfully with adversity. Does the example of such a man nobly bearing up against the pressures that surrounded him inflict obduracy on our hearts? On the con-

trary, while we feelingly sympathize with the poet, and deplore the tardy hand of deliverance, we pause only to transfer a reflex portion of praise on him whose magnanimous conduct has furnished so ample a scope for the tenderest emotions of our nature. This reflection will induce me, not to withhold, from false delicacy, occurrences, the disclosure of which, none but the inconsiderate will condemn; and by which all the features of Mr. Coleridge's very complex character will be exhibited to the inspection of the inquisitive and philosophical mind.

I proceed, therefore, to state, that, the solicitude I felt, lest these young and ardent geniuses, should, in a disastrous hour and in their mistaken apprehensions, commit themselves, in this their desperate undertaking, was happily dissipated, by Mr. Coleridge applying for the loan of a little cash,—to pay the voyagers' freight? or passage? No,—LODGINGS. They all lodged, at this time, at No. 48, College-Street. Never did I lend money with such unmingled pleasure, for now I ceased to be haunted day and night, with the spectre of the ship! the ship! which was to effect such incalculable mischief! The form of the request was the following:

My dear Sir,

Can you conveniently lend me five pounds, as we want a little more than four pounds to make up our lodging bill, which is indeed much higher than we expected; seven weeks, and Burnet's lodging for twelve weeks, amounting to eleven pounds.

Yours affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Till this time, not knowing what the resources of my young friends were, I could not wholly divest myself of fear, but now an effectual barrier manifestly interposed to save them from destruction. And though their romantic plan might linger in their minds, it was impossible not to be assured that their strong good sense would eventually, and soon, dissipate their delusions.

Finding now that there was a deficiency in that material, deemed of the first consequence in all civilized states, and remembering Burgh's feeling lamentation over the improvidence, or rather, the indifference with which many men of genius regard the low thoughts that are merely of a pecuniary nature, I began to revolve on the means, by which the two poets might advantageously apply their talents.

Soon after, finding Mr. Coleridge in rather a desponding mood, I urged him to keep up his spirits, and recommended him to publish a volume of his poems. "Oh," he replied, "that is a useless expedient." He continued: "I offered a volume of my poems to different booksellers in London, who would not even look at them! The reply being, 'Sir, the article will not do.' At length, one, more accommodating than the rest, condescended to receive my MS. poems, and, after a deliberate inspection, offered me, for the copy-right, six guineas, which sum, poor as I was, I refused to accept." "Well," said I, "to encourage you, I will give you twenty guineas." It was very pleasant to observe the joy that instantly diffused itself over his countenance. "Nay," I continued, "others publish for themselves, I will chiefly remember you. Instead of giving you twenty guineas, I will extend it to thirty, and without waiting for the completion of the work, to make you easy, you may have the money, as your occasions require." The silence and the grasped hand, showed, that, at that moment, one person was happy.

Every incident connected with the lives of literary men, especially at the commencement of

their career, always excites interest. I have been, therefore, the more particular in detailing this circumstance, (except for its connexion, of no consequence) and proceed further to state, that, now, meeting Mr. Southey, I said to him, "I have engaged to give Mr. Coleridge, thirty guineas for a volume of his poems; you have poems equal to a volume, and if you approve of it, I will give you the same." He cordially thanked me, and instantly acceded to my proposal.

I then said to him, "you have read me several books, of your 'Joan of Arc,' which Poem, I perceive, has great merit. If it meet with your concurrence, I will give you fifty guineas for this work, and publish it in quarto, when I will give you, in addition, fifty copies to dispose of amongst your friends." Without a moment's hesitation, to this proposal also he acceded.

I could say much of Mr. Southey, at this time; of his constitutional cheerfulness; of the polish of his manners; of his dignified, and at the same time, of his unassuming deportment; as well as of the general respect, which his talents, conduct, and conversation excited; but my observations, according to my professed object, will chiefly be confined to Mr. Coleridge, except where the

introduction of Mr. Southey, or others, may be required for elucidation.* But before references be made to more serious publications, some notice will be taken of other objects of pursuit.

Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Southey, now determined, by their best efforts, in other ways than those detailed, to raise money for their projected expedition. They resolved, therefore, to give the citizens of Bristol, individual lectures, or series of lectures, on different subjects. Mr. Coleridge chose Political and Moral subjects; † Mr. Southey chose History. On examining my old papers, I find most of the notices or prospectuses, relating to these subjects.

Mr. Coleridge's first two lectures were delivered

* I had an opportunity of introducing Mr. Southey at this time, to the eldest Mrs. More, who invited him down, to spend some whole day, with her sister Hannah, at their then residence, Cowslip Green. On this occasion, as requested, I accompanied him. The day was full of converse. On my meeting one of the ladies, soon after, I was gratified to learn, that Mr. S. equally pleased all five of the sisters. She said he was "brim full of literature, and one of the most elegant, and intellectual young men they had seen."

† It might be intimated, that, for the establishment of these lectures, there was, in Mr. Coleridge's mind, an interior spring of action. He wanted to "build up" a provision for his speedy marriage: and with these grand combined objects before him, no effort appeared too vast, to be accomplished by his invigorated faculties.

at the "Plume of Feathers, in Wine-Street."

Mr. Coleridge's next two lectures were delivered the latter end of February, 1795, and afterwards were thrown into a small pamphlet, printed under the title of "*Conciones ad Populum*, or Addresses to the people." After this he consolidated two other of his lectures, and published them under the title of "The Plot Discovered." Two detached lectures were given at the Corn Market, and one at a room in Castle Green. All these lectures were anti-Pitt-ite.

The next lecture given by Mr. Coleridge was in reprobation of the Slave Trade. The following was the prospectus.

To-morrow evening, June 16th, 1795, S. T. Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge, will deliver, (by particular desire) a lecture on the Slave Trade, and the duties that result from its continuance.

To begin at eight o'clock in the evening, at the Assembly Coffee House, on the Quay. Admission, One shilling.

His next lecture was (it is believed) on the Hair Powder Tax, in which his audience were kept in good feeling, by the happy union of wit, humour, and argument. Mr. C.'s lectures were numerous attended, and enthusiastically applauded.

It may amuse and gratify the reader, to receive a specimen of a lecture,* descriptive of Mr. C.'s composition and reasoning, delivered at this time, and by which it will appear that his politics were not of that inflammable description which set a world in flames.

* * * “But of the propriety and utility of holding up the distant mark of attainable perfection, we shall enter more fully toward the close of this address. We turn with pleasure to the contemplation of that small but glorious band, whom we may truly distinguish by the name of thinking and disinterested patriots.† These are the men who have encouraged the sympathetic passions, till they have become irresistible habits, and made their duty a necessary part of their self-interest, by the long-continued cultivation of that moral taste, which derives our most exquisite pleasures from the contemplation of possible perfection.

Accustomed to regard all the affairs of man as a process, they never hurry, and they never pause. Theirs is not the twilight of political knowledge, which gives us just light enough to place one foot before the other : as they advance, the scene still opens upon them, and

* Copied from his M.S. as delivered, not from his “*Conciones ad Populum*” as printed, where it will be found in a contracted state.

† Mulr, Palmer, and Margarot.

they press right onward, with a vast and varied landscape of existence around them. Calmness and energy mark all their actions. Benevolence is the silken thread that runs through the pearl-chain of all their virtues. The unhappy children of vice and folly, whose tempers are adverse to their own happiness, as well as to the happiness of others, will at times awaken a natural pang, but he looks forward with gladdened heart to that glorious period when justice shall have established the universal fraternity of love. These soul-ennobling views bestow the virtues which they anticipate. He whose mind is habitually impressed with them, soars above the present state of humanity, and may be justly said to dwell in the presence of the Most High. Regarding every event, as he that ordains it, evil vanishes from before him, and he views the eternal form of universal beauty."

At one of his lectures, Mr. Coleridge amused his audience, by reciting the following letter, from Liberty to his dear friend Famine; the effect of which was greatly heightened by Mr. C.'s arch manner of recitation. It should be understood that there was at this time a great scarcity in the land.

Dear Famine,

You will doubtless be surprised at receiving a petitionary letter from a perfect stranger, but, *Fas est vel ab hoste*. All whom I once supposed my unalterable friends, I have found unable, or unwilling to assist me. I first applied to GRATITUDE, entreating her to whisper into the ear of Majesty, that it was I who had placed his forefathers on the throne of Great Britain. She told me that she had frequently made the attempt, but had as frequently been baffled by FLATTERY: and, that I might not doubt the truth of her apology, she led me (as the Spirit did the prophet Ezekiel) “to the door of the COURT, and I went in and saw—and, behold! every form of creeping things.” I was however somewhat consoled, when I heard that RELIGION was high in favour there, and possessed great influence. I myself had been her faithful servant, and always found her my best protectress: her service being indeed perfect freedom. Accordingly, in full confidence of success, I entered her mansion, but, alas! instead of my kind mistress, horror-struck, I beheld a painted, patched-up old ——. She was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, and on her forehead was written “MYSTERY.” I shrieked, for I knew her to be the dry-nurse of that detested Imp, DESPOTISM.

I next addressed myself to PRUDENCE, and earnestly besought her to plead my cause to the Ministers; to

urge the distresses of the lower orders, and my fears lest, so distressed, they should forget their obedience. For the prophet Isaiah had informed me "that it shall come to pass, that when the people shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves and curse the King." The grave matron heard me, and, shaking her head, learnedly replied, "*Quos Deus vult perdere, dementat.*" Again I besought her to speak to the rich men of the nation, concerning Ministers, of whom it might soon become illegal even to complain—of long and ruinous wars, and whether *they* must not bear the damage. All this quoth PRUDENCE, I have repeatedly urged, but a sly imposter named EXPEDIENCE has usurped my name, and struck such a panic of property, as hath steeled the hearts of the wealthy, and palsied their intellects. Lastly I applied to CONSCIENCE. She informed me that she was indeed a perfect ventriloquist, and could throw her voice into any place she liked, but that she was seldom attended to unless when she spoke out of the *pocket*.

Thus baffled and friendless, I was about to depart, and stood a fearful lingerer on the isle which I had so dearly loved,—when tidings were brought me of your approach. I found myself impelled by a power superior to me to build my last hopes on you. Liberty, the MOTHER of PLENTY, calls FAMINE to her aid. O FAMINE, most eloquent Goddess! plead thou my cause. I in the mean time, will pray fervently that heaven

may unstop the ears of her Vicegerent, so that they may listen to your *first* pleadings, while yet your voice is faint and distant, and your counsels peaceable.

“I remain your distressed suppliant,

LIBERTY.

The following is the prospectus of Mr. Coleridge's series of Political lectures.

S. T. Coleridge proposes to give, in Six Lectures, a comparative view of the English Rebellion, under Charles the First, and the French Revolution.

The subjects of the proposed Lectures are,

FIRST. The distinguishing marks of the French and English character, with their probable causes. The national circumstances precursive to—1st, the English Rebellion.—2nd, the French Revolution.

SECOND. The Liberty of the Press. Literature; its Revolutionary powers. Comparison of the English, with the French Political Writers, at the time of the several Revolutions. Milton. Sydney. Harrington.—Brissot. Sieyes. Mirabeau. Thomas Payne.

THIRD. The Fanaticism of the first English and French

Revolutionists. English Sectaries. French Parties. Feuillans. Girondists. Faction of Hebert. Jacobins. Moderants. Royalists.

FOURTH. 1st, Characters of Charles the First, and Louis the Sixteenth. 2nd, of Louis the Fourteenth and the present Empress of Russia. 3rd, Life and Character of Essex, and Fayette.

FIFTH. Oliver Cromwell, and Robespierre.—Cardinal Mazarine, and William Pitt.—Dundas, and Barrere.

SIXTH. On Revolution in general. Its moral causes, and probable effects on the Revolutionary People, and surrounding nations.

It is intended that the Lectures should be given once a week; on Tuesday Evenings, at eight o'clock, at the Assembly Coffee House, on the Quay. The First Lecture, on Tuesday, June 23d, 1795. As the author wishes to ensure an audience adequate to the expenses of the room, he has prepared subscription tickets for the whole course, price Six Shillings, which may be had at the Lecture Room, or of Mr. Cottle, or Mr. Reed Booksellers.

Mr Coleridge's Theological lectures succeeded, of which the following is the prospectus.

Six Lectures will be given by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, on Revealed Religion, its Corruptions, and its Political Views.

These Lectures are intended for two classes of men, Christians and Infidels; to the Former, that they may be able to give a Reason for the hope that is in them: to the latter, that they may not determine against Christianity, from arguments applicable to its corruptions only.

The subjects of the FIRST LECTURE, are—

The Origin of Evil. The Necessity of Revelation deduced from the Nature of man. An Examination and Defence of the Mosaic Dispensation.

SECOND LECTURE—

The Sects of Philosophy, and the Popular Superstitions of the Gentile World, from the earliest times to the Birth of Christ.

THIRD LECTURE—

Concerning the Time of the Appearance of Christ. The Internal Evidences of Christianity. The External Evidences of Christianity.

FOURTH LECTURE—

The External Evidences of Christianity continued. Answers to Popular and Philosophical objections.

FIFTH LECTURE—

The Corruptions of Christianity, in Doctrines. Political Application.

SIXTH LECTURE—

The grand Political Views of Christianity—far beyond other Religions, and even Sects of Philosophy. The Friend of Civil Freedom. The probable state of Society and Governments, if all men were Christians.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Cottle, Bookseller.

It may be proper to state, that all three of my young friends, in that day of excitement, felt a detestation of the French war, then raging, and a hearty sympathy with the efforts made in France to obtain political ameliorations. Almost every young and unprejudiced mind, participated in this feeling; and Muir, and Palmer, and Margarot, were regarded as martyrs in the holy cause of freedom. The successive enormities, however, perpetrated in France and Switzerland, by the French, tended to moderate their enthusiastic politics, and progressively to produce that effect on them which extended also to so many of the soberest friends of rational freedom. Mr. Cole-

ridge's zeal, on these questions, was by far the most conspicuous, as will appear by some of his Sonnets, and, particularly, by his Poem of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter;" though written some considerable time after. When he read this Poem to me, it was with so much jocularly, as to convince me, that, without bitterness, it was designed as a mere joke.

In conformity with my determination to state occurrences, plainly, as they arose, I must here mention, that, strange as it may appear, in Pantisocratians, I observed, at this time, a marked coolness between Mr. Coleridge and Robert Lovell, so inauspicious in those about to establish a "Fraternal Colony;" and, in the result, to renovate the whole face of society! They met without speaking, and consequently appeared as strangers. I asked Mr. C. what it meant. He replied, "Lovell, who, at first, did all in his power to promote my connexion with Miss Fricker, now opposes our union." He continued, "I said to him, 'Lovell! you are a villain!'" "O," I replied, "you are quite mistaken. Lovell is an honest fellow, and is proud in the hope of having you for a brother-in-law. Rely on it, he only wishes you, from prudential motives, to delay your union." In a

few days I had the happiness of seeing them as sociable as ever.

This is the last time poor Robert Lovell's name will be mentioned in this place. He went to Salisbury, caught a fever, and, in eagerness to reach his family, travelled, when he ought to have lain by; reached his home, and died! We all attended his funeral, and dropt a tear over his grave!

Mr. Coleridge, though, at this time, embracing every topic of conversation, testified a partiality for a few, which might be called stock subjects. Without noticing his favourite Pantisocracy, (which was an everlasting theme of the laudatory) he generally contrived, either by direct amalgamation, or digression, to notice, in the warmest encomiastic language, Bishop Berkeley, David Hartley, or Mr. Bowles; whose sonnets he delighted in reciting. He once told me, that he believed, by his constant recommendation, he had sold a whole edition of some works; particularly amongst the fresh-men of Cambridge, to whom, whenever he found access, he urged the purchase of three works, indispensable to all who wished to excel in sound reasoning, or a correct taste; namely; Simpson's Euclid; Hartley on Man; and Bowles's Poems.

In process of time, however, when reflection had rendered his mind more mature, he appeared to renounce the fanciful and brain-bewildering system of Berkeley; whilst he sparingly extolled Hartley; and was almost silent respecting Mr. Bowles. I noticed a marked change in his commendation of Mr. B. from the time he paid that man of genius a visit. (See a future letter.) Whether their canons of criticism were different, or that the personal enthusiasm was not mutual; or whether there was a diversity in political views; whatever the cause was, an altered feeling toward that gentleman was manifested after his visit, not so much expressed by words, as by his subdued tone of applause.

The reflux of the tide had not yet commenced, and Pantisocracy was still Mr. Coleridge's favourite theme of discourse, and the banks of the Susquehannah the only refuge for permanent repose. His eloquence, those who heard knew to be founded in pure fallacy, but, to himself, all he said was the essence of wisdom. It will excite marvellous surprise in the reader, to understand, that Mr. C.'s cooler friends could not ascertain that he had received any specific information respecting this notable river. "It was a grand river;" but there

were many other grand and noble rivers in America; (the Land of Rivers!) and the preference given to the Susquehannah, seemed almost to arise solely from its imposing name, which, if not classical, was at least, poetical; and it, probably, by mere accident, became the centre of all his pleasurable associations. Had this same river been called the Miramichi, or the Irrawaddy, it would have been despoiled of half its charms, and have sunk down into a vulgar stream; the atmosphere of which might have suited well enough Russian boors, but which would have been pestiferous to men of letters.

The strong hold which the Susquehannah had taken on Mr. Coleridge's imagination may be estimated by the following lines, in his Monody on Chatterton.

“O, Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive;

 Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love with us the tinkling team to drive

 O'er peaceful freedom's UNDIVIDED dale;
And we at sober eve would round thee throng,
Hanging enraptured on thy stately song!

And greet with smiles the young-eyed POESY
All deftly masked, as hoar ANTIQUITY.

Alas, vain phantasies! the fleeting brood
 Of woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood!
 Yet I will love to follow the sweet dream,
 Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream,
 And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
 Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide;
 And I will build a cenotaph to thee,
 Sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!
 And there soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
 Muse on the sore ills I had left behind."

In another poem which appeared only in the first edition, a reference is again made to the American "undivided dell," as follows:

TO W. J. H.

While playing on his flute.

Hush! ye clamorous cares! be mute.
 Again, dear Harmonist! again,
 Through the hollow of thy flute,
 Breathe that passion-warbled strain:

Till memory each form shall bring
 The loveliest of her shadowy throng;
 And hope that soars on sky-lark wing,
 Carol wild her gladdest song!

O skill'd with magic spell to roll
 The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul!
 Breathe through thy flute those tender notes again,
 While near thee sits the chaste-eyed maiden mild;
 And bid her raise the poet's kindred strain
 In soft empasioned voice, correctly wild.

“In freedom's UNDIVIDED DELL

Where toil and health, with mellowed love shall dwell,
 Far from folly, far from men,
 In the rude romantic glen,
 Up the cliff, and through the glade,
 Wand'ring with the dear-loved maid,
 I shall listen to the lay,
 And ponder on thee far away.”

Mr. Coleridge had written a note to his Monody on Chatterton, in which he caustically referred to Dean Milles. On this note being shown to me, I remarked, that “Captain Blake, whom he occasionally met, was the son-in-law of Dean Milles.” “What,” said Mr. Coleridge, “the man with the great sword?” “The same,” I answered. “Then,” said Mr. C. with an assumed gravity, “I will suppress this note to Chatterton; the fellow might have my head off before I am aware!” To be sure there was something rather formidable

in his huge dragoon's sword, constantly rattling by his side! This Captain Blake was a member of the Bristol Corporation, and a pleasant man, but his sword was prodigious!—"The sight of it," Mr. C. said, "enough to set half a dozen poets scampering up Parnassus, as though hunted by a wild mastadon."

In examining my old papers, I found this identical note, in Mr. Coleridge's hand writing, and which is here given to the reader; suggesting, that this note, like the Sonnet to Lord Stanhope, was written in that portion of Mr. C.'s life, when, it must be confessed, he really was hot with the French Revolution. Thus he begins:

By far the best poem on the subject of Chatterton, is, "Neglected Genius, or Tributary Stanzas to the memory of the unfortunate Chatterton." Written by Rushton, a blind sailor.

Walpole writes thus. "All the House of Forgery are relations, although it be but just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the more enriching branches; yet he who could so ingeniously counterfeit styles, and the writer believes, hands, might easily have been led to the more facile imitation of Prose Promissory Notes!" O, ye who honor the name of man, rejoice that this Walpole

is called a Lord! Milles, too, the editor of Rowley's Poems, (a priest; who, though only a Dean, in dulness and malignity, was most episcopally eminent) foully calumniated him.—An Owl mangling a poor dead Nightingale! Most injured Bard!

“To him alone in this benighted age
Was that diviner inspiration given
Which glows in Milton's, and in Shakspeare's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven!”

A reason, hereafter to appear, renders it necessary to state, that Mr. Southey's course of Historical Lectures, comprised the following subjects, as expressed in his prospectus.

Robert Southey, of Baliol College, Oxford, proposes to read a course of Historical Lectures in the following order.

- 1st. Introductory: on the Origin and Progress of Society.
- 2nd. Legislation of Solon and Lycurgus.
- 3rd. State of Greece, from the Persian War to the Dissolution of the Achaian League.
- 4th. Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire.
- 5th. Progress of Christianity.

- 6th. Manners and Irruptions of the Northern Nations. Growth of the European States. Feudal System.
- 7th. State of the Eastern Empire, to the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks; including the Rise and Progress of the Mohammedan Religion, and the Crusades.
- 8th. History of Europe, to the Abdication of the Empire by Charles the Fifth.
- 9th. History of Europe, to the Establishment of the Independence of Holland.
- 10th. State of Europe, and more particularly of England, from the Accession of Charles the First, to the Revolution, in 1688.
- 11th. Progress of the Northern States. History of Europe to the American War.
- 12th. The American War.

Tickets for the whole course, 10s. 6d. to be had of Mr. Cottle, bookseller, High-Street.

These Lectures of Mr. Southey were numerously attended, and their composition was greatly admired; exhibiting, as they did, a succinct view of the various subjects commented upon, so as to chain the hearer's attention. They, at the same

time, evinced great self-possession in the lecturer; a peculiar grace in the delivery; with reasoning so judicious and acute, as to excite astonishment in the auditory, that so young a man should concentrate so rich a fund of valuable matter in lectures, comparatively, so brief, and which clearly authorized the anticipation of his future eminence.

From this statement it will justly be inferred, that no public lecturer could have received stronger proofs of approbation, than Mr. S. from a polite and discriminating audience. Mr. Coleridge now solicited permission of Mr. Southey, to deliver his fourth lecture, "On the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire," as a subject "to which he had devoted much attention." The request was immediately granted, and, at the end of the third lecture, it was formally announced to the audience, that the next lecture would be delivered by "Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge."

At the usual hour, the room was thronged. The moment of commencement arrived. No lecturer appeared! Patience was preserved for a quarter, extending to half an hour!—but still no lecturer! At length it was communicated to the impatient assemblage, "that a circumstance,

exceedingly to be regretted! would prevent Mr. Coleridge from giving his lecture, that evening, as intended." Some few present learned the truth, but the major part of the company retired, not very well pleased, and under the impression that Mr. C. had either broken his leg, or that some severe family affliction had occurred. Mr. C.'s rather habitual absence of mind, with the little importance he generally attached to engagements,* renders it likely, that, at this very time

* An eminent medical man in Bristol, who greatly admired Mr. Coleridge's conversation and genius, on one occasion, invited Mr. C. to dine with him, on a given day. The invitation was accepted, and this gentleman, willing to gratify his friends with an introduction to Mr. C. invited a large assemblage, for the express purpose of meeting him, and made a splendid entertainment, anticipating the delight which would be universally felt from Mr. C.'s far-famed eloquence. It unfortunately happened that Mr. Coleridge had forgotten all about it! and the gentleman, (with his guests, after waiting till the hot became cold) under his mortification consoled himself by the resolve, never again to subject himself to a like disaster. No explanation or apology on my part could soothe the choler of this disciple of Galen. A dozen subscribers to his lectures fell off from this slip of his memory.

* * * *

“Sloth jaundiced all! and from my graspless hand
 Drop friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
 weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
 A dreamy pang in morning's feverish doze.*

* On a Friend who died of a frenzy fever.

he might have been found, at No. 48, College-Street, composedly smoking his pipe, and lost in profound musings on his divine Susquehannah!

Incidents of the most trifling nature must sometimes be narrated, when they form connecting links with events of more consequence.

Wishing to gratify my two young friends, (and their ladies elect) with a pleasant excursion, I invited them to accompany me, in a visit to the Wye, including Piercefield and Tintern Abbey; objects new to us all. It so happened, the day we were to set off, was that immediately following the woeful disappointment! but here, all was punctuality. It was calculated that the proposed objects might be accomplished in two days, so as not to interfere with the Friday evening's lecture, which Mr. Southey had now wisely determined to deliver himself.

The morning was fine. The party of five all met in high spirits, anticipating unmingled delight in surveying objects and scenery, scarcely to be surpassed in the three kingdoms. We proceeded to the Old Passage; crossed the Severn, and arrived at the Beaufort Arms, Chepstow, time enough to partake of a "good dinner," which, one of the company noticed, Homer himself had pro-

nounced to be “no bad thing:” a sentiment in which we all concurred; admiring his profound knowledge of human nature! But prior to our repast, we visited the fine old Castle, so intimately connected with “by-gone days;” and as soon as possible we purposed to set off toward the Abbey; distant about six or seven miles; taking Piercefield in our way.

Proceeding on my principle of impartial narration, I must here state, that, after dinner, an unpleasant altercation occurred between—no other than the two Pantisocratians! When feelings are accumulated in the heart, the tongue will give them utterance. Mr. Southey, whose regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him, never to fail in an engagement, expressed to Mr. Coleridge, his deep feelings of regret, that his audience should have been disappointed, on the preceding evening; reminding him that unless he had determined punctually to fulfil his voluntary engagement, he ought not to have entered upon it. Mr. C. thought the delay of the lecture of little, or no consequence. This excited a remonstrance, which produced a reply. At first I interfered with a few conciliatory words, which were unavailing; and these two friends, about to exhibit to the world a

glorious example of the effects of concord and sound principles, with an exemption from all the selfish and unsocial passions, fell, alas! into the common lot of humanity, and, in so doing, must have demonstrated, even to themselves, the rope of sand, to which they had confided their destinies!

In unspeakable concern and surprise, I retired to a distant part of the room, and heard with dismay, the contention continued, if not extending; for now the two young ladies entered into the dispute, (on adverse sides, as might be supposed) each confirming, or repelling, the arguments of the belligerents. A little cessation in the storm, afforded me the opportunity of stepping forward, and remarking, that, "however much the disappointment was to be regretted, it was an evil not likely again to occur, (Mr. S. shook his head) and that the wisest way, was, to forget the past, and to remember only the pleasant objects before us." In this opinion the ladies concurred, when placing a hand of one of the dissentients in that of the other, the hearty salutation went round, and, with our accustomed spirits, we prepared once more for Piercefield and the Abbey.

Being an indifferent walker (from a former dis-

location of my ankle, arising out of a gig accident) I had engaged a horse, while the four pedestrians set forward, two on each side of my Rosinante. After quitting the extensive walks of Piercefield, we proceeded toward that part of the road, where we were to turn off to the right, leading down to Tintern Abbey. We had been delayed so long at Chepstow, and afterward, by various enchanting scenes, particularly, that from the Wind-cliff, that we were almost benighted, before we were aware. We recalled all our minute directions. Every object corresponded. A doubt expressed (at a most unlucky moment!) whether we were to turn to the right, or to the left, threw ice into some hearts; but at length we all concurred, that it was to the right, and that this must be the road.

These complicated deliberations, allowed the night rapidly to advance, but the grand preliminaries being settled, we approached "the road," and strove to penetrate, with our keenest vision, into its dark recesses. A road! this it could not be. It was a gross misnomer! It appeared, to our excited imaginations, a lane, in the tenth scale of consanguinity to a road; a mere chasm between lofty trees, where the young moon strove in vain to obtain a ray! To go, or not to go, "that was

the question!" A new consultation was determined upon, what proceeding should be adopted in so painful a dilemma. At length, with an accession of courage, springing up, as true courage always does, in the moment of extremity, we resolutely determined to brave all dangers, and boldly to enter on the road, lane, or what it was, where, perchance, Cadwallader, or Taliesen, might have trodden before!

I am doubtful whether I ought to force on the reader, such every-day occurrences, but presuming on a sympathetic feeling in the perplexities of such inexperienced travellers, I shall venture to proceed with the narration.

On our emerging into the wood, for such it was, extending the whole downward way to Tintern, we all suddenly found ourselves deprived of sight; obscurity aggravated almost into pitchy darkness! We could distinctly see nothing, whilst we floundered over stones, embedded, as they appeared, in their everlasting sockets, from the days of Noah. The gurgling of the unseen stream, down in the adjacent gully, (which we, perchance, might soon be found, reluctantly, to visit!) never sounded so discordant before. Having some respect for my limbs (with no bone-setter near) I dismounted,

resolving to lead my steed, who trembled, as though conscious of the perilous expedition on which he had entered. Mr. Coleridge, who had been more accustomed to rough riding than myself, upon understanding that I, through cowardice, had forsaken the saddle, without speaking a word, put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting, determined to brave, at all hazards, the dangers of the campaign.

Our General, on his charger, floundered on before us, over channels that the storms had made, and the upstarting fragments of rocks, that seemed confederated to present an insurmountable barrier to every rash and roving wight. We were indeed in a forlorn condition! and never before did we so feelingly sympathize with the poor "babes in the wood:" trusting, in the last extremity, (should it occur) a few kind robins, with their sylvan pall, would honour also our obsequies. This kind of calming ulterior hope might do very well for poets, but it was not quite so consolatory to the ladies, who, with all their admiration of disinterested pity, wished to keep off the dear tender-hearted robins, a little longer.

These desponding thoughts were of short continuance, for, whether the moon had emerged from

clouds, or, that our sight had become strengthened by exercise, we rejoiced now in being able to see a little, although it might be, to reveal only "sights of woe." Mr. Southey marched on, like a pillar of strength, with a lady pressing on each arm, while the relater lagged in the rear, without even a pilgrim's staff to sustain his tottering steps. Our condition might have been more forlorn, had not Mr. Coleridge, from before, cheered on his associates in misfortune; and intrepidity produces intrepidity.

The deepest sorrow often admits of some alleviation, and at present, our source of beguilement was to invent some appropriate name, in designation of this most horrible channel of communication between man and man. Various acrimonious epithets were propounded, but they all wanted an adequate measure of causticity; when Mr. Southey censuring in us our want of charity, and the rash spirit that loaded with abuse, objects, which, if beheld in noon-day, might be allied even to the picturesque, proposed, that our path-way, whatever it was, should simply be called—"Bowling-green-lane."

We should have smiled assent, but we had just arrived at a spot that overshadowed every coun-

tenance with ten-fold seriousness! This was no moment for gratuitous triflings. We had arrived at a spot, where there was just light enough to descry three roads, in this bosom of the wood, diverging off in different directions! two of them must be collaterals; and to fix on the one which was honest, where all had equal claims to bad pre-eminence, exceeded our divining power. Each awhile ruminated in silence; reflecting that we were far from the habitations of man, with darkness, only not intense, around us! We now shouted aloud, in the faint hope that some solitary woodman might hear, and come to our relief. The shrill voices of the ladies, in the stillness of night, formed the essence of harmony. All was silence! No murmur! No response! The three lanes lay before us. If we pursued one, it might, by the next morning, conduct us safe back to Chepstow; and if we confided in the other, it might lead us, in due time, half-way toward Ragland Castle! What was to be done?

One in the company now remarked, "Of what service is it to boast a pioneer, if we do not avail ourselves of his services?" Mr. Coleridge received the hint, and set off up one of the portentous looking lanes, at his swiftest speed, namely, a

cautious creep; whilst we four stood musing on the wide extent of human vicissitudes! A few hours before, surrounded by a plethora of enjoyments, and now, desponding, starving, in the depth of what appeared an interminable forest. To augment our trouble, fresh anxieties arose! From Mr. Coleridge's long absence, we now almost feared whether hard necessity might not force us to go in search of our way-bewildered, if not, quagmired companion!

To our great joy, we now faintly heard, in the stillness of night, the horse's hoofs, sliding over the loose stones! The sound drew nearer. Mr. Coleridge approached, and pensively said, "That could not be the way, for it led only to an old quarry, which the quick sight of his steed discovered just in time to save both their necks!" Mr. C. was next ordered, on pain of high displeasure, instantly to explore one of the other two ominous lanes; when, like a well-disciplined, orderly man, he set off gallantly on his new commission. After waiting a time, which, in our state of suspense, might almost be called a period, he leisurely returned, significantly saying, "that neither man nor beast could pass that way!" rubbing his thorn-smitten cheek. Now came the

use of the syllogism, in its simplest form. "If the right road must be A, B, or C, and A and B were wrong, then C must be right." Under this conviction, we marched boldly on, without further solicitude or exploration, and, at length, joyfully reached—Tintern Abbey!

On arriving at this celebrated place, to which so many travellers resort, (thanks now to his Grace of Beaufort, for a better road than ours) the first inquiry that hunger taught us to make of a countryman, was, for the hotel. "Hotel! Hotel! Sir? Oh, the sign of the Tobacco Pipe! There it is over the way." Rusticity and comfort often go together. We entered the inn, homely as it was, quite certain that any transition must be paradisaical, compared with our late hopeless condition.

After supper, I proposed to avail ourselves of the darkness, and to inspect the Abbey by torch-light. This being acceded to, we all set off, to view the beautiful, but mouldering edifice, where, by an artificial light, the ruins might present a new aspect, and, in dim grandeur, assist the labouring imagination. At the instant the huge doors unfolded, the horned moon appeared between the opening clouds, and shining through the grand

window in the distance. It was a delectable moment; not a little augmented, by the unexpected green sward, that covered the whole of the floor, and the long-forgotten tombs beneath; whilst the gigantic ivies, in their rivalry, almost concealed the projecting and dark turrets and eminences, reflecting back the lustre of the torch below. In this season, which ought to have been consecrated to reflection and silence, the daws, nestling in their abodes of desolation, aroused from their repose by the unusual glare, sailed over our heads in sable multitudes, that added depth to the darkness of the sky, while, in their hoarsest maledictions, they seemed to warn off the intruders on "their ancient solitary reign."

On returning late to the Inn, I informed my companions, that there was, at no great distance, a large iron foundry, never seen to perfection but at night, and proposed our visiting it. Mr. Coleridge felt downright horror at the thought of being again moved; considering, that he had had quite enough exercise for one day, and preferring, infinitely, the fire of his host to the forge of the Cyclops. The ladies also rather shrunk from encountering a second night expedition; but Mr. Southey cordially approved the suggestion, and

we ushered forth, in the dreariness of midnight, to behold this real spectacle of sublimity! Our ardour, indeed, was a little cooled, when, by the glimmering of the stars, we perceived a dark expanse, stretched by our path,—an ugly mill-pond, by the side of which we groped, preserving, as well as we could, a respectful distance, and entering into a mutual compact, that, if (after all) one should fall in, the other should do all that in him lay, to pull him out.

But I leave further extraneous impositions on the reader's attention,—the Wye, and other etceteras, briefly to remark, that, the next day we safely returned, after an excursion, where the reality exceeded the promise: and, it may be added, quite in time to enable Mr. Southey to prepare for, and deliver his woeful Lecture, “on the Rise, Fall, and Decline of the Roman Empire.”

The publication of Mr. Coleridge's volume of Poems, having been attended with some rather peculiar circumstances, to detail them a little may amuse the reader. On my expressing to Mr. C. a wish to begin the printing as early as he found it convenient, he sent me the following note.

“ My dear friend,

The printer may depend on copy on Monday morning, and if he can work a sheet a day, he shall have it.

S. T. C.”

A day or two after, and before the receipt of the copy, I received from Mr. C. the following cheerful note.

“ Dear Cottle.

By the thick smokes that precede the volcanic eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, and Hecla, I feel an impulse to fumigate, at [now] 25, College-Street, one pair of stairs room ; yea, with our Oronoco, (a pound of which had recently been given to him) and if thou wilt send me by the bearer, four pipes, I will write a panegyrical epic poem upon thee, with as many books as there are letters in thy name. Moreover, if thou wilt send me “ the copy book,” I hereby bind myself, by to-morrow morning, to write out enough copy for a sheet and a half.

God bless you !

S. T. C.”

July 31st, 1795.

This promising commencement was soon inter-

rupted by successive and long-continued delays. The permission I had given, to anticipate payment, was remembered, and complied with, before the work went to the press. These delays I little heeded, but they were not quite so acceptable to the printer, who grievously complained that his “types, and his leads, and his forms, were locked up,” week after week, to his great detriment.

Being importuned by the printer, I stated these circumstances to Mr. C. in a note, expressed in, what I thought, the mildest possible way, but which excited, it appeared, uncomfortable feelings in Mr. C.’s mind, never, in the least noticed to, or by myself, but evidenced by the following passage, in a note to Mr. Wade.

“My very dear Friend,

* * * * * Mr. Cottle has ever conducted himself towards me with unbounded kindness, and one unkind act, no, nor twenty, can obliterate the grateful remembrance of it. By indolence, and frequent breach of promise, I had deserved a severe reproof from him, although my present brain-crazing circumstances, rendered this an improper time for it. * * *

S. T. C.”

I continued to see Mr. Coleridge every day, and occasionally said to him, smiling, "Well, how much copy?" "None, to day," was the general reply, "but to-morrow you shall have some." To-morrow produced, if any, perhaps a dozen lines; and, in a favourable state of mind, so much, it might be, as half a dozen pages: and here, I think, I can correctly state, that Mr. C. had repeated to me, at different times, nearly all the poems contained in his volume, except the "Religious Musings," which I understood to be wholly a new poem.—It may amuse the reader to receive one or two more of Mr. C's little apologies.

"My dear Friend,

The Printer may depend on copy by to-morrow.

S. T. C."

"My dear Cottle,

The Religious Musings are finished, and you shall have them on Thursday.

S. T. C."

Sometimes sickness interfered.

"Dear Cottle,

A devil, a very devil, has got possession of my

left temple, eye, cheek, jaw, throat, and shoulder.
I cannot see you this evening. I write in agony.

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,
S. T. C.”

Sometimes his other engagements were of a pressing nature.

“Dear Cottle,

Shall I trouble you (I being over the mouth and nose, in doing something of importance, at —’s) to send your servant into the market, and buy a pound of bacon, and two quarts of broad beans; and when he carries it down to College St. to desire the maid to dress it for dinner, and tell her I shall be home by three o’clock. Will you come and drink tea with me, and I will endeavour to get the etc. ready for you.

Yours affectionately,

S. T. C.”

Whatever disappointments arose, plausible reasons were always assigned for them, but when ingenuity was fairly taxed with excuses, worn out, Mr. C. would candidly admit, that he had very little “finger industry,” but then, he said, his

mind was always on "full stretch."—The Herculean labour now appeared drawing to a close; as will be clear from the following letter.

"My dear, very dear Cottle,

I will be with you at half past six; if you will give me a dish of tea, between that time, and eleven o' clock at night, I will write out the whole of the notes, and the preface, as I give you leave to turn the lock and key upon me.

I am engaged to dine with Michael Castle, but I will not be one minute past my time. If I am, I permit you to send a note to Michael Castle, requesting him to send me home to fulfil engagements, like an honest man.

S. T. C."

Well knowing that it was Mr. Coleridge's intention to do all that was right, but, aware, at the same time, that, however prompt he might be in resolving, he had to contend, in the fulfilment, with great constitutional indecision, I had long resolved to leave the completion of his work, wholly to himself, and not to urge him to a speed, which would render that a toil, which was designed to be a pleasure.

But we must instantly leave, alike, excuses, and printer, and copy, to notice a subject of infinitely more importance !

It was now understood that Mr. Coleridge was about to be married. Aware of his narrow circumstances, and not doubting the anxieties he must feel, in the prospect of his altered condition, and to render his mind as easy, in pecuniary affairs, as the extreme case would admit ; I thought it would afford a small relief, to tell him, that I would give him one guinea and a half, (after his volume was completed) for every hundred lines he might present to me, whether rhyme or blank verse. This offer appeared of more consequence in the estimation of Mr. C., than it did in his who made it, for when a common friend familiarly asked him, when married, “how he was to keep the pot boiling?” He very promptly answered, that, “Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer, that he felt no solicitude on that subject.”

Mr. Coleridge, in prospect of his marriage, had taken a cottage, at Clevedon, a village, happily on the banks of the—Susquehannah?—No, Severn. He was married to Miss Sarah Fricker, October the 4th, 1795, and immediately after, set off for his country abode.

The following is a copy of the certificate.

“ST. MARY REDCLIFF CHURCH, BRISTOL.

Married,

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to Sarah Fricker,
Oct. 4th, 1795.

Benj. Spry, Vicar.

Witnesses,

Martha Fricker

Josiah Wade.”

It happened in this case, as it often does, where a duty devolves equally on two; both neglect it. The cottage at Clevedon, it appeared, had walls, and doors, and windows; but furniture, only such as became a philosopher, who was too well disciplined to covet inordinately, non-essentials. Beside which, there might have been more of system in this deliberate renunciation of luxury. For would it have been consistent in those who anticipated a speedy “location” on the marge of one of the great American Rivers, to intrench themselves in comforts that must so soon be exchanged for little more than primeval supplies, and the rugged privations of the desert? (For even at this time

Mr. C. still fondly dwelt on the joys of the Susquehannah !)

Two days after his marriage, I received a letter from Mr. Coleridge (which now lies before me) requesting the kindness of me, to send him down, with all dispatch, the following little articles.

“A riddle slice; a candle box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dust pan; one small tin tea kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one flower dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese toaster; two large tin spoons; a bible; a keg of porter; coffee; raisins; currants; catsup; nutmegs; allspice; cinnamon; rice; ginger; and mace.”

With the aid of the grocer, and the shoemaker, and the brewer, and the tinman, and the glassman, and the brazier, &c., I immediately sent him all that he had required, and more; and the next day, rode down to pay my respects to the new-married couple; being greeted, not with the common, and therefore vulgar, materials of cake and wine, but with that which moved the spirit, hearty gratulations!

I was rejoiced to find that the cottage possessed

you tell, Silas, how many rose from the rauks?"

He now still more excited their wonderment, by recapitulating the feats of Archimedes. As the narrative proceeded, one restrained his scepticism, till he was almost ready to burst, and then vociferated, "Silas, that's a lie!" "D'ye think so?" said Mr. C. smiling, and went on with his story. The idea, however, got amongst them, that Silas's fancy was on the stretch, when Mr. C. finding that this tact would not do, changed his subject, and told them of a famous general, called Alexander the Great. As by a magic spell, the flagging attention was revived, and several, at the same moment, to testify their eagerness, called out, "The general! The general!" I'll tell you all about him," said Mr. C. when impatience marked every countenance. He then told them whose son this Alexander the Great was; no less than Philip of Macedon. "I never heard of him," said one. "I think I have," said another, (ashamed of being thought ignorant) "Silas, wasn't he a Cornish man? I knew one of the Alexanders at Truro!"

Mr. C. now went on describing to them, in glowing colours, the valour, and the wars, and the

conquests of this famous general. "Ah," said one man, whose open mouth had complimented the speaker, for the preceding half hour; "Ah," said he, "Silas, this Alexander must have been as great a man as our Colonel!"

Mr. C. now told them of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." "I don't like to hear of retreat," said one. "Nor I," said a second: "I'm for marching on." Mr. C. now told of the incessant conflicts of these brave warriors, and of the virtues of the "square." "They were a parcel of crack men," said one. "Yes," said another, "their bayonets fixed, and sleeping on their arms day and night." "I should like to know," said a fourth, "what rations were given with all that hard fighting;" on which an Irishman replied, "to be sure, every time the sun rose, two pounds of good ox beef, and plenty of whiskey."

At another time he told them of the invasion of Xerxes, and his crossing the *wide* Hellespont. "Ah," said a young recruit, (a native of an obscure village in Kent, who had acquired a decent smattering of geography,—knowing well that the world was round, and, that the earth was divided into land and water, and, furthermore, that there were more countries on the globe

image of the pocket-handkerchief, always damped his courage.

Mr. Coleridge being now comfortably settled at Clevedon, I shall there for the present leave him, to write verses on his beloved Sarah, while, in the mean time, I introduce the reader to an ingenious man, William Gilbert, whom Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey often met, and who at this time enlivened the literary society of Bristol.

WILLIAM GILBERT was a young Barrister, and the Author of the "Hurricane," a poem which has been favourably noticed both by Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth. William Gilbert had recovered, though but partially, from a mental aberration, for in the midst of very gentlemanly manners, and a mind well stored with information, there was generally a certain incoherence in his animated conversation, which perplexed, if it did not confuse the listener, and, in the midst of much that was plausible, excited the conviction that his intellects had sustained a shock, and presented now the wreck of a once splendid genius.

He had all the volubility of a practised advocate, and seemed to delight in nothing so much as discussion, whether on the unconfirmed parallax angle of Sirius, or the comparative weight of two straws. Amid the circle in which he occasionally found himself, ample scope was often given him for the exercise of this faculty. I once invited him, for the first time, to meet my friend, the late Robert Hall, both being strangers to each other. I had calculated on some interesting discourse, aware that each was peculiarly susceptible of being aroused by opposition. The anticipations entertained on this occasion, were abundantly realized. Their conversation, for some time, was mild and pleasant, each, for each, receiving an instinctive feeling of respect; but the subject happened to be started, of the contra-distinguishing merits of Hannah More, and Ann Yearsley. By an easy transition, this led to the quarrel that some time before had taken place between these two remarkable females; the one occupying the summit, and the other moving in about the lowest grade of human society; but, in genius, compeers. They at once took opposite sides. One argument elicited another, till, at length, each put forth his utmost

strength, and such felicitous torrents of eloquence, could rarely have been surpassed ; where on each side, ardour was repelled with fervency, and yet, without the introduction of the least indecorous expression.

As one instance of the unsoundness of Gilbert's mind, he was a confirmed astrologer; and, in consistency with his system, from the conjunction, or opposition of the planets, at the time of a person's birth, with undoubting confidence he would predict all the leading events of his future life, and sometimes venture even to declare the past, (if he knew any thing of his personal history.) The caution and tenderness with which he usually touched the second subject, formed a striking contrast with the positive declarations concerning the first.

I was acquainted at this time with a medical man, of enlarged mind and considerable scientific attainments, who, as might be expected, utterly repudiated all the astrological trash. Accidentally mentioning to him that a friend of mine was a great advocate for this sublime science, he remarked, "I should like to see him, for one half hour would be sufficient to despoil him of his weapons, and lay him prostrate in the dust."

“If you will sup with me, on a given evening,” I said, “I will introduce you to the astrologer, and if you can beat this nonsense out of his head, you will benefit him, and all his friends.” When the evening arrived, it appeared fair to apprise William Gilbert, that I was going to introduce him to a doctor, who had kindly and gratuitously undertaken to cure him of all his astrological maladies. “Will he?” said Gilbert. “The malady is on his side. Perhaps I may cure him.”

Each having a specific business before him, there was no hesitation, or skirmishing, but at first sight, they both, like tried veterans, in good earnest addressed themselves to war. On one side, there was a manifestation of sound sense, and cogent argument; on the other, a familiarity with all those arguments, combined with great subtlety in evading them; and this sustained by new and ingenious sophisms. My medical friend, for some time, stood his ground manfully, till, at length, he began to quail, as it appeared, from the verbal torrent with which he was so unexpectedly assailed. Encountered thus by so fearful and consummate a disputant, whose eyes flashed fire, in unison with his oracular tones, and impassioned language, the doctor’s quiver, unaccounta-

bly, became exhausted, and his spirit subdued. He seemed to look around for some mantle, in which to hide the mortification of defeat; and the more so, from his previous confidence. Never was a more triumphant victory, as it would superficially appear, achieved by ingenious volubility in a bad cause, over arguments, sound, but inefficiently wielded in a cause that was good. A fresh instance of the man of sense, vanquished by the man of words.

The origin of Gilbert's derangement, was traced to a naval cause tried at Portsmouth, in which, as an advocate, he was concerned. In this cause he took an unusually deep interest; calculating, that by gaining this, almost first blossom in his profession, a luxuriant harvest would follow. He lost his cause, and with it, for a time, his reason—never perfectly restored. William Gilbert, who had endeared himself to his friends, by the suavity of his manners, as much as by his talents, left Bristol in the year 1796, and sailed over to Charleston, in America, where he died.

Mr. Southey, in his life of Wesley, (Vol. 2. p. 467,) thus refers to William Gilbert. "In the year 1796, Mr. G. published the 'Hurricane, a Theosophical and Western Eclogue,' and shortly

afterwards placarded the walls of London with the largest bills that had at that time been seen, announcing 'the Law of Fire.' I knew him well, and look back with a melancholy pleasure to the hours which I have passed in his society, when his mind was in ruins. His madness was of the most incomprehensible kind, as may be seen in the notes to his 'Hurricane;' but the Poem possesses passages of exquisite beauty. I have among my papers some memorials of this interesting man. They who remember him (as some of my readers will,) will not be displeased at seeing him thus mentioned, with the respect and regret which are due to a noble mind."

Mr. Wordsworth, at the end of his "Excursion," has extracted a note of William Gilbert's, appended to his "Hurricane," with this notice:

"The reader, I am sure, will thank me for the following quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose."

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world, by visiting London. Artificial man does, he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is mi-

croscopic; it is formed of minutiaë, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionably obtuse. The reverse is the man of mind. He who is placed in the sphere of nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro that crossed him; but when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes: when he measures the long and watered savannah, or contemplates from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific, and feels himself in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle too as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them. He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially. His mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars.'"

This William Gilbert was the son of a gentle-

man of that name in Antigua, who was an eminently good and philanthropic character. He is usually noticed, as “The excellent Gilbert who first set an example to the planters, of giving religious instruction to the slaves.” Mr. Watson, referring to him says, “From this great, and at that time hazardous, endeavour, every man of humanity ought to pronounce his name with reverence.”

As these pages are not restricted to one subject, but were designed, by brief incidental notices, to furnish a view of the Literature of Bristol, during a particular portion of time; and having introduced the name of Ann Yearsley, I shall here, in reference to her, subjoin a few additional remarks.

I WAS well acquainted with Ann Yearsley, and my friendship for Hannah More did not blind my eyes to the merits of her opponent. Candour exacts the acknowledgment, that the Bristol Milkwoman, was a very extraordinary individual. Her natural abilities were eminent, united with which, she possessed an unusually sound masculine understanding; and altogether evinced,

even in her countenance, the unequivocal marks of genius. If her education and early advantages had been favourable, there is no limiting the distinction to which she might have attained; and the respect she did acquire, proves, what formidable barriers may be surmounted by native talent, when perseveringly exerted, even in the absence of those preliminary assistances, which are often merely the fret-work, the entablature, of the Corinthian column.

Ann Yearsley's genius was discoverable in her Poems, but her understanding, perhaps, and the extent of her capacity, chiefly appeared in her Novel, "The Man in the Iron Mask," two volumes; in itself a bad subject, from the confined limit it gives to the imagination; but there is a vigour in her style, which scarcely appears compatible with a wholly uneducated woman. The late Mr. G. Robinson, the bookseller, told me that he had given Ann Yearsley, two hundred pounds for the above work. This sum, with the profits of her Poems, enabled her to set up a circulating library, in the Crescent, at the Hot Wells. At one time, I remember, in the year 1793, an imposition was attempted to be practised upon her, and she became also involved in

temporary pecuniary difficulties, when, by timely interference, and a little assistance, I had the happiness of placing her once more in a state of comfort. From a grateful feeling, she afterwards sent me a handsome copy of verses.

Now that all parties are dead, I can have no motive but respect for truth and justice, in expressing an opinion, that this poor milkwoman has been reflected upon far more than she deserved. It has been too customary to charge her with ingratitude, (at which all are ready to take fire,) but without sufficient cause, as the slight services I rendered her, were repaid with a superabundant expression of thankfulness; what then must have been the feelings of her heart toward Mrs. Hannah More, to whom her obligations were so surpassing?

The merits of the question, involved in the dissention between Ann Yearsley and Mrs. H. More, as to its quintessence, lay in a small compass, and it deserves to be faithfully re-stated, for a most erroneous impression has too long prevailed. And even the public are interested in repelling a groundless charge of ingratitude, which, if substantiated, would tend to repress the spirit of patronage, and, consequently, to quench

the spontaneous emotions of benevolence toward the humbler children of genius. The baneful effects, arising from an uncorrected statement of the ingratitude of Ann Yearsley towards her benefactress, might be the proximate means of dooming to penury and death some unborn Chatterton, or of eclipsing the sun of a future Burns.

Hannah More discovered that the woman who supplied her family daily with milk, was a really respectable poetess. She collected her productions, and, for her benefit, published them, with a recommendatory address. The Poems, as they deserved, became popular; doubtless, in a great degree, through the generous and influential support of Mrs. H. More, and the profits of the sale amounted to several hundred pounds. In this instance, as in most of those family and individual feuds that distract the world, the foundation is that sad "mammon of unrighteousness!"

The money obtained by the sale of her Poems, (as most others would have done) the milkwoman wished to receive herself: at least such a command over it as her reasonable exigencies should require; that is, for the promotion of herself in life, and the assistance of her two promising sons, who inherited much of their mother's talent. Hannah

More, on the contrary, in conjunction with Mrs. Montague, thought it most advisable to place the money in the Stocks, in the joint names of herself and Mrs. M. as trustees for Ann Yearsley, so that she might receive a small permanent support, through life. In all this, whether there were an error in judgment, or not, Hannah More acted with the purest intention. But what did an ignorant milkwoman know of that inexplicable subtlety, the "Stocks!" She wanted the money;—the produce of her own Poems: something present and substantial, that depended for its existence on no mere abstraction.

From what I know of Hannah More's character, her mind was so accessible to reason, that if any judicious friend had stated to her, at the commencement of this affair, that Ann Yearsley, whom she had so greatly served, was a discreet woman, and would not be likely to squander her little all: that she wanted to educate her two sons, and to open for herself a circulating library, neither of which objects could be accomplished, unless she received more than her interest, and consequently trenched on her capital; had this plain statement been made to Hannah More, equity was so engrafted on her nature, that, no

doubt could be entertained, of her instantly acceding to so reasonable a request. In that case, the consequent misunderstanding would have been avoided, which, at that time, exercised different, and even acrimonious opinions, and, for a season, agitated the whole literary community. Had I been somewhat older, this mediation I would cheerfully have undertaken.

The great error on the part of the milkwoman, lay, in not prevailing on some friend to interfere, and calmly to state the case to Hannah More; instead of which, in a disastrous moment, Ann Yearsley undertook to plead her own cause, and, without the slightest intention of giving offence, called on her patroness. Both parties meant well, but from the constitution of the human mind, it was hardly possible for one who had greatly obliged another (and the recipient, in a subordinate station) to experience the least opposition, in an arrangement, deemed by the principal, expedient, without experiencing, at least an uncomfortable feeling. The thought, from the power of association, would almost necessarily arise in Hannah More's mind; "Ann Yearsley, you are at present decently apparelled, but without my patronage, you would now be serving hogs, or be weighed

down with a milk pail, and do you oppose any disposition I and Mrs. Montague may think proper to make!" So that there must have existed a predisposition to misconstrue motives, as well as a susceptibility, in the closest alliance with offence. And now the experiment commenced.

Here was a strong-minded, illiterate woman on one side, impressed with a conviction of the justice of her cause; and further stimulated by a deep consciousness of the importance of success to herself and family; and on the other side, a refined mind, delicately alive to the least approximation to indecorum, and not unreasonably, requiring deference and conciliation. Could such incongruous materials coalesce? Without extraneous testimony, the presumption is, that Ann Yearsley's suit, on this occasion, was urged with a zeal approaching to impetuosity, and expressed, not in that measured language which propriety, undeniably, would have dictated; and any deficiency in which, could not fail to offend her polished and powerful patroness.

Ann Yearsley obtained her object, but she lost her friend. Though her intention was not censurable, yet her manner, in the absence of due allowances, may have been objectionable. Her name, from that moment, was branded with

ingratitude; and severe indeed was the penalty entailed on her by this one act of indiscretion! The fearful tidings rapidly extended far and near! "Ann Yearsley has proved an ingrate!" Her good name, with the rapidity of the eagle's pinion, was forfeited! Her talents, in a large circle, at once, became questionable, or vanished away. Her assumed criminality also was magnified into audacity, in daring to question the honour, or, at least, oppose the wishes of two such women, as Mrs. H. More, and Mrs. Montague! and thus, through this disastrous turn of affairs, a dark veil was suddenly thrown over prospects, so late, the most unsullied and exhilarating, and the favourite of fortune sunk to rise no more!

Gloom and perplexities in quick succession oppressed the Bristol milkwoman, and her fall became more rapid than her ascent! The eldest of her sons, William Cromartie Yearsley, who had bidden fair to be the prop of her age; and whom she had apprenticed to an eminent engraver, with a premium of one hundred guineas, prematurely died! His surviving brother soon followed him to the grave! Ann Yearsley, now a childless and desolate widow, on the produce of her library, retired, heartless, from the world, and

died many years after, in a state of almost total seclusion, at Melksham in Wiltshire. An inhabitant of the town lately informed me, that "Ann Yearsley was never seen, except when she took her solitary walk, in the dusk of the evening!" She lies buried in Clifton church yard.

In this passing notice of the Bristol milkwoman, my design has been, to rescue her name from unmerited obloquy, but certainly, not in the remotest degree to criminate Hannah More, whom I knew and respected, from early life; whose views and impressions, in this affair, may have been somewhat erroneous, but whose intentions, it would be impossible, for one moment, to question.

I must subjoin, that when money, in future, may thus be collected for ingenious individuals, it might be the wisest procedure, to transfer the full amount, at once, to the beneficiary, (unless under very peculiar circumstances.) This is felt to be both handsome and generous, and the obligation is permanently impressed on the mind. If the money then be improvidently dissipated, (a result hardly to be anticipated,) he who acts thus ungratefully to his benefactors, and cruelly to himself, reflects alone on his own folly. But

when active and benevolent agents, who have raised subscriptions, will entail trouble on themselves, and with a feeling almost paternal, charge themselves with a disinterested solicitude for future generations, without a strong effort of the reasoning power, the favour is reduced to a fraction. Dissatisfaction almost necessarily ensues, when the accusation of ingratitude is seldom far behind.

The reader will not be displeased with some further remarks on Mrs. Hannah More, whose long residence near Bristol identified her so much with that city.

The opinion entertained by Hannah More, of Robert Hall, may be collected from the following letter, received by me, after having casually mentioned in a letter a loss sustained by the Baptist missionaries, at Serampore.

“My dear Sir,

I am sorry it is not in my power, as I am sure it is in my heart, to send more than the enclosed trifle (£5)* for the sufferers at Serampore. It is

* It is necessary to state, (*as this five pounds will not have appeared in the Society's accounts*) that I had been misinformed; and

not mere words of course, to save my purse, when I say, I feel deeply for them; but applications, lately, have exceeded any former period.

I have left on my will £100, 3 per Cents. for the printing the Scriptures at Serampore. I had left it to the hands of Dr. Ryland. Since his death, had I better now transfer it?

I shall long to see Robert Hall's sermon. There is no preacher comparable to him. His writing is a model. I am overwhelmed with cares, business, and little perplexities, to which I am by no means equal. Love to your dear sisters.

Sincerely yours,

H. MORE."

The "cares and perplexities," to which Hannah More refers, it is believed arose, in a principal degree, from the profusion and bad conduct of her

that the disaster at Serampore, was found to be not recent as supposed, but an occurrence that had taken place more than a year prior, and to repair which, a sufficient subscription had been raised. Under these circumstances I thought myself of course bound to return Mrs. H. More her five pounds; which I did, with an explanatory letter. Mrs. H. M. acknowledged the receipt, and in her reply stated, that my identical Five pounds had been sent off by the same post, to satisfy another applicant; so necessary is the exercise of *charity* on occasions that might bear an unfavourable aspect, from the want of not knowing *all* the particulars of the case.

servants, who will presently be noticed ; but a few remarks must precede. Mrs. H. More lived with her four sisters, Mary, Betty, Sally, and Patty, after they quitted their school in Park-Street, Bristol, at a small neat cottage, in Somersetshire, ten miles from Bristol, called Cowslip Green. The Miss M.'s some years afterward, built a better house, and called it Barley Wood, on the side of a hill, about a mile from Wrington. Here they all lived, in the highest degree respected and beloved : their house the seat of piety, cheerfulness, literature, and hospitality ; and they themselves receiving the honour of more visits from bishops, nobles, and persons of distinction, than, perhaps, any private family in the kingdom.

My sisters having been educated by the Miss Mores, and myself having two intimate friends, who were also the friends of the Miss Mores ; the Rev. James Newton,* and my old tutor, the

* The Rev. James Newton, before noticed, was Classical Tutor at the Bristol Baptist Academy, in conjunction with the late Dr. Caleb Evans, and, for a short season, the late Robert Hall. He was my most revered and honoured friend, who lived for twenty years an Inmate in my Father's family, and to whom I am indebted, in various ways, beyond my ability to express. His learning was his least recommendation. His taste for elegant literature ; his fine natural understanding, his sincerity, and conciliating manners

celebrated John Henderson, they introduced me to the family, in Park Street, and the acquaintance then commenced, was progressively ripened into respect, that continued to the termination of all their lives. Hannah More gave me an unrestricted permission to bring down to Barley

justified the eulogium expressed by Dr. Evans, in preaching his Funeral Sermon, 1789, when he said, (to a weeping congregation) that, "He never made an enemy, or lost a friend."

Mr. Newton was on intimate terms with the late Dean Tucker, and the Rev. Sir James Stonehouse, the latter of whom introduced him to Hannah More, who contracted for him, as his worth and talents became more and more manifest, a sincere and abiding friendship. Mr. Newton had the honour of teaching Hannah More Latin. The time of his instructing her did not exceed ten months. She devoted to this one subject the whole of her time, and all the energies of her mind. Mr. Newton spoke of her, to me, as exemplifying how much might be attained in a short time by Talent and Determination combined; and he said, for the limited period of his instruction, she surpassed in her progress all others whom he had ever known. H. More was in the habit of submitting her MSS. to Mr. N.'s judicious remarks, and by this means, from living in the same house with him, I preceded the public in inspecting some of her productions; particularly her MS. Poem on the "Slave Trade," and her "Bas Bleu." When a boy, many an evening do I recollect to have listened in wonderment to Colloquisms and Disputations carried on in Latin between Mr. Newton and John Henderson. It gives me pleasure to have borne this brief testimony of respect toward one on whom memory so often and so fondly reposes! Best of men, and kindest of friends, "farewell, till we do meet again!"—(Bowles.)

Of John Henderson, some account will be found in the Appendix.

Wood, any literary or other friend of mine, at any time, and of which privilege, on various occasions, I availed myself.

Many years before, I had taken down, then by express invitation, Mr. Southey, to see these excellent ladies, and in the year 1814, I conducted Mr. Coleridge to Barley Wood, and had the pleasure of introducing him to Hannah More, and her Sisters. For two hours after our arrival, Mr. C. displayed a good deal of his brilliant conversation, when he was listened to with surprise and delight by the whole circle; but at this time, unluckily, Lady — was announced, when Mrs. Hannah, from politeness, devoted herself to her titled visitant, while the little folks retired to a snug window, with one or two of the Miss Mores, and there had their own agreeable converse.

The reader, it is hoped, will now pardon a reference to a less elevated subject, involving a narrative, which, if true to nature, bears the same relation to biography, which the productions of Teniers do to painting. But, independently of its intrinsic qualities, it derives a reflective interest, from the celebrity of the individual who is chiefly concerned; whilst the occurrences,

humble as they are, partake much of the dramatic character.

The circumstance which occasioned Mrs. Hannah More to quit for ever her beautiful residence of Barley Wood, is thus obscurely hinted at, by Mr. Roberts, in his life of H. M. "The painful discoveries which had been made at Barley Wood, of ingratitude and baseness in those whom her bounty had so long fed and fostered, had, it is to be presumed, somewhat diminished its attractions; so that upon the whole there was but little cause of regret in adopting a change which the helplessness and infirmities of age had rendered expedient."

This is about as explicit a statement as could be expected in a regular and grave piece of biography, but as this work is of a more desultory, and less presuming nature, (and the particulars being known to myself) without any dread of a diminution of dignity, I shall enter a little more into detail, which, it is believed, will prove acceptable, as well as new, to most of Mrs. H. More's surviving friends, while the aggravating circumstances in which she was placed, cannot fail of exciting sympathy even in the stranger.

Hannah More's servants, in some respects,

appear to have been of the worst description. After the successive deaths of her four beloved and excellent Sisters, who all lived to between seventy and eighty, Hannah More was left in a state that would have proved cheerless, but for the consolations of religion. A few friends testified the strength of their attachment, by alternately living with her (particularly one, who will hereafter be denominated, the "Sensible Lady.") to write many of her letters, or otherwise to become her amanuensis; and also, so far as it was practicable; to give a general superintendance over her household, and especially her domestics, now disorganized, and, as might be expected, tenacious of every interference. This inspection became the more necessary, as Hannah More, for some preceding years had been permanently confined to her room.

Under such unfavourable circumstances, the greatest confusion reigned in the kitchen. It was literally, "high life below stairs." Hannah More's servants, it seemed, sent their viva voce invitations (writing being an accomplishment) to the servants of some of the neighbouring families, and occasionally had their evening winter parties, with hot suppers, laid out in parlour-like elegance. Th^{er}

plan was to avoid noise, till the family had retired to rest, and then their orgies commenced. Mrs. Susan, the housekeeper; and Miss Teddy, the ladies' maid; and Mrs. Rebecca, the housemaid; and Mrs. Jane, the cook; and Miss Sally, the little scullion; and Mr. Timothy, the coachman; and Mr. John, the gardener; and Mr. Tom, the gardner's man: all these superbly decorated, that is, in their best, waited to receive their frilled and furbelowed guests; some creeping through hedges; others descending down laurel walks, or emerging from thickets, at the appointed midnight hour, till they all assembled at the grand rendezvous. Here there was one only order of the night, and that was silence. All the rest was within the prescribed bounds. But notwithstanding that so many advantages were here combined, there was one unconquerable disadvantage. Dancing was proscribed, as it might convey awkward intimations.

Ingenuity, if it cannot find that which it desires, will invent equivalent substitutes. Although this Barley-Wood assemblage of fashionables could not dance at home, there was no statute law, nor conscience, against their dancing out, and not to be debarred from this delectable amusement, so admi-

red by their betters, they determined that their regular balls should be held in a large room, a mile off, belonging to a tradesman who supplied the family; who could be obliged in various ways, and who if he had been asked, who were the two greatest personages in the parish? would instantly have replied, "why Mrs. Susan, and Mr. Timothy, to be sure."

Unprincipled persons, however vigilant in guarding the avenues to detection, eventually, with the spirit of infatuation, forget to close some one door, through which discovery enters. The Barley-Wood High Mightinesses had determined to begin the season with a grand ball, to which sundry other servants, and the prime carpenters and bricklayers of the vicinity should be invited, at the old haunt, there to meet their superiors, and, with the assistance of the village scraper, to keep moving "on the light fantastic toe," till morning "'gan dawn." It so happened that Miss Teddy, my lady's-maid, had achieved a half conquest of master William, a young bricklayer, and in order to complete the victory, she ordered of her mantua-maker, in Bristol, "a bran new dress," to be sent down by a given day, as, "that evening, she was going, with others, to a dance at Wrington."

This mantua-maker thought something not quite right going forward, and expressed her suspicions to a lady known to Hannah More, who immediately conveyed her information to the lady, then in waiting at Barley Wood, and, in addition, conveyed Miss Teddy's letter. The fears of this "sensible lady" being excited, she determined to take no notice; to say nothing to her aged friend; but when the suspected evening arrived, to be doubly vigilant.

In the course of the appointed day, the "bran new dress" was received. The ominous evening drew near. The eight servants were called up, as usual, at supper time, to family prayer, when each in rotation repeated his or her verse from the Bible, and all, at the end of their devotions repeated the hearty "Amen!" The family in due time retired to rest. The lights were extinguished, and all was quiet. Now the various personal decorations commenced, and all with as little noise as the working of the underground mole. The sensible and anxious lady placed herself at a window, where in darkness she could see all that transpired at the kitchen door.

Long her patience was exercised, but the grand developement now began to unfold. The door

was gently opened, when out walked the first couple, arm in arm; Mrs. Susan and Mr. Timothy, and five others closely followed. Miss Sarah, the little scullion, stayed at home (quite contrary to her wishes,) to shut the door after the cavalcade had passed; and also to open it, when needful, provided no drowsy fit overtook her. At the dead of night, or rather early in the morning, the ladies and gentlemen returned, and feebly tapped at the window, which brought the faithful Miss Sarah to the door, when the company entered, and quietly retired to their respective dormitories.

No scheme of happiness could have been more cautiously contrived, or better executed, but that eye from the dark window spoiled all! The "sensible lady," on the next morning, took no notice, and all the servants had the appearance of having enjoyed as good a night's rest as though nothing had happened; each composedly pursuing his or her accustomed avocation. But when the "sensible lady" reflected that these wicked servants, (several of whom were kept, chiefly as safeguards to the family) had treacherously deserted their duty, and rendered their mistress (to whom they were under the highest obligations)

liable to be despoiled in her property, while at the same time they exposed her, when in fancied security, to be robbed, and even murdered, she saw that prompt and decisive measures must be adopted; and those measures were the following.

In consultation with other friends, who were summoned to Barley Wood for the occasion, they unitedly disclosed the painful tidings of her worthless servants to poor trembling, aged, Hannah More, and strenuously advised her to quit altogether her little terrestrial paradise! even the house she had built; the gardens she had cultivated; the walks she had arranged; the shrubs and trees she had planted; the temples and cenotaphs she had reared, and the whole endeared by a thousand tender recollections and fond associations. They advised her to call up her native determination, and, from the extreme circumstances of the case, to bid a final adieu to the pre-eminently beautiful place of her abode.

The words came to Hannah More with the force of a thunderbolt! She preserved silence, while a tear stole down her pallid cheek. At length, with a faltering voice, she said, "What Susan unfaithful, who has lived with me so many years?" "Yes!" "And Timothy, whose rela-

tions I have fed and clothed?" "Yes!" The venerable and afflicted lady continued, "And Teddy, and Rebecca, and Jane?" "Yes, all!" "What!" she continued, "Not one faithful?" The answer was, "The whole are faithless!" "Then," said the aged Hannah More, "I will leave it all! Find me a quiet retreat where my few last days may be spent in calmness, prayer, and praise!"

Having now obtained her consent, Hannah More's friends commenced arrangements for her instant departure. Her eminent, and kind physician,* Dr. Carrick, looked out for a dwelling at Clifton, and was so happy as to engage a handsomely furnished house, No. 4, Windsor Terrace. The preparations for her departure from Barley Wood having been all completed, the morning of the appointed day arrived, when Hannah More was to take the last survey of the place she loved, and the surrounding prospects, on which her eyes had so long rested with delight! Being afraid to

* Hannah More once told me, that she had consulted, in the course of her life, through her continued ill health, thirty-seven physicians, all of whom were dead! Dr. Carrick made the thirty-eighth! This is about the same number of physicians that Richard Baxter consulted.

trust her own coachman, a friend sent his carriage from Bristol, to convey her to her Clifton retreat. About a dozen gentlemen, her oldest friends, all, on this morning, assembled at Barley Wood, to defend her, if necessary, from her own servants ! These worthless domestics remained in total ignorance of what was going forward. They entertained a gloomy suspicion that a storm was rising, but the cause, and what direction it might take, they knew not.

It was understood that great altercations had occurred that morning, amongst the domestics in the lower parlour: one accusing the other of treachery, and all denying so foul a breach of honour ! Even she who had occasioned the discovery, Miss Teddy, in her fancied innocence, protested that “the culprit ought to be drowned. ’Twas a downright wicked thing.”

The assemblage of so many persons, on this particular morning, united with a guilty conscience, converted apprehension into certainty. Surmise had passed; it was at this moment known that something terrible was about to transpire. The whole of the domestics were now summoned, as criminals, to the drawing room of their mistress, and in the presence of all the company, were

thus addressed, in a firm tone, by Hannah More. "You are no longer my servants. By deserting me and my house, at midnight, to pursue your revels, you all prove yourselves to be unworthy of my confidence. (after a pause) Your unprincipled conduct has driven me from my home, and forced me to seek a refuge among strangers." * Then, rising from her seat, with great dignity, she passed, in silence, by her confounded and speechless servants, without deigning a glance at either. The gentlemen formed a line on either side, through which avenue, with resolutely suppressed feelings, she passed; descending her stairs, not to be retraced! and being conducted tremblingly to her carriage, she closed her eyes, and thought alone on the better inheritance, to which she was so fast hastening.

It may be subjoined, that the change of residence, so appalling in the anticipation, proved to be a great blessing!

"For all things *are* less dreadful than they seem."

WORDSWORTH.

Mrs. H. More ceased now to feel anxiety about

* A Friend remained to settle pecuniary affairs.

a large establishment of bad and unmanageable servants. Her expenses were reduced one half, and her comforts greatly increased. Her carriage, which she never entered (in which Mr. Timothy used to drive out Mrs. Susan for an airing) was sold, with the horses, and what was there for Mrs. H. More to regret? The two rooms she at present personally occupied, were superior to those she had left, and the prospects from them vastly more enlivening. I remember to have called on Hannah More, at her new residence, with the late Rev. Robert Hall, when she discovered a cheerfulness which showed that Barley Wood was no longer regretted. She brought us to the windows of her spacious drawing room, and there, in the expanse beneath, invited us to behold the new docks, and the merchants' numerous ships, while the hill of Dundry appeared (at the distance of four miles) far loftier than her own Mendip, and equally verdant. From the window of her back room, also, directly under her eye, a far more exquisite prospect presented itself than any Barley Wood could boast; Leigh Woods, St. Vincent's Rocks, Clifton Down, and, to crown the whole, the winding Avon, with the continually shifting commerce of Bristol; and we left her with

the impression that the change in her abode was a great accession to her happiness.

In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, Hannah More thus rather pleasantly writes.

Windsor Terrace, Oct. 29, 1828.

“My very dear friend,

* * * * I am diminishing my worldly cares. I have sold Barley Wood. I have exchanged the eight “pampered minions,” for four sober servants. As I have sold my carriage and horses, I want no coachman: as I have no garden, I want no gardener. I have greatly lessened my house expenses, which enables me to maintain my schools, and enlarge my charities. My schools alone, with clothing, rents, &c. cost me £250 a year.”

Mrs. H. More was sometimes liberally assisted in the support of these schools (as I learned from Miss Patty More,) by three philanthropic individuals, the late Mr. Henry Thornton, the late Mr. Wilberforce, and the late Sir W. W. Pepys, Bart.

Mrs. H. More, in a letter to Sir W. W. Pepys, acknowledging the receipt of one hundred pounds, says, “My most affectionate respects to Lady

Pepys. The young race, of course, have all forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the energy with which your eldest son, at seven years old, ran into the drawing room, and said to me; "After all, Ferdinand would never have sent Columbus to find out America, if it had not been for Isabella: it was entirely her doing." How gratifying would it have been to Hannah More, had she been living, to find, in the round of human things, that this energetic boy of seven years, was now The Lord High Chancellor of England! (1837.)

I need not pursue any other incident of this eminently talented lady, since the subject has been so well executed by Mr. Roberts, except to state, that Hannah More removed to Windsor Terrace, April 18, 1828, aged eighty-three, that she lived there five years and a half, and died September 7th, 1833, in her eighty-ninth year.

The following are Mrs. H. More's numerous public legacies.

Bristol Infirmary £1000	Bristol Samaritan ditto .. £50
Anti-Slavery Society 500	Bristol Temple Infant School,
London Poor Pious Clergy So-	(built by John Hare, Esq.) 50
ciety 500	The Shipham Female Club .. 50
London Clerical Education do. 500	Prayer Book and Homily So-
Moravian Missionary ditto .. 200	ciety 50
Welsh College 400	London Lock Hospital .. 50
Bristol Clerical Education So-	London Refuge for the Desti-
ciety 100	tute 50
Hibernian Society 200	The Gaelic School 50
Reformation ditto 200	Female Schools in India .. 50
Irish Tract ditto 150	The Keynsham School .. 50
Irish Reader's ditto 150	The Cheddar ditto 50
Burman Missionary ditto .. 200	Books for Ohio 50
Serampore ditto ditto .. 100	Bristol and Clifton Anti-Sla-
Baptist ditto ditto .. 100	very Society 50
London Seaman's Bethel do. 100	Clifton Lying-in Charity .. 50
Bristol ditto ditto do. 100	Clifton Infant School .. 50
Liverpool ditto ditto do. 100	Clifton National ditto .. 50
London Missionary do. 100	Clifton Hibernian Society .. 50
Hebrew Scripture do. 100	The Temple Parish Poor .. 50
British and Foreign Bible do. 1000	Pews in Temple Church .. 50
(All 3 per cent. Consols.)	Bristol Harmonia .. guineas 19
<i>The following Legacies in Money.</i>	Edinburgh Sabbath School .. 19
Church Missionary Society 1000	Cheddar Female Club .. 19
Educating Clergymen's Daugh-	Poor Printers' Fund 19
ters' Society 200	Poor of Wrington 19
Diocese of Ohio 200	Poor of Cheddar 19
New Church, Mangotsfield .. 150	Poor of Nailsea £5
Bristol Strangers' Friend Soci-	My old Pensioners at Wring-
ety 100	ton each 1
Bristol Small Debt ditto 100	Kildare School Society, Dub-
Bristol Penitentiary ditto 100	lin 100

Bristol Orphan Asylum ..	£100	Kildare School Society, 3 per	
Bristol Philosophical Institution	100	Cents.	£200
Foreign Missions in America	100	Residuary Estate, to New	
Schools in Ceylon, called		Church, St. Philip's (about)	3500
Barley Wood	100	[Bad Servants, who had been	
Newfoundland Schools ..	100	left handsomely]	—
Distressed Vandoise	100	There were 200 Legacies in the	
Clifton Dispensary	100	Will, amounting to £27,000	
Bristol Visiting Poor Society	100	The Probate was taken at	
Irish Society	100	under £30,000	
Sailors' Home ditto	100	The above is independent of	
Christian Knowledge Society	50	from £10,000 to £12,000	
Bristol Misericordia ditto ..	50	Legacies, left by Mrs. Patty	
		More.	

All the paintings, drawings, and prints, which thronged the walls of the parlour, on Hannah More's quitting Barley Wood, she gave to her friend, Sir T. D. Acland, Bart. with the exception of the portrait, by Palmer, of John Henderson, (my old friend and tutor) which she kindly presented to myself.

The five maiden sisters now lie buried in one grave, in the church yard at Wrington; near to the house where Locke was born.

FOR THE TOMB OF THE MORES.

Stranger! this tomb draw near.

(Their memories like the rose!)

Five maiden sisters here,

In faith and hope repose.

Mary, of noble mind.

Eliza, Sarah, too ;

With Martha, none behind,

All generous, wise, and true.

The last, so long renowned,

Known to earth's farthest shore ;

With years and honours crowned,

The illustrious Hannah More.

As I purposed, in projecting the present work, to allow myself a certain latitude in commenting on persons of decided talents, with whom, in past years, I became acquainted, and especially when those persons are dead, I shall here briefly refer to the late Rev. Robert Hall, and afterwards to my late brother, Amos.

Mr. Hall is universally admitted to have possessed one of the first order of minds. He united qualities, rarely combined, each of which would have constituted greatness ; being a writer of pre-eminent excellence, and a sacred orator that exceeded all competition.

Posterity will judge of Robert Hall's capacity, alone, by his writings, but all who knew him, as

a preacher, unhesitatingly admit that in his pulpit exercises (when the absorption of his mind, in his subject, rendered him but half insensible to the agony of internal maladies, which scarcely knew cessation, and which would have prostrated spirits less firm) that in these exercises, the superiority of his intellect became more undeniably manifest, than even in his deliberate compositions. Here some might approach, who could not surpass; but, as a preacher, he stood, collected, in solitary grandeur.

Let the reader who was never privileged to see, or hear, this extraordinary man, present to his imagination, a dignified figure that secured the deference which was never exacted; a capacious forehead; an eye, in the absence of excitement, dark, yet placid, but when warmed with argument, flashing almost coruscations of light, as the harmonious accompaniments of his powerful language.

But the pulpit presented a wider field for the display of this constitutional ardour. Here, the eye, that always awed, progressively advanced in expression; till warmed with his immortal subject it kindled into absolute radiance, that, with its piercing beams, penetrated the very heart, and so absorbed the spirit, that the preacher himself

was forgotten in the magnificent and almost overpowering array of empassioned thoughts and images. With this exterior, let the reader associate a voice, though not strong, eminently flexible and harmonious; a mind that felt, and therefore never erred in its emphasis; alternately touching the chord of pathos, or advancing, with equal ease, into the region of argument or passion; and, then, let him remember, that every sentiment he uttered was clothed in as mellifluous expressions as, perhaps, ever fell from the tongue of man.

Few would dispute the testimony of Dugald Stewart, on subjects of composition; and still fewer would question his authority, in ascribing, as he does, to Robert Hall, the excellencies of Addison, Johnson, and Burke, without their defects: and to the works of Mr. H. references will hereafter doubtless be made, as exhibiting some of the finest specimens that can be adduced, of the harmony; the elegance; the energy; and compass of the English tongue.

After noticing the excellencies of Mr. Hall, as a christian advocate, it appears almost bordering on the anticlimax, to name, that a great accession to this his distinction as a writer, arose from his

exquisite taste in composition ; sedulously cultivated through life ; and which (as the reward of so chastened a judgment, attained with such labour) at length superseded toil in the arrangement of his words, since every thought, as it arose in his mind, (when expression was given to it) appeared, spontaneously, clothed in the most appropriate language.

Often has Mr. H. expatiated to me on the subject of style, so as to manifest the depth, and acuteness of his criticisms ; as well as to leave a firm conviction, that the superiority he had acquired arose from no lax endeavour, and happy casualty, but from severe and permanent effort, founded on the best models ; at least, in that period of his life when the structure of his mind was formed, or forming.

This habit of minute and general analysis, combined, as it was, with his fine, luminous intellect, enabled him, with almost intuitive discernment, to perceive, promptly, whatever was valuable or defective in the productions of others ; and this faculty being conjoined with solid learning ; extensive reading ; a retentive memory ; a vast store of diversified knowledge ; together with a creative fancy, and a logical mind ; gave

him, at all times, an inobtrusive reliance on himself, with an inexhaustible mental treasury, that qualified him, alike, to shine in the friendly circle, or to charm, and astonish, and edify, in the crowded assembly.

That the same individual should so far excel, both as a preacher and a writer, and, at the same time, be equally distinguished for his brilliant conversational talent, is scarcely conceivable, and would be too much reputation for any man, except, tempered, as it was, in Mr. Hall, by no ordinary measure of christian humility, and a preference ever expressed, for the moral over the intellectual character.

It is not meant to imply that Mr. Hall was perfect, (a condition reserved for another state) but he made gigantic strides towards that point, at which all should aim. That such rare talents should have been devoted, through a long and consistent life, to the cause of his Redeemer, must excite thankfulness in the breast of every christian; and at the same time deepen the hue, with which he contemplates some others, whose talents and influences, were, and are, all banefully exercised, from what might appear, design, to corrupt man, and madly to oppose and defy the Supreme himself!

Some of Mr. Hall's later admirers, may resist the idea, that there ever was a period when his ministerial exercises were more eloquent than at the last, but, with some reluctance, I adopt a rather different opinion. The estimate formed of him in this place, is chiefly founded on the earlier part of life, when, without any opposing influences, a more unbridled range was given to his imagination; when there was an energy in his manner, and a felicity, and copiousness in his language, which vibrated on the very verge of human capability.

It is incredible to suppose, that intense, and almost unceasing pain, should not partially have unnerved his mind; that he should not have directed a more undiverted concentration of thought, and revelled with more freedom and luxuriance of expression, before, rather than during the ravages of that insidious and fatal disease, under which, for so many years he laboured, and which never allowed him, except when in the pulpit, to deviate from a recumbent posture. However combated by mental firmness, such perpetual suffering must have tended, in some degree, to repress the vehemence of his intellectual fire; and the astonishment prevails, that he pos-

sessed fortitude enough to contend so long, with antagonists so potent. Except for the power of religion, and the sustaining influence of faith, nothing could have restrained him from falling back on despondency or despair. Yet even to his final sermon, he maintained his pre-eminence; and in no one discourse of his last years, did he decline into mediocrity, or fail to remind the elder part of his audience, of a period, when his eloquence was almost superhuman.*

After allowing that many humble but sincere preachers of the gospel of Christ, may be as accepted of God, and be made as useful to their fellow men, as those, the most prodigally endowed, yet the possession of great and well-directed talents, must not be underrated. Different soils require different culture, and that which is inoperative on one man may be beneficial to

* Mr. Hall broke down all distinction of sects and parties. On one of his visits to Bristol, when preaching at the Chapel, in *Broadmead*, a competent individual noticed in the thronged assembly, an Irish Bishop, a Dean, and thirteen Clergymen.

The late Dr. Parr was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Hall. He said to a friend of the writer, after a warm eulogium on the eloquence of Mr. H. "In short, Sir, the man is inspired." Hannah More has more than once said to the writer, "There was no man in the church, nor out of it, comparable in talents to Robert Hall."

another, and it is hardly possible for any one to form a due estimation of the elevation of which pulpit oratory is susceptible who never heard Mr. Hall. This character of his preaching, refers more particularly to the period when his talents were in their most vigorous exercise: a little before, or about the time when he published his celebrated sermon on "Infidelity."

This sermon I was so happy as to hear delivered, and have no hesitation in expressing an opinion, that the oral was not only very different from the printed discourse, but greatly its superior. In the one case he expressed the sentiments of a mind, fully charged with matter the most invigorating, and solemnly important; but, discarding notes, (which he once told me always "hampered" him) it was not in his power to display the same language, or to record the same evanescent trains of thought: so that in preparing a sermon for the press, no other than a general resemblance could be preserved. In trusting alone to his recollection, when the stimulus was withdrawn of a crowded and most attentive auditory, the ardent feeling; the thought that "burned," was liable, in some measure, to become deteriorated, by the substitution of cool philosophical

arrangement and accuracy, for the spontaneous effusions of his overflowing heart; so that what was gained by one course, was more than lost by the other.

During Mr. Hall's last visit to Bristol, (prior to his final settlement there) I conducted him to view the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood, (as I had previously done, on each of his many occasional visits to that city) and no one could be more alive to the picturesque than Mr. H. On former occasions, when beholding the expanse of water before him, he has said, with a pensive ejaculation, "We have no water in Cambridgeshire;" and subsequently, in noticing the spreading foliage of Lord de Clifford's park, he has observed, with the same mournful accent; "Ah, sir, we have no such trees as these in Leicestershire." And when at this time he arrived at a point which presented the grandest assemblage of beauty; he paused in silence to gaze on the rocks of St. Vincent; and the Avon, and the dense woods; and the distant Severn, and the dim blue mountains of Wales, when with that devotional spirit, (which accorded with the general current of his feelings) in an ecstasy he exclaimed; "Oh, if these outskirts of the Almighty's dominion can,

with one glance, so oppress the heart with gladness, what will be the disclosures of eternity, when the full revelation shall be made of the things not seen, and the river of the city of God !”

But “Recollections” of Mr. Hall are not intended, although it may be named, he stated, in one of these rides, that he had arisen from his bed, in the middle of the night, two or three times, when projecting his “Sermon on Infidelity,” to record thoughts, or to write down passages that he feared might otherwise escape his memory. This, at least, showed the intensity of his interest, though a superabundance of the choicest matter was ever at his command ; and if one idea happened accidentally to be lost, something better immediately supplied its place.

Perhaps this notice may be deemed, by some, too extended, if not misplaced ; but if the present occasion of referring to Mr. Hall, had been neglected, no other might have occurred. The man whose name is recorded on high, stands in no need of human praise ; yet survivors have a debt to pay, and whilst I disclaim every undue bias on my mind in estimating the character of one who so ennobled human nature, none can feel surprise that I should take a favourable retrospect of

Mr. H. after an intercourse and friendship of more than forty years. Inadequate as is the present offering, some satisfaction is felt at the opportunity presented, of bestowing this small tribute to the memory of one whom I ever venerated, and, in so doing, of adding another attestation to the merits of so good and great a man.

I SHALL now subjoin a few references to my late brother, Amos.

He was a young man of considerable genius; of high classical attainments, and who possessed a mind, distinguished for its refinement and cultivation. His advantages were great from having been a pupil, for many years, of Richard Henderson, at Hanham, four miles from Bristol. At this seminary, his son, the celebrated John Henderson, taught the classics, and by his almost universal knowledge, powerfully contributed to enrich the minds of the upper class, with a degree of information, not usually acquired in places designed chiefly for elementary attainments.*

* I, at this time, was a little urchin, in the same school, with one elbow completely disengaged, being in the lowest seat of the

When Richard Henderson relinquished his establishment, and his son John entered at Pembroke College, Oxford, my brother some time after went to Hull, where he spent three years with the Rev. Joseph Milner, (author of the "History of the Christian Church") and after leaving that good man and his instruction, removed, for four years, to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees, and died soon after he left College, in the year 1800. It may be added, no young man ever departed this life, more beloved by his family and friends, to whom he was endeared by every tie that could bind the human heart; and amongst those who deplored his loss, (and who will to the day of his own death) none exceeded in poignancy, his, who now has the melancholy pleasure of recording a brother's virtues.

Amos was four years older than myself, and his early attachment to poetry, first gave that direction, perhaps, to my own mind. When he was only twelve years of age, and I a boy of

lowest form, very much like a brother urchin in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," who minded nought but play, and who easily brought himself to believe that play was the rule, and instruction the exception.

eight, I remember the walls of his bed-room were covered with poems of his writing, on the different characters in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," of which poem he was passionately fond, and which he read and explained to me for hours at a time. Languages and the Mathematics afterwards gave a new direction to his studies, but he always regarded poetry, and had much taste in metrical composition, which is sufficiently evinced by the few poems of his, printed in my "Malvern Hills," &c.

A young friend of my brother's wanted more information respecting the Scandinavian Mythology than he could obtain from English books, and during one of Amos's long Cambridge vacations, he kindly undertook to translate, literally, for his friend, the whole of the Edda of Sæmond, with the notes. Soon after he had commenced the work, Mr. Southey, (between whom and my brother there existed reciprocal respect) seeing his engagement, advised him rather to make *verse* the vehicle of his translation, in the free manner of Gray's "Descent of Odin," one of the poems. This advice was adopted, and was the origin of my brother's translation of the "Edda of Sæmond."

I cannot abstain from noticing in this place,

that, eight years after my brother's death, Lord Byron, in directing his thunders against Mr. Coleridge! Mr. Southey! and Mr. Wordsworth! involved in the same attack, my brother, and particularly myself.

Lord Byron, in pursuing the writer of this, levels some hard blows also at the BRISTOL MERCHANTS, (manfully striking right and left at all who came in his way,) affirming of them that "Commerce clogs their brain." He also accuses them of testifying too strong a partiality for "rack" and "turtle." I shall here stop to bestow a few observations on these charges. The MERCHANTS OF BRISTOL, without professing themselves, like the *De Medici*, to be patrons of literature, have long superadded to their high responsibility, a moral and intellectual character, which shrinks not from a comparison with *any* body of commercial men.* With respect also to their undue attachment to "rack" and "turtle,"

* It is a singular coincidence, reflecting great credit on Bristol, that,—the King's Poet, the King's Painter, the King's Physician, the King's Musician, and the Champion of England, should all, at the same time, have been BRISTOL MEN! namely, Robert Southey; Sir Thomas Lawrence; Dr. Henry Southey; Charles Wesley; and the—*Game Chicken!*

their moderation, like their credit, has never before been impeached, although it may be presumed, that, when such things fairly come in their way, like their neighbours, they partake of them without looking about for superstitious objections. In confutation of Lord Byron's sarcasms cast on Bristol, no place presents a nobler predominance of charitable, and liberal, and scientific institutions, or exhibits a more animating array of private worth, or public virtue.

Those who know nothing of Bristol, and the general dissemination of knowledge which so honourably distinguishes its inhabitants, may expatiate on the anti-intellectual nature of commerce: they may descant on the deficiency of public spirit and disinterested conduct, displayed by the influential characters of this second city of the state; but, to overwhelm with confusion such calumniators, one example may be adduced.

The lovers of natural beauty had often noticed a particular Combe in St. Vincent's Rocks, leading from the subject Avon to Durdham Down; and, without cherishing so extravagant a hope, merely indulged the thought, that, with a liberal expenditure of money, one of the most romantic roads in the kingdom might be formed in this singularly

beautiful spot. The "Society of Bristol Merchants" noticed the feasibility and the desirableness of a road in this place, and without being deterred by the cost or magnitude of the undertaking, boldly determined on effecting the object, unassisted, out of their own funds.

The road has been completed many years, in the accomplishment of which, rocks were levelled, and an extensive valley filled up, and notwithstanding the vast sums expended, the Bristol merchants disclaimed all remuneration arising out of a toll, and presented the whole as a munificent donation to the public. This is an instance of splendid generosity in the highest class of Bristol's citizens, which stands unparalleled.

It would be culpable, also, not to notice the correct taste discovered in the boundaries of the road. Vulgar projectors would have erected stiff walls, or planted formal hedges; but by allowing the natural rock to appear on one side, and an earthy parapet on the other, surmounted, as it is, by the acanthus-looking herbage of the district, complete harmony is preserved with the adjacent scenery, and this miniature of an Alpine pass is presented perfect, to the eye of the delighted spectator!

I rejoice in the opportunity, thus incidentally offered, of vindicating from unjust aspersions the place of my nativity.

I here express a few, but, it is hoped, not acrimonious remarks on Lord Byron's unprovoked attack on myself, as written at the time. Lord B. thus proceeds.

"Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast."

1. The epithet "Bœotian,"* is so hacknied, and has been so indiscriminately used by the herd of slanderers, that, with its novelty, it has now lost all its vituperative charm.

2. "Bristowa's boast." This intelligence is perfectly new to me. I could have informed Lord B. that the inhabitants of this ancient and loyal city, for the most part, are far more profitably employed than in boasting of, or concerning themselves about, what *I* may have written, or even his Lordship. A poet, with his peddling wares (yclept "imports") would cut but a sorry figure, in the presence of *real* merchants, on the Bristol Exchange!

3.

"Condemned to make the books which once he sold."

This line, to common understandings, is rather inex-

* *Bœotia*, a district in Ancient Greece, famous for the *dulness* of its inhabitants.

plicable, as, ordinarily, books are made *before* they are sold, rather than *after*, according to the apprehension of his Lordship.

4. The proud charge of my using pen and ink for profit, is happily untrue; but which, if otherwise, would have been no discredit, as some of the wisest and most estimable men well know; preceded in that opinion, as they have been, by Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and numerous others. Since Lord Byron's mind so vehemently revolts from the idea of profit, as a necessary consequence, *he* must have spurned all remuneration from his lucky publisher, and, with the befitting mind of a LORD, have left to him the golden harvest arising out of the sale of his works, without the least degrading participation! This was noble! and there is pleasure in awarding merit, even to an enemy!

5. To the question, "Who will peruse thy reams?" time alone can reply; but whether they be perused or not, my peace will not be disturbed; although I hope no writings of *mine*, will ever obtain circulation, either while I live, or after my death, which do not, in some form, inculcate beneficial truths, or, at least, amuse without corrupting.

6. Where Lord B. says, that, if Cottle had

"Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar, with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him;"

the lines are defective in logic, from exhibiting a dis-

crepancy between the postulate and the deduction, for I might have both “delved and written,” as Burns and Hogg have proved; so that in order to reconcile the lines to any kind of sense, the word *alone* must be understood as an ellipsis; in which case, the proposition would stand thus. “If Cottle had ploughed, delved, &c. alone, he would not have sung of Wales,” &c. but this is an insufferable truism, affirming that if I had only done one thing, I could not have done another. This is equivalent to the sage declaration, that if Sir Isaac Newton had never lived, he would never have written his *Principia*, or, that if he had written his *Principia* alone, he would never have written his *Optics*!

7. Lord Byron was at a loss (so he professes) to know whether the “*Fall of Cambria*” was written by Joseph, or Amos Cottle, which proves that he never saw the work which he has honoured by his abuse, for the title-page would have told him: but what is consistency to one who regards effect so much more than truth!

8. Lord B.’s indignation seems to have arisen from as ignoble a source as ever swayed the breast of a *plebeian*; namely, that I, as a bookseller, should dare to invade the sacred mount, where his Lordship, as he conceived, on the loftiest pinnacle, sat, as a sub-Jupiter, in lonely sovereignty, dispensing his smiles, or, with the awful nod, holding subordinate spirits at bay! To associate

great things with small, how would poor Chatterton (an attorney's clerk) have been paralyzed at so lordly a presence, (perhaps not) and even Milton himself, "that old schoolmaster," have been repelled by so superhuman a scowl. At the time, however, which Lord B. chose for his ungenerous attack, I had ceased to be a bookseller for ten years; but the reverse would have been no discredit, for where the man degrades not the profession, the profession disgraces not the man.

9. When Lord B. applies the charge to me, of "pen perverted" and "paper misapplied," the moral world will determine to which of us this misapplication most pertinently belongs. Yet, there is an ulterior tribunal to which both will be amenable!

10. When Lord B. vented his morbid spleen on myself, I might merely have smiled; but his reflections on my beloved brother, so many years after he had lain in his grave, inflicted the acutest of pangs.

11. On any question of learning, Lord B. would have done well to have avoided collision with my brother; and yet to this young man, who was the delight of all societies, as polished in his manners, as he was refined in his sentiments, and distinguished for his diversified attainments, Lord Byron applies the silly line—

"Oh! Amos Cottle, Phœbus! what a name!

From the name Amos not being to be found in Horace or Ovid, nor in his Gradus, Lord B. hardly thought

of looking for it any where else; and perhaps he had never before heard of or seen the word, *Amos*! *Amas* would have been understood, but *Amos* must have appeared to his Lordship as bad Latin!

The three poets before named, who have been so pre-eminently honoured by Lord B's. abuse, in truth present to his Lordship, impenetrable bucklers, from which his darts have fallen off, with more than the same powerless effect that the shafts of Pope did from the tough bull-hide shield of Bentley.

12. Lord B. and all immoral poets should remember, that no pungency is so severe to the awakened conscience, in the prospect of death, as that which arises from the recollection of perverted talents, when, in darkness, the delinquent anticipates (so far as this life only is concerned) pernicious influences perpetuated, and which cannot then be counteracted by the deepest contrition and remorse. The Bard, if he find no vivifying impulse to support virtue, might, at least, act a neutral part, and not enter a world, so deeply immersed in moral deformity, to augment indefinitely the amount of evil. The compunction of Rochester, from this cause, is well known. Dryden also, at the close of life, deplored the latitude, which, in thoughtless moments, he had given to his pen, the effect of which, he knew his reputation would only tend the wider to disseminate. The father also of English verse has left a memorable lesson to the poets of all succeeding ages, (expressed in

the most pathetic of language) to warn them of the sufferings which they accumulate to themselves, on approaching the verge of life, when they revolve on writings which are then only remembered to be abhorred.

At the recollection of Lord Byron's infidel principles, and his often gross violations of decency, (particularly in his "Don Juan,") I thought it right to address to him, in his life-time, an "Expostulatory Epistle," determined that one poet, at least, should reveal to him the truth; and unshrinkingly declare his criminal conduct; as well as warn him of his awful responsibility. The consequences were anticipated without dread, and the hope, at the same time, cherished, that reformation might follow. Lord B. died within about a year after its publication. The concluding portion of the "Epistle" here follows, in the writing of which, it was hoped the searching remedy would be deemed, only proportioned to the desperate nature of the disease.

* * * * *

"Is there no moment, when, the storm at rest,
 Reflection steals, like twilight, o'er thy breast?
 No hour, relieved from revelry's loud din, 140
 When chill misgivings shake thy towers within?
 Is Retrospect no stern intruder rude?
 No foe, with pointed dagger, Solitude?
 Canst thou on Night, in pomp of glory, gaze,
 Her depths unknown, her congregated blaze, 145

Her starry voyagers, of high degree,
 Sailing through oceans of infinity,
 While silence holds her universal sway,
 And earth, and man, like atoms, pass away ?
 Canst thou o'er scenes, like these, thy glance extend,
 And hear no voice, which spirits comprehend,
 Telling, in soft celestial cadence clear,
 Of worlds beyond this low sublunar sphere ?
 With destinies before thee, so sublime,
 Why pinion down thy soul to sense, and time ? 155
 Must never one, of all thy readers, rise,
 Fresh from thy page, more purified, more wise ?
 No future mind, kindling with virtue's fire,
 Look back on Harold's Bard, and bless his lyre ?

From thy compeers in genius wisely learn :— 160
 From which of Southey's lines must virtue turn ?
 (Who, bold, with Hell's vicegerents war to wage,
 Brands the "Satanic School"* to every age ;
 His visitings, Herculean, chief descending,
 Upon the "Head and front of the offending") 165
 Which verse shall Wordsworth ever blush to own ?
 Or Coleridge ? spirit still of height unknown !
 What tongue of Scotland's Regal Bard shall say,
 Poison, with pleasure, mingles in his lay ?
 When shall Montgomery baneful lines bewail ? 170
 Or Crabbe ? who haunts us, like the nursery tale ;—

* See Appendix.

Bowles? Rogers? Barton? rich in native store;
Or Campbell? ("Little?" whelm'd in night,) or Moore?

Were powers to stir the passions such as thine,
A wit so subtle, fancies so divine, 175
Entrusted to corrupt, and turn aside
Whoe'er may take thy fatuus for a guide?
Nor to one age confined, but (wave on wave!)
Prolonged, when thou art moulder'd in thy grave!
As soon the marble crust thy head must hold,— 180
Eternity so soon her gates unfold!
Canst thou reflect, and stamp with firmer tread
Upon that changeless state, so near! so dread!
And feel no rising wish with those to dwell,
Who stemm'd the tide of ill, and practised well? 185
Names sent embalmed to every age and shore,
Like Howard, Thornton, Wilberforce, and More?
Prospect, diffusing sun-shine through the breast,—
To reign with spirits perfected, and blest!

Ah! thought of dread! thine is a shoreless sea! 190
Such vernal zephyrs never light on thee!
Climbing to heights the Gallic Fiend scarce trod,
Thou lift'st thy front against the Throne of God!
Heading the Atheist crew! and dost obtrude
Thy scoff of all that—"cheers the multitude!" 195
Of Hope, descrying better worlds afar!—
Of Faith, still fixed upon her "morning star!"

Best antidote ! which " he who runs may read,"
 Thy LIFE, the lucid comment on thy creed ;
 Thy refuge, the drear trust, some, comfort call ! 200
 That endless sleep ere long will mantle all !

Dost thou aspire, like a Satanic mind,
 With vice to waste and desolate mankind !—
 Toward every rude, and dark, and dismal deed,
 To see them hurrying on with swifter speed ? 205
 To make them, from restraint and conscience free,
 Stretch, fiend-like, at new heights of infamy ?

Sunk, but not lost, from dreams of death arise !
 No longer tempt the patience of the skies !
 Confess, with tears of blood, to frowning Heaven, 210
 The foul perversion of His talents given !
 Retrace thy footsteps ! Ere the wish be vain,
 Bring back the erring thousands in thy train !
 Let none, at death, despairing, charge on thee
 Their blasted peace, in shuddering agony ! 215
 Their prop, their heart's last solace, rent away,
 That one long night might quench their " perfect day !"

Lest Shelley's fate be shine, or one more dread,
 (Thy home associate, in one cradle bred !)
 That Being who could raise his ghastly eye ; 220
 Encompassed by the blaze of Deity,
 And utter, whilst his blood serenely flows,—

“There is no God!”—whose terrors now he knows!
Lest in his wrath thy Maker’s lifted hand
Brand thee, a spectacle to every land; 225
Or the portentous moment thou deplore,
When vengeance wakes, and mercy pleads no more;
Redeem the future! cleanse the Augean sty!
Learn better how to live! and how to die!

My brother, Amos Cottle, occasionally indulged his taste for poetry, which, had it been cultivated, would have placed him in a class highly respectable. Whilst in the command of many more elevated gifts, he possessed also, intuitively, a chaste vein of humour; a quality less common than many suppose, and in alliance with the subtilest wit. One slight confirmation of this will appear in the succeeding original and well-sustained fable, “The Sparrow and the Gudgeon;” exhibiting, (unless a brother’s partiality has betrayed his judgment) the ease and simplicity of Cowper, and more than the point, moral, and terseness of Gay. This fable, written in his youthful days, he rightly considered as a trifle; but it is a happy trifle, and a spirited sketch often discovers more genius than an elaborate picture.

THE SPARROW AND THE GUDGEON.

A FABLE.

By the late AMOS COTTLE, B. A. Mag. Col. Cam.

PROLEGOMENA.

(The *scene* is laid, the *time* no matter,
When birds and fish could talk and chatter.)

A SPARROW, at a river's brink,
Accustomed was each day to drink,
And still he chose the favourite spot,
Where chance had cast a Gudgeon's lot.
Oft meeting, they each other knew, 5
And by degrees acquaintance grew.

The Gudgeon musing marked his friend
From neighbouring bush and tree descend,
And oft admired, with envious eyes,
The ease with which he seemed to rise. 10
Cried he, "This Sparrow was, no doubt,"
(Logic he little cared about) }
"A fish that found the method out
"Of roaming freely through the air,
"And why, if such, should I despair? 15
"To chace the fly, with joy supreme
"That sports upon the sunny stream :



P. Hutchinson del.

AMOS COTTLE,

From a Painting by Palmer (1787) in the Possession of M^r. Cottle.



“ In the sedgy grove, from day to day,
 “ To wear the listless hours away ;
 “ This may ignoble spirits fire, 20
 “ But objects loftier me inspire.
 “ Restricted to this narrow round,
 “ Where mire, and stones, and dirt, abound,
 “ No active fish of my pretensions,
 “ Can screw his frame to such dimensions. 25
 “ New forms of being I will try ;
 “ I’ll quit the River,—learn to fly ;
 “ And banish from my breast delight,
 “ Till I surpass the eagle’s flight.”

Just at this time, above his head, 30
 A tree its spacious branches spread,
 Whose shadow danced upon the stream ;
 What time could more propitious seem ?
 Now, to commence his glorious flight,
 Himself he bends with strenuous might;— 35
 Leaps with indignant feeling high,
 Till fancy made him reach the sky,
 But still the tree he could not gain,
 And flounced and flounder’d back again !
 Too proud to yield, he tried once more ; 40
 He falls e’en quicker than before !
 And when he reach’d the splashing wave,
 A bursting sigh the Gudgeon gave !

He paused, oppressed with rage and pain;— }
 At length he cried, “My path is plain! } 45
 “The secret from my friend I’ll gain;
 “He’ll teach me how to swim in air,
 “And then, above corroding care,
 “With faculties so strange and sweet,
 “My sum of bliss will be complete.” } 50

The daily visit now was nigh;
 The anxious Gudgeon hovers by;
 Now here, now there, in circuits new,
 But still he kept the spot in view.

The Sparrow, at his usual hour, } 55
 Quits, for the stream, his favourite bower.
 While all was balmy, earth and sky,
 The Gudgeon to his friend draws nigh:
 “Good morrow!” courteous he began,
 “How soft the cooling breezes fan! } 60
 “The sultry ardours of the day
 “Upon our watery mirror play;
 “Without is fresh, around is fair,
 “But all within is wasting care;
 “Say! canst thou charm the fiend, despair?” } 65

The Sparrow looked like one astounded!
 Such words, his every sense confounded!
 “Are you, my friend? he doubting said.
 The Gudgeon, mournful shook his head.

- "I am ; well known in happier days, 70
 "But now the scorpion on me preys!
 "You, dearest friend, I long'd to see,
 "To breathe my poignant misery!
 "You, who the choicest gifts possess, }
 "And by your songs make sorrow less, 75
 "Move in one round of happiness.
 "The tree, the lawn, the field, the bower,
 "The wood-crown'd hill, the ivied-tower,
 "Conspire to make, with such retreats,
 "Your life a wilderness of sweets, 80
 "While I, ill suited to my taste,
 "My days, in watery prison waste.
 "Oh, list! and pity if you may,
 "But though you spurn, hear what I say!
 "Would you the secret but impart, 85
 "Wherein consists the winged art,
 "I then, like you, might rove and roam,
 "And make earth's every clime my home.
 "If Gudgeon might such pleasure share,
 "Dear brother, warbler, grant my prayer!" 90

The Sparrow at some feathery college
 Had pick'd up many a crumb of knowledge:
 He was indeed no common bird,
 (A genius is I think the word)
 And these encomiums, blushing heard:

} 95

But chiefly, in his ear still ringing,
 This charging of his chirp with singing
 Seem'd most diverting far, and winning:
 He paused a moment, what to say;
 Whether with Fin, to chide or play; 100
 At length, with this his simple friend;
 He thought a pleasant hour to spend;
 (Well knowing, his pretences hollow,
 The Gudgeon with a zest would swallow!)
 And hoping, spite of his petition, 105
 To make him pleased with his condition.

Thus he began his flowery theme,
 "Thou beauteous tenant of the stream,
 "More lovely than the poet's dream!"
 The Gudgeon heard the flattering words, 110
 And thought no eloquence like bird's;
 And while, (with joy entranced,) he stood
 And half his budding pinions viewed,
 The Sparrow thus his speech pursued!

"In vain I admiration hide! 115
 "I laud your spirit, and your pride!
 "While thousands of the finny race,
 "Like slaves, unconscious of disgrace,
 "From age to age, to grovelling prone,
 "Just glide about from stone to stone,
 "You long to call two worlds your own! 120

“So apt a scholar I will teach
 “To fly beyond the fowler’s reach.”

The Fin, with ill-concealed dismay,
 Quick answer’d, “Fowlers! who are they?” 125
 The Sparrow, though a sprightly blade,
 Look’d very grave, and answer made.

“Dear Friend! your rising fears subdue!
 “Fowlers are a remorseless crew, }
 “For birds, who pity never knew! } 130
 “With tubes that spout a thundering fire
 “Whether we fly, or low, or higher,
 “Or perch on bramble, bush, or bough,
 “They lay us low, we know not how!
 “Three sisters, and a much-loved brother, 135
 “They slew! and, oh! they slew my mother!
 “I tell the truth; I can’t dissemble,
 “(Now do not, brother Gudgeon, tremble!)
 “On hair-breadth dangers I could dwell,
 “That to a day’s discourse would swell; 140
 “But that which makes me grumblings mutter,
 “Contemptuous language they can utter,
 “And say (marauders of the earth!)
 “Powder and shot, we are not worth.
 “Such Fowlers spare us for our cousins, 145
 “But Cockneys knock us down by dozens!”

The Gudgeon, with an aspect serious,
 Liked not these tubes, of fire mysterious!—
 When safely seated on the bough,
 This laying low, they knew not how! 150

The thought of Cockneys also harrows,
 Slaughtering such dozens of poor sparrows!—
 “Pray, have you any foes beside?”
 The Fin in trepidation cried;

“Oh, yes! they swarm in sun and shade;” 155
 The Sparrow, archly, answer made.

“I cannot tell you half our cares;

“Above, before, behind, are snares.

“Our foes by night and day pursue us!

“Some gorge at once and thus undo us!

“Some boil, and bake, and roast, and stew us!—” } 160

“We songsters never know repose;

“Sorrow, with us, like herbage grows:

“No friend have we on whom to call;

“But bipeds plague us most of all. 165

“These, whom our sires and we abhor,

“Wage with us a perpetual war;

“(With sharper wits than we by half,

“They work by stratagem and craft.)

“In short, such numbers seek our lives, 170

“’Tis wondrous that a bird survives.

“Yet, smile at fear, and laugh at woe,

“I’ll arm you safe ’gainst every foe.

"Cheer up my friend and happy be,
 "Oppressed with gladness, blithe as free,
 "I'll perch you soon on yonder tree ;
 "I'll then the secret grand impart,
 "Wherein consists the winged art,
 "When you with plumage gay shall fly,
 "And be a bird as well as I. 180
 "I'll also teach you how to shun
 "The school-boys' trap, and that sad gun;
 "The Kite, the Falcon, nor forget
 "The terrors of the fatal net!"

Shrugging his scales; till now a stranger 185
 To all these hosts of death and danger;
 These foes, by day and night pursuing,
 This boiling, baking, roasting, stewing!
 These fowlers with their tubes of fire!
 These nets and Kites, and Falcons dire! 190
 "I'll think again," the Gudgeon said,
 "Before I quit my liquid bed,
 "And perils thus with birds partake,
 "Enough to make a hero quake!
 "Joys, not a few, though not perfection, 195
 "Now crowd upon my recollection.
 "A Gudgeon's case, by contrast taught,
 "Is not so hard as once I thought.
 "Within this stream, so sweet and clear!
 "I think I'll sport another year ; 200

“And thus, at flight no longer reaching,
 “I’ll spare you all the toil of teaching.—
 “To feed the wanton Cockney’s slaughter,
 “I’ll not be dragged from out the water!”

Right glad to hear him satisfied, 205
 “Your words are wise,” the Sparrow cried ;
 “Our little cares engross our mind,
 “To all but self, both deaf and blind ;
 “We know our griefs, we dread to-morrow,
 “But who can tell another’s sorrow? 210
 “Best is it, though we both should sigh,
 “That you should swim, and I should fly.
 “We must restrain our wayward will ;
 “All have their stations to fulfil ;
 “Some here and there, some low, some high, 215
 “And in the whole is harmony !
 “We oft have heard of beds of roses,
 “But bird, nor fish, on such reposes.
 “Some things we hail, and some dislike ;
 “I fear the Hawk, and you the Pike ; 220
 “While, from the palace to the cot,
 “Still, rough and smooth, is every lot.
 “In future, hear me, I beseech !
 “Stretch not at points beyond your reach !
 “Boast as you like, aspire and wish, 225
 “But after all you are a fish!—

- “And though a monarch, in a pail,
 “(Howe’er the words your ears assail)
 “You *are* less regal than the Whale.
- “Keep down high thoughts. In form and features,
 “We both are mighty little creatures! 230
 “And though we died in youth or years,
 “It would not fill the world with tears;
 “The sun would rise, and birds would sing,
 “Just as had happened no such thing!
 “Ambition is a gulf profound 235
 “In which the loftiest minds are drown’d ;
 “A tyrant rude, an iron master,
 “Who binds his slaves, still fast and faster!
 “But thrice more ponderous are his chains,
 “When *sense* retires, and *folly* reigns! 240
- “But now to touch on humbler things:
 “Even I have scarcely clipt my wings,
 “And worn contentment’s leading-strings.
- “To show what cares (now for *me* feel!)
 “A smiling face may oft conceal, 245
 “So sad of late my days have sped;
 “So harassed by perpetual dread;
 “Such foes, each seeking to devour,
 “That hunted me from bower to bower;
 “So many truants that delighted 250
 “To see your *warbling* friend affrighted,
 “I half resolved, from these retreats,

"E'en from this 'wilderness of sweets,'
 "The 'tree,' the 'lawn,' the 'hill,' the 'field,'
 "All, in despair at once to yield, 255
 "And seek, upon this river's brim,
 "Your kind instructions how to swim.
 "But, hark! those pop-guns vile I hear!
 "Their discords sound for ever near!
 "My life is one continued fear! } 260
 "I must escape to distant tree
 "On swiftest wing, or woe is me!"

"Good-bye!" the Gudgeon faintly cried,
 And dipped his head beneath the tide!

THE reader, after this long, as it might almost be called, digression, will have his attention directed, once more, to Mr. Coleridge, who was left at Clevedon, in the possession of domestic comfort, and with the hope, if not the prospect, of uninterrupted happiness. It could hardly be supposed, that, in the element of so much excitement, the spirit of inspiration should remain slumbering. On my next seeing Mr. C. he read me, with more than his accustomed enthusiasm, those tenderly affectionate lines to his "Sara," beginning

"My pensive Sara, thy soft cheek reclined," &c.

Mr. Coleridge now began to console himself with the suspicion, not only that felicity might be found this side the Atlantic, but that Clevedon concentrated the sum of all that Earth had to bestow. He was now even satisfied that the Susquehannah itself retired into shade before the superior attractions of his own native Severn. He had, "in good truth," discovered the grand secret; the abode of happiness, after which all are so sedulously inquiring; and this accompanied with the cheering assurance, that, by a merely pleasurable intellectual exertion, he would be able

to provide for his moderate expenses, and experience the tranquillizing joys of seclusion, while the whole country and Europe, were convulsed with war and changes.

Alas, repose was not made for man, nor man for repose ! Mr. Coleridge at this time little thought of the joys and sorrows ; the vicissitudes of life, and revolutions of feeling, with which he was ordained ere long to contend ! Inconveniences, connected with his residence at Clevedon, not at first taken into the calculation, now gradually unfolded themselves. The place was too far from Bristol. It was difficult of access to friends ; and the neighbours were a little too tattling and inquisitive. And then again, Mr. Coleridge could not well dispense with his literary associates, and particularly with his access to that fine institution, the Bristol City Library ; and, in addition, as he was necessitated to submit to frugal restraints, a walk to Bristol was rather a serious undertaking ; and a return the same day, hardly to be accomplished, in the failure of which, his " Sara," was lonely, and uneasy ; so that his friends urged him to return once more to the place he had left ; which he did ; forsaking, with reluctance, his rose-bound cottage, and taking up his abode on

Redcliff-hill. There was now some prospect that the printer's types would be again set in motion, although, it was quite proper that they should remain in abeyance while so many grand events were transpiring in the region of the domestic hearth. This was late in the year 1795.

After Mr. Coleridge had been some little time settled in Bristol, he experienced another removal. To exchange the country, and all the beauties of nature, for pent-up rooms on Redcliff-Hill, demanded, from a poet, sacrifices, for which, a few advantages would but ill compensate. In this uneasy state of mind, Mr. C. received an invitation from his friend, Mr. T. Poole, of Stowey, Somersetshire, to come and visit him in that retired village, and to which place, Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge repaired.

The volume of poems, that, in the presence of so many more important affairs, had retired into shade, was now about to reappear, as will be found by the following letter.

“Stowey,

My dear Cottle,

I feel it much, and very uncomfortable, that, loving you as a brother, and feeling pleasure in

pouring out my heart to you, I should so seldom be able to write a letter to you, unconnected with business, and uncontaminated with excuses and apologies. I give every moment I can spare from my garden and the Reviews (i. e.) from my potatoes and meat, to the poem, [Religious Musings] but I go on slowly, for I torture the poem, and myself, with corrections; and what I write in an hour, I sometimes take two or three days in correcting. You may depend on it, the poem and prefaces will take up exactly the number of pages I mentioned, and I am extremely anxious to have the work as perfect as possible, and which I cannot do, if it be finished immediately. The Religious Musings, I have altered monstrously, since I read them to you, and received your criticisms. I shall send them to you in my next. The Sonnets I will send you with the Musings. God love you!

From your affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge.”

Mr Coleridge, at this time, meditated the printing of two volumes of his poems. He thus expresses his intention.

“ I mean to have none but large poems in the second volume; none under three hundred lines;

therefore I have crowded all my little pieces into this."

He speaks, in the same letter, of two poems which I never saw. Perhaps they were composed in his own mind, but never recorded on paper; a practice which Mr. C. sometimes adopted. He thus writes. "The Nativity is not quite three hundred lines. It has cost me much labour in polishing: more than any poem I ever wrote, and I believe deserves it more. The epistle to Tom Poole, which will come with the 'Nativity,' is I think one of my most pleasing compositions."

In a letter of Mr. C. dated from Stowey, Mr. Coleridge also says, "I have written a Ballad of three hundred lines, and also a plan of general study." It appeared right to make these statements, and it is hoped the productions named, may still be in existence.

Mr Coleridge now finding it difficult to superintend the press, at so great a distance as Stowey, and that it interfered also with his other literary pursuits, particularly his engagements with the —Review; unexpected as it may appear, he resolved once more to remove to Bristol, the residence of so many friends; and to that city he repaired, the beginning of 1796. A conviction

now also rested on his mind, as there was the prospect of an increase in his family, that he must bestir himself, and effectually call his resolutions into exercise. Soon after he was fairly settled, he sent me the succeeding letter.

“ My dear Cottle,

I have this night and to-morrow for you, being alone, and my spirits calm. I shall consult my poetic honour, and of course your interest, more by staying at home, than by drinking tea with you. I should be happy to see my poems out even by next week, and I shall continue in stirrups, that is, shall not dismount my Pegasus, till Monday morning, at which time you will have to thank God for having “ done with ”

Your affectionate friend always, but author
evanescent. S. T. C.”

Except for the serious effect, unintentionally produced, a rather ludicrous circumstance some time after this occurred, that is, after Mr. C. had “ mounted his Pegasus ” for the last time, and, permitted, so long ago, “ the lock and key ” to be turned upon him.

The promised notes, preface, and some of the

text, not having been furnished, I had determined to make no further application, but to allow Mr. C. to consult his own inclination and convenience. Having a friend who wanted an introduction to Mr. Coleridge, I invited him to dinner, and sent Mr. C. a note, to name the time, and to solicit his company. The bearer of the note was simply requested to "give it to Mr. C." and who, finding him out, inconsiderately brought it back. Mr. Coleridge returning home soon after, and finding that I had sent a letter, which was taken back, in the supposition that it could relate but to *one subject*, addressed to me the following astounding letter.

"Redcliff-Hill, Feb. 22, 1796.

My dear Sir,

It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; but, indeed, I think I should have been more thankful, if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker, instead of an "author by trade." I have left my friends: I have left plenty: I have left that ease which would have secured a literary immortality, and have enabled me to give the public, works, conceived in moments of inspiration,

and polished with leisurely solicitude, and, alas ! for what have I left them ? for—who deserted me in the hour of distress, and for a scheme of virtue, impracticable and romantic ! So I am forced to write for bread ! write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans, and complaints, and sickness ! The present hour I am in a quick-set hedge of embarrassment, and whichever way I turn, a thorn runs into me ! The future is cloud, and thick darkness ! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread, looking up to me ! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste. I am too late ! I am already months behind ! I have received my pay beforehand ! O, wayward and desultory spirit of genius ! Ill canst thou brook a task-master ! The tenderest touch from the hand of obligation, wounds thee like a scourge of scorpions !

I have been composing in the fields this morning, and came home to write down the first rude sheet of my preface, when I heard that your man had brought a note from you. I have not seen it, but I guess its contents. I am writing as fast as I can. Depend on it you shall not be out of

pocket for me ! I feel what I owe you, and independently of this, I love you as a friend ; indeed, so much, that I regret, seriously regret, that you have been my copyholder.

If I have written petulantly, forgive me. God knows I am sore all over. God bless you, and believe me, that, setting gratitude aside, I love and esteem you, and have your interest at heart full as much as my own.

S. T. Coleridge.”

At the receipt of this afflicting letter, which made me smile, and weep, at the same moment, my first care was, to send the young and desponding Bard, some of the precious metal, to cheer his drooping spirits ; to inform him of his mistake ; and to renew my invitation ; which was accepted, and at this interview, he was as cheerful as ever. He saw no difference in my countenance, and I perceived none in his. The “thick cloud” and the “thorn” had completely passed away, whilst his brilliant conversation charmed and edified the friend for whose sake he had been invited.

At length, Mr. Coleridge’s volume of poems was completed. On the blank leaf of one of the copies, he voluntarily wrote the following :

“Dear Cottle.

On the blank leaf of my poems, I can most appropriately write my acknowledgments to you, for your too disinterested conduct in the purchase of them. Indeed, if ever they should acquire a name and character, it might be truly said, the world owed them to you. Had it not been for you, none perhaps of them would have been published, and some not written.

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge.”

Bristol, April 15, 1796.

The particulars respecting the publication of Mr. Coleridge's Volume of Poems have been continued unbroken, to the exclusion of some antecedent circumstances, which will now be noticed.

If it were my object to give a fictitious, and not a real character; to remove, scrupulously, all protuberances that interfered with the polish, I might withhold the following letter, which merely shows the solicitude, with which Mr. C. at this time, regarded small profits. His purse, soon after his return to Bristol, being rather low, with the demands on it increasing, he devised an ingenious, and very innocent plan for replenishing it, as will appear by the following letter.

“ My ever dear Cottle,

Since I last conversed with you on the subject, I have been thinking over again the plan I suggested to you, concerning the application of Count Rumford’s plan to the city of Bristol. I have arranged in my mind the manner, and matter of the Pamphlet, which would be three sheets, and might be priced at one shilling.

THE TITLE.

‘ Considerations

Addressed to the inhabitants of Bristol,
on a subject of importance,
(unconnected with Politics.)

BY S. T. C.’

Now I have by me the history of Birmingham, and the history of Manchester. By observing the names, revenues, and expenditures of their different charities, I could easily alter the calculations, of the “ Bristol Address,” and, at a trifling expense, and a few variations, the same work might be sent to Manchester and Birmingham. ‘ Considerations addressed to the inhabitants of Birmingham.’ &c. I could so order it, that by writing to a particular friend, at both places, the

pamphlet should be thought to have been written *at* each place, as it certainly would be *for* each place. I think therefore 750 might be printed in all. Now will you undertake this? either to print it, and divide the profits, or (which indeed I should prefer) would you give me three guineas, for the copy-right? I would give you the first sheet on Thursday, the second on the Monday following; the third on the Thursday following. To each pamphlet I would annex the alterations to be made, when the press was stopped at 250.*

God love you!

S. T. C.”

Mr. Coleridge used occasionally to regret, with even pungency of feeling, that he had no friend in the world, to whom, in a time of extremity, he could apply “for a guinea.” He appeared like a being dropt from the clouds, without tie or connexion on earth; and during the years in which I knew him, he never once visited (that I could learn) any one of his relations, nor exchanged a letter with them. It used to fill myself and others with concern, and the deepest astonishment, that such a man should, apparently, be abandoned.

* I presented Mr. C. with the three guineas, but forbore the publication.

On some occasions, I urged him to break through all impediments, and go and visit his friends, but this his high spirit could not brook. I then pressed him to dedicate his Poems to one of his relatives, his brother George, of whom he occasionally spoke with peculiar kindness. He was silent; but some time after, he said in a letter, "You, I am sure, will be glad to learn, that I shall follow your advice."

In the poem which thus arose, what can be more touching than these lines, in his dedication to his brother. (Second edition.)

"To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune, and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while,
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills."

In certain features of their character, there was a strong resemblance between Chatterton and S. T. Coleridge, with a reverse in some points, for Chatterton was loved and cherished by his family, but neglected by the world. In the agony of mind which Mr. C. sometimes manifested on

this subject, I have wished to forget those four tender lines in his Monody on Chatterton.

“Poor Chatterton! farewell! Of darkest hues,
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom!”

Mr. C. would not have felt so much, if his own natural and unshaken affections had been less ardent.

Before I enter on a remarkable incident in Mr. Coleridge's Bristol life, I must previously observe, that his mind was in a singular degree distinguished for the habit of projecting. New projects and plans, at this time, followed each other in rapid succession, and while the vividness of the impression lasted, the very completion could scarcely have afforded more satisfaction than the vague design. To project, with him, was commonly sufficient. The execution, of so much consequence in the estimation of others, with him was a secondary point. I remember him once to have read to me, from his pocket book, a list of eighteen different works which he had resolved to write, and several of them in quarto, not one of which he ever effected. At the top of the list

appeared the word "Pantisocracy! 4to." Each of these works, he could have talked, (for often did he pour forth as much as half an 8vo. volume, in a single evening, and that in language sufficiently pure and connected, to admit of publication) but talking merely benefits the few, to the exclusion of the many. The work that advanced the nearest to completion, apparently was "Translations of the modern Latin Poets;" Two Vols. 8vo. This work, (which no man could better have accomplished than himself) Mr. C. proceeded so far in, as to print the "Proposals." It was to be published by subscription, and Mr. C. brought with him from Cambridge, a very respectable list of university subscribers. The excuses, for not shewing any part of the work, justified the suspicion, that he had not advanced in it further than the "Proposals."

Another prominent feature in Mr. Coleridge's mind, was, procrastination. It is not to be supposed that he ever made a promise or entered on an engagement, without intending to fulfil it, but none who knew him, could deny that he wanted much of that steady, persevering determination, which is the precursor of success, and the parent of all great actions. His strongest inten-

tions, were but too feebly supported after the first paroxysm of resolve, so that any judicious friend would strenuously have dissuaded him from an undertaking that involved a "race with time." Mr. Coleridge, however, differently estimated his mental constitution, and projected at this time, a periodical miscellany, called "The Watchman."

When the thought of this magazine first suggested itself to Mr. Coleridge's mind, he convened his chief friends, with dexterous secrecy, to meet him one evening at the Rummer Tavern, to determine on the size, price, and time of publishing, with all other preliminaries, essential to the launching this first-rate vessel on the mighty deep. Having heard of the circumstance the next day, I rather wondered at not having also been requested to attend, and while ruminating on the subject, I received from Mr. C. the following communication.

"My dear friend,

I am fearful that you felt hurt at my not mentioning to you the proposed "Watchman," and from my not requesting you to attend the meeting. My dear friend, my reasons were these. All who met were expected to become subscribers to a fund;

I knew there would be enough without you, and I knew, and felt, how much money had been drawn away from you lately.

God Almighty love you !

S. T. C.”

In a few days the following prospectus of the new work was circulated far and near.

“To supply at once the places of a Review, Newspaper, and Annual Register.

On Tuesday, the 1st of March, 1796, will be published, No. 1, price fourpence, of a Miscellany, to be continued every eighth day, under the name of

THE WATCHMAN,

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

This Miscellany will be comprised in two sheets, or thirty-two pages, closely printed in 8vo. the type, long primer.

ITS CONTENTS.

- 1st. A History of the Domestic and Foreign Policy of the preceding days.
- 2nd. The Speeches in both Houses of Parliament, and during the recess. Select Parliamentary Speeches, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the First, to the present Æra, with Notes, Historical and Biographical.

3rd. Original Essays and Poetry.

4th. Review of interesting and important Publications.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

FIRST. There being no Advertisements, a greater quantity of original matter will be given, and the Speeches in Parliament will be less abridged.

SECOND. From its form, it may be bound up at the end of a year, and become an Annual Register.

THIRD. This last circumstance may induce men of letters to prefer this miscellany to more perishable publications as the vehicle of their effusions.

FOURTH. Whenever the Ministerial and Opposition Prints differ in their accounts of occurrences, &c. such difference will always be faithfully stated."

Of all men, Mr. Coleridge was the least qualified to display periodical industry. Many of his cooler friends, entertained from the beginning no sanguine expectations of success, but now that the experiment was fairly to be tried, repelling their fears, they united with Mr. C. in strenuously making every exertion to secure success.

As a magazine it was worth nothing without purchasers. Bristol was the strong-hold, where about two hundred and fifty subscribers were

obtained by myself, and one hundred and twenty by Mr. Reed. These were insufficient. What was to be done? A bold measure was determined upon. Mr. Coleridge, conceiving that his means of subsistence depended on the success of this undertaking, armed himself with unwonted resolution, and expressed his determination to travel over half England, and take the posse committatus by storm.

In conformity with such resolution, he obtained letters of introduction to influential men in the respective towns he meant to visit, and, like a shrewd calculator, determined to add the Parson's avocation to that of the political pamphletteer. The beginning of Jan. 1796, Mr. Coleridge, laden with recommendatory epistles, and rich in hope, set out on his eventful journey, and visited in succession, Worcester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Lichfield, Derby, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, &c. and as a crowning achievement, at the last, paid his respects to the great metropolis; in all which places, by bills, prospectuses, advertisements, and other expedients, the reading public were duly apprised of the "New Review, Newspaper, and Annual Register," about to be published.

The good people, in all the towns through which Mr. Coleridge passed, were electrified by his extraordinary eloquence. At this time, and during the whole of his residence in Bristol, there was, in the strict sense, little of the true, interchangeable conversation in Mr. C. Almost, on whatever subject he essayed to speak, he began an impassioned harangue of a quarter, or half an hour; so that inveterate talkers, while Mr. Coleridge was on the wing, generally suspended their own flight, and felt it almost a profanation to interrupt so impressive and mellifluous a speaker. This singular, if not happy, peculiarity, occasioned even Madame de Stael to remark of Mr. C. that "He was rich in a Monologue, but poor in a Dialogue."

From the brilliant volubility, before noticed, admiration and astonishment followed Mr. C. like a shadow, through the whole course of his peregrinations. This new "Review, Newspaper, and Annual Register," was largely patronized; for who would not give fourpence, every eighth day, to be furnished, by so competent a man as Mr. Coleridge, with this quintessence, this concentration of all that was valuable, in Politics, Criticism, and Literature; enriched, additionally, with

Poetry of the first waters, and luminous Essays, and other effusions of Men of Letters? So choice a morçeau was the very thing that every body wanted; and, in the course of his journey, subscriptions poured in to the extent of one thousand; and Mr. C. on his return, after what might be called a triumph, discovered the elasticity of his spirit; smiling at past depressions, and now, on solid ground, anticipating ease, wealth, and fame.

The first of March arrived. The "Watchman" was published. Although deprived of the pleasure of contributing to Mr. Coleridge's "fund," I determined to assist him in other ways, and that far more effectually. On the publication of the first Number, besides my trouble in sending round to so many subscribers,—with all the intense earnestness attending the transaction of the most weighty concerns, it occupied Mr. Coleridge and myself, four full hours to arrange, reckon, (each pile being counted by Mr. C. after myself, to be quite satisfied that there was no extra $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. one slipped in unawares,) pack up, and write invoices and letters, for the London and country customers, all expressed thus, in the true mercantile style:

Bristol, March 1st, 1796.

Mr. Pritchard, (Derby)

Dr. to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

To 73 No. 1. of the Watchman .. 3½d. .. £1 1 3½

This routine was repeated with every fresh number. My part was zealously and cheerfully discharged, with the encouraging hope that it would essentially serve my anxious and valued friend. But all would not do !

A feeling of disappointment, early, and pretty generally, prevailed amongst the subscribers. The Prospectus promised too much. In the Review department, no one article appeared embodying any high order of talent. The Newspaper section pleased no one, from the confined limits to which the editor was restricted, independently of which, nearly all the subscribers had seen the Debates, in their length, through other mediums ; and yet this profitless part of the work gave most trouble to the compiler. Its dulness, I know, fretted Mr. Coleridge exceedingly. It was indeed the Hunter bearing the Pack Saddle.*

* I received a note, at this time, from Mr. Coleridge, evidently written in a moment of perturbation, apologizing for not accepting an invitation of a more congenial nature, on account of his " Watch

The Theory of publishing was delightful ; but the exemplification—the Practice, proved, alas! teasing, if not tormenting. One pitiful subscriber of fourpence, every eighth day, thought his boys “did not improve much under it.” Another expected more from his “Annual Register!” Another wanted more “Reviews!” Another, more “Politics!” and those a little “sharper.” As the work proceeded, joys decreased, and perplexities multiplied! added to which, subscribers rapidly fell off, debts were accumulated and unpaid, till, at the Tenth Number, the Watchman at the helm cried “Breakers!” and the vessel stranded! —It being formally announced, that “The work did not pay its expenses!”

The “Address to the readers of the Watchman,” in the last page, was the following :

drudgery.” At another time, he was reluctantly made a prisoner from the same cause, as will appear by the following note.

“April, 1796.

My dear Cottle,

My eye is so inflamed that I cannot stir out. It is alarmingly inflamed. In addition to this, the Debates which Burnet undertook to abridge for me, he has abridged in such a careless, slovenly manner, that I was obliged to throw them into the fire, and am now doing them myself! * * * *

S. T. C.”

“This is the last Number of the Watchman.—Henceforward I shall cease to cry the state of the Political atmosphere. While I express my gratitude to those friends who exerted themselves so liberally in the establishment of this Miscellany, I may reasonably be expected to assign some reason for relinquishing it thus abruptly. The reason is short and satisfactory.—The work does not pay its expenses. Part of my subscribers have relinquished it, because it did not contain sufficient original composition; and a still larger number, because it contained too much. Those who took it in as a mere journal of weekly events, must have been unacquainted with ‘FLOWER’S CAMBRIDGE INTELLIGENCER;’ a Newspaper, the style and composition of which would claim distinguished praise, even among the productions of literary leisure; while it breathes everywhere the severest morality; fighting fearlessly the good fight against tyranny, yet never unfaithful to that religion, whose service is perfect freedom. Those, on the other hand, who expected from it much and varied original composition, have naturally relinquished it in favour of the ‘NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE;’ a work which has almost monopolized the talent of the country, and with which I should have continued a course of literary rivalry, with as much success as might be expected to attend a young recruit, who should oppose himself to a phalanx of disciplined warriors. Long may it continue to deserve the support of the patriot and the phi-

lanthropist ; and while it teaches its readers RATIONAL LIBERTY, prepare them for the enjoyment of it ; strengthening the intellect by SCIENCE, and softening our affections by the GRACES ! To return to myself. I have endeavoured to do well : and it must be attributed to defect of ability, not of inclination or effort, if the words of the Prophet be altogether applicable to me.

“ O, Watchman ! thou hast watched in vain.”

Many readers will feel a concern in the arrangements and perplexities of Mr. Coleridge at the time of publishing his *Watchman* ; for he had a more vital interest involved in the success of that work than he had, individually, in the rise and fall of empires. When Mr. C. returned from his extended Northern journey, laden with subscribers, and with hope ripened into confidence, all that had yet been done, was the mere scaffolding ; the building was now to be erected. Soon after this time I received from Mr. Coleridge the following letter.

“ 1796.

My ever dear Cottle,

I will wait on you this evening at 9 o'clock, till which hour I am on “ *Watch.*” Your Wednesday

day's invitation I of course accept, but I am rather sorry that you should add this expense to former liberalities.

Two editions of my Poems would barely repay you. Is it not possible to get twenty-five, or thirty of the Poems ready by to-morrow, as Parsons, of Paternoster Row, has written to me pressing about them. 'People are perpetually asking after them.' 'All admire the Poetry in the Watchman,' he says; I can send them with one hundred of the First Number, which he has written for. I think if you were to send half a dozen 'Joans of Arc,' [4to. £1. 1. 0.] on sale or return, it would not be amiss. To all the places in the North, we will send my 'Poems,' my 'Conciones,' and the 'Joans of Arc,' together, per Waggon. You shall pay the carriage for the London and the Birmingham parcels; I for the Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham, Manchester, and Liverpool.

With regard to the Poems I mean to give away, I wish to make it a common interest; that is, I will give away a sheet full of Sonnets. One to Mrs. Barbauld; one to Wakefield; one to Dr. Beddoes: one to Wrangham, (a College acquaintance of mine, an admirer of me, and a

pitier of my principles !) one to George Augustus Pollen, Esq. one to C. Lamb ; one to Wordsworth ; one to my brother G. and one, to Dr. Parr. These Sonnets I mean to write on the blank leaf, respectively, of each copy.*

Concerning the paper for the 'Watchman,' I was vexed to hear your proposal of trusting it to Biggs, [the Printer] who, if he undertook it at all, would have a profit, which, heaven knows, I cannot afford. My plan was, either that you should write to your paper-maker, saying that you had recommended him to me, and ordering for me twenty, or forty reams, at a half year's credit ; or else, in your own name ; in which case I would transfer to you, Reed's† weekly account, amounting to 120 3½d's, (or 35 shillings) and the Birmingham monthly account, amounting to £14. a month.

God bless you,
and S. T. Coleridge."

This letter requires a few explanations. In recommending that Biggs, the Printer, should

* This "sheet" of Sonnets never arrived.

† A late worthy bookseller of Bristol, who by his exertions obtained one hundred and twenty subscribers for Mr. C.

choose the paper, it was not designed for him to provide it, which, had he been so requested, he would not have done, but merely to select one out of different samples, to be submitted to him, as that, which he, as a printer, thought the best. This was explained to Mr. C. It will be perceived, that Mr. Coleridge's two proposals were virtually one: as, if I ordered the paper, for myself, or for another, the responsibility rested with me. The plain fact is, I purchased the whole of the paper for the "Watchman," allowing Mr. C. to have it at prime cost, and receiving small sums from Mr. C. occasionally, in liquidation. I became responsible, also, with Mr. B. for printing the work, by which means, I reduced the price per sheet, as a bookseller, (1000) from fifty shillings, to thirty five shillings. Mr. C. paid me for the paper in fractions, as he found it convenient, but from the imperfection of Mr. Coleridge's own receipts, I never received the whole. It was a losing concern, altogether, and I was willing, and did bear, uncomplaining, my proportion of the loss. There is some difference between this statement, and that of Mr. Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria." A defect of memory, must have existed, arising out of the lapse

of twenty-two years; but my notices, made at the time, did not admit of mistake. There were but twenty sheets in the whole ten numbers of the "Watchman," which, at thirty-five shillings per sheet, came to only thirty-five pounds. The paper amounted to much more than the printing.

I cannot refrain from observing further, that my loss was augmented from another cause. Mr. C. states in the above work, that his London publisher never paid him "one farthing," but "set him at defiance." I also was more than his equal companion in this misfortune. The thirty copies of Mr. C's poems, and the six "Joans of Arc" (referred to in the preceding letter) found a ready sale, by this said "indefatigable London publisher," and large and fresh orders were received, so that Mr. Coleridge, and myself, successively participated in two very opposite sets of feeling; the one of exultation that our publications had found *so good a sale*; and the other of *depression*, that the time of *payment*, never arrived!

All the copies, also, of Mr. C's Poems, and the "Joan's of Arc," which were sent to the North, as far as I am concerned, shared the

same fate. I do not know that they were ever paid for. If they were, in combination with other things, it was my wish that the entanglement should never be unravelled, for who could take from Mr. C. any portion of his slender remittances.

The most amusing appendage to this unfortunate "Miscellany," will now be presented to the reader, in the seven following letters of Mr. Coleridge, addressed to his friend, Mr. Josiah Wade, and written in the progress of his journey to collect subscribers for the "Watchman."

"Worcester, Jan. 1796.

My dear Wade,

We were five in number, and twenty-five, in quantity. The moment I entered the coach, I stumbled on a huge projection, which might be called a belly, with the same propriety that you might name Mount Atlas a mole-hill. Heavens ! that a man should be unconscionable enough to enter a stage coach, who would want elbow room if he were walking on Salisbury Plain !

This said citizen was a most violent aristocrat, but a pleasant humourous fellow in other respects, and remarkably well-informed in Agricultural sci-

ence; so that the time passed pleasantly enough. We arrived at Worcester at half-past two: I of course dined at the inn, where I met Mr. Stevens. After dinner I christianized myself; that is, washed and changed, and marched in finery and cleanliness to High-Street. With regard to business, there is no chance of doing any thing at Worcester. The aristocrats are so numerous, and the influence of the clergy so extensive, that Mr. Barr thinks no bookseller will venture to publish the 'Watchman.'

P. S. I hope and trust that the young citizeness is well, and also Mrs. Wade. Give my love to the latter, and a kiss for me to little Miss Bratinella.

S. T. Coleridge."

" Birmingham, Jan. 1796.

My dear friend,

* * * My exertions here have been incessant, for in whatever company I go, I am obliged to be the figurante of the circle. Yesterday I preached twice, and, indeed, performed the whole service, morning and afternoon. There were about fourteen hundred persons present, and my sermons, (great part extempore) were *preciously*

peppered with Politics. I have here, at least, double the number of subscribers, I had expected. * * *

* * *

“ Nottingham, Jan. 7, 1796.

My dear friend,

You will perceive by this letter I have changed my route. From Birmingham, on Friday last, (four o'clock in the morning) I proceeded to Derby, stayed there till Monday morning, and am now at Nottingham. From Nottingham I go to Sheffield; from Sheffield to Manchester; from Manchester to Liverpool; from Liverpool to London, from London to Bristol. Ah, what a weary way! My poor crazy ark has been tossed to and fro on an ocean of business, and I long for the Mount Ararat on which it is to rest. At Birmingham I was extremely unwell; a violent cold in my head and limbs confined me for two days. Business succeeded very well; about a hundred subscribers, I think.

At Derby, also, I succeeded tolerably well. Mr. S—, the successor of Sir Richard Arkwright, tells me, I may count on forty or fifty in Derby. Derby is full of curiosities; the cotton and silk

mills; Wright, the painter, and Dr. D—, the every thing but christian! Dr. D— possesses, perhaps, a greater range of knowledge than any other man in Europe, and is the most inventive of philosophical men. He thinks in a new train on all subjects but religion. He bantered me on the subject of religion. I heard all his arguments, and told him, it was infinitely consoling to me—to find that the arguments of so great a man, adduced against the existence of a God, and the evidences of revealed religion, were such as had startled me at fifteen, but had become the objects of my smile at twenty. Not one new objection; not even an ingenious one! He boasted ‘that he had never read one book in favour of such stuff! but that he had read all the works of Infidels.’

What would you think, Mr. Wade, of a man, who, having abused and ridiculed you, should openly declare, that he had heard all that your enemies had to say against you, but had scorned to inquire the truth from any one of your friends? Would you think him an honest man? I am sure you would not. Yet such are all the infidels whom I have known. They talk of a subject, yet are proud to confess themselves profoundly ignorant of it. Dr. D— would have been ashamed to

reject 'Hutton's Theory of the Earth,' without having minutely examined it: yet, what is it to us, how the earth was made, a thing impossible to be known. This system the Dr. did not reject without having severely studied it; but all at once he makes up his mind on such important subjects, as, whether we be the outcasts of a blind idiot, called Nature, or, the children of an All-wise and Infinitely Good God! Whether we spend a few miserable years on this earth, and then sink into a clod of the valley; or, endure the anxieties of mortal life, only to fit us for the enjoyment of immortal happiness. These subjects are unworthy a philosopher's investigation! He deems that there is a certain self-evidence in Infidelity, and becomes an Atheist by intuition! Well did St. Paul say, 'Ye have an evil heart of unbelief.'

* * * What lovely children Mr. Barr, of Worcester, has! After Church, in the evening, they sat round and sung hymns, so sweetly that they overpowered me. It was with great difficulty that I abstained from weeping aloud! and the infant, in Mrs. B's. arms, leant forward, and stretched his little arms, and stared, and smiled! It seemed a picture of heaven, where the different Orders of the blessed, join different voices in one

melodious hallelulia! and the babe looked like a young spirit just that moment arrived in heaven, startled at the seraphic songs, and seized at once with wonder and rapture! * * *

From your affectionate friend,
S. T. Coleridge."

"Sheffield, Jan. 1796.

My very dear friend,

I arrived at this place, late last night, by the mail from Nottingham, where I have been treated with kindness and friendship, of which I can give you but a faint idea. I preached a charity sermon there last Sunday. I preached in colored clothes. With regard to the gown at Birmingham (of which you inquire) I suffered myself to be overpersuaded:—first of all, my sermon being of so political a tendency, had I worn my blue 'coat, it would have impugned Edwards. They would have said, he had stuck a political lecturer in his pulpit. Secondly,—the society is of all sorts. Socinians, Arians, Trinitarians, &c.! and I must have shocked a multitude of prejudices. And, thirdly,—there is a difference between an Inn, and a place of residence. In the first, your example, is of little consequence; in a single in-

stance only, it ceases to operate as example ; and my refusal would have been imputed to affectation, or an unaccommodating spirit. Assuredly I would not do it in a place where I intended to preach often. And even in the vestry at Birmingham, when they at last persuaded me, I told them, I was acting against my better knowledge, and should possibly feel uneasy after. So these accounts of the matter you must consider as reasons, and palliations, concluding, ‘ I plead guilty my Lord ! ’ Indeed I want firmness. I perceive I do. I have that within me which makes it difficult to say, No ! (repeatedly) to a number of persons who seem uneasy and anxious. * * *

My kind remembrances to Mrs. Wade. God bless her, and you, and (like a bad shilling slipped in between two guineas.)

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge.”

Mr. Coleridge, in the course of his extensive journey, having had to act the tradesman, on rather an extended scale ; conferring and settling with all the booksellers in the respective towns, as to the means of conveyance, allowance, remittances, &c. he thus wrote in a dejected mood,

to his friend Mr. Wade,—an unpropitious state of mind for a new enterprize, and very different from those sanguine hopes which he had expressed on other occasions.

“ My dear friend,

* * * I succeeded very well here at Lichfield. Belcher, Bookseller, Birmingham; Sutton, Nottingham; Pritchard, Derby; and Thomson, Manchester, are the publishers. In every number of the *Watchman*, there will be printed these words, ‘Published in Bristol, by the Author, S. T. Coleridge, and sold &c. &c.’

I verily believe no poor fellow’s idea-pot ever bubbled up so vehemently with fears, doubts and difficulties, as mine does at present. Heaven grant it may not boil over, and put out the fire! I am almost heartless! My past life seems to me like a dream, a feverish dream! all one gloomy huddle of strange actions, and dim-discovered motives! Friendships lost by indolence, and happiness murdered by mismanaged sensibility! The present hour I seem in a quickset hedge of embarrassments! For shame! I ought not to mistrust God! but indeed, to hope is far more difficult than to fear. Bulls have horns, Lions have talons.

The Fox, and Statesman subtile wiles ensure,
 The Cit, and Polecat stink and are secure ;
 Toads with their venom, Doctors with their drug,
 The Priest, and Hedgehog, in their robes are snug !
 Oh, Nature ! cruel step-mother, and hard,
 To thy poor, naked, fenceless child the Bard !
 No Horns but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, (alas ! alas !) not Plenty's Horn !
 With naked feelings, and with aching pride,
 He bears th'unbroken blast on every side !
 Vampire Booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And Scorpion Critics cureless venom dart !*

S. T. C."

“ Manchester, Jan. 7, 1796.

My dear friend,

I arrived at Manchester, last night, from Sheffield, to which place I shall only send about thirty numbers. I might have succeeded there, at least, equally well with the former towns, but I should injure the sale of the Iris, the editor of

* It is evident Mr. C. must have had cause of complaint, against one or more of the booksellers before named. It could not apply to myself, as I invariably adhered to a promise I had from the commencement given Mr. Coleridge, not to receive an allowance of one farthing for all the copies of the Watchman I might be so happy as to sell for him.

which Paper (a very amiable and ingenious young man, of the name of 'James Montgomery') is now in prison, for a libel on a bloody-minded magistrate there. Of course, I declined publickly advertizing or disposing of the Watchman in that town.

This morning I called on Mr.— with H's letter. Mr. — received me as a rider, and treated me with insolence that was really amusing from its novelty. 'Over-stocked with these Articles.' 'People always setting up some new thing or other.' 'I read the Star and another Paper: what can I want with this paper, which is nothing more.' 'Well, well, I'll consider of it.' To these entertaining bon mots, I returned the following repartee,—'Good morning, Sir.' * * *

God bless you,

S. T. C."

"Mosely, near Birmingham, 1796.

My very dear Wade,

Will it be any excuse to you for my silence, to say, that I have written to no one else, and that these are the very first lines I have written?

I stayed a day or two at Derby, and then went on in Mrs.— carriage to see the beauties of

Matlock. Here I stayed from Tuesday to Saturday, which time was completely filled up with seeing the country, eating, concerts, &c. I was the first fiddle, not in the concerts, but every where else, and the company would not spare me twenty minutes together. Sunday I dedicated to the drawing up my sketch of education, which I meant to publish, to try to get a school.

Monday I accompanied Mrs. E. to Oakover, with Miss W—, to the thrice lovely valley of Ham; a vale hung by beautiful woods all round, except just at its entrance, where, as you stand at the other end of the valley, you see a bare bleak mountain, standing as it were to guard the entrance. It is without exception the most beautiful place I ever visited, and from thence we proceeded to Dove-Dale, without question, tremendously sublime. Here we dined in a cavern, by the side of a divine little spring. We returned to Derby quite exhausted with the rapid succession of delightful emotions.

I was to have left Derby on Wednesday; but on the Wednesday, Dr. Crompton, who had been at Liverpool, came home. He called on me, and made the following offer. That if I would take a house in Derby, and open a day-school, confi-

ning my number to twelve, he would send his three children. That, till I had completed my number, he would allow me One hundred a year ; and when I had completed it, twenty guineas a year for each son. He thinks there is no doubt but that I might have more than twelve in a very short time, if I liked it. If so, twelve times twenty guineas is two hundred and forty guineas per annum ; and my mornings and evenings would be my own : the children coming to me from nine to twelve, and from two to five : the two last hours employed with the writing and drawing masters, in my presence : so that only four hours would be thoroughly occupied by them. The plan to commence in November. I agreed with the Doctor, he telling me, that if, in the mean time, any thing more advantageous offered itself, I was to consider myself at perfect liberty to accept it.

On Thursday I left Derby for Burton. From Burton I took chaise, slept at Lichfield, and in the morning arrived at my worthy friend's, Mr. Thomas Hawkes, at Mosely, three miles from Birmingham, in whose shrubbery I am now writing. I shall stay at Birmingham a week longer.

I have seen a letter from Mr. William Roscoe (Author of the life of Lorenzo the magnificent; a work in two quarto Volumes, of which the whole First Edition sold in a month) it was addressed to Mr. Edwards, the minister here, and entirely related to me. Of me, and my composition, he writes in terms of high admiration, and concludes by desiring Mr. Edwards to let him know my situation and prospects, and saying, if I would come and settle at Liverpool, he thought a comfortable situation might be procured for me. This day Edwards will write to him.

God love you, and your grateful and affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge.

N. B. I preached yesterday."

Mr. Coleridge, in the preceding letters, written during his journey northward to collect subscribers for the Watchman, states his having preached occasionally. There must have been a first sermon. It so happened that I heard Mr. C. preach his first, and also his second sermon, with some account of which, I shall now furnish the reader; and that without concealment or embellishment. But it will be necessary, as an illustration of the

whole, to convey some previous information, which, as it regards most men, would be too unimportant to relate.

When Mr. Coleridge first came to Bristol, he had evidently adopted, at least to some considerable extent, the sentiments of Socinus. By persons of that persuasion, therefore, he was hailed as a powerful accession to their cause. From Mr. C.'s voluble utterance, it was even believed that he might become a valuable Socinian minister, (of which class of divines, a great scarcity then existed, with a still more gloomy anticipation, from most of their young academicians, at their chief academy, having recently turned infidels.) But though this presumption in Mr. Coleridge's favour was confidently entertained, no certainty could exist without a trial, and how was this difficulty to be overcome? The Socinians in Bristol might have wished to see Mr. C. in their pulpit, expounding and enforcing their faith; but, as they said, "the thing, in Bristol, was altogether impracticable," from the conspicuous stand which he had taken in free politics, through the medium of his numerous lectures.*

* In all Mr. Coleridge's lectures, he was a steady opposer of Mr. Pitt, and the then existing war; and also an enthusiastic

It was then recollected by some of his anxious and importunate friends, that Bath was near, and that a good judge of requisite qualifications therein was found, in the person of the Rev. David Jardine, with whom some of Mr. C.'s friends were on terms of intimacy; so that it was determined that Mr. Coleridge, as the commencement of his brilliant career, should be respectfully requested to preach his inaugural discourse, in the Socinian chapel at Bath. (There may be something of the ludicrous in the following statement, but with this I have nothing to do. I have

admirer of Fox, Sheridan, Grey, &c. &c. but his opposition to the reigning politics discovered little asperity; it chiefly appeared by wit and sarcasm, and commonly ended in that which was the speaker's chief object, a laugh.

Few attended Mr. C.'s lectures but those whose political views were similar to his own; but on one occasion, some gentlemen of the opposite party came into the lecture-room, and, at one sentiment they heard, testified their disapprobation by the only easy and safe way in their power; namely, by a hiss. The auditors were startled at so unusual a sound, not knowing to what it might conduct; but their noble leader soon quieted their fears, by instantly remarking, with great coolness, "I am not at all surprised, when the red hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cool water of reason, that they should go off with a hiss!" The words were electric. The assailants felt, as well as testified, their confusion, and the whole company confirmed it by immense applause! There was no more hissing.

only to please the reader by giving a correct account of things as they occurred.)

The invitation, couched in flattering terms, having been given and accepted, I felt some curiosity to witness the firmness with which Mr. C. would face a large and enlightened audience, and, in the intellectual sense, grace his canonical robes. No conveyance having been provided, and wishing the young ecclesiastic to proceed to the place of his exhibition, with some decent respectability, I agreed with a common friend, the late Mr. Charles Danvers, to take Mr. C. over to Bath, in a chaise.

The morning of the important day unfolded, and, in due time we arrived at the place of our destination. We now advanced from our inn, towards the chapel; when on the way, a man stopped Charles Danvers, and asked him if he could tell where the Rev. Mr. Coleridge preached. "Follow the crowd," said Danvers, and walked on. Mr. C. wore his blue coat and white waistcoat; but what was Mr. Jardine's surprise, when he found that his young probationer peremptorily refused to wear the hide-all sable gown! Exposition was unavailing, and the minister ascended to the pulpit in his coloured clothes!*

* The dress in which Mr. C. was drawn in the portrait of the 2nd. vol.

Considering that it had been announced, on the preceding Sunday that "the Rev. S. T. Coleridge, from Cambridge University" would preach there on this day, we naturally calculated on an overflowing audience, but it proved to be the most meagre congregation I had ever seen. The reader will but imperfectly appreciate Mr. C's. discourse, without the previous information, that this year (1796) was a year of great scarcity, and consequent privation, amongst the poor; on which subject the sermon was designed impressively to bear. And now the long-expected service commenced. However reluctant, it must be impartially stated, suggesting, as it will, complicated feelings in the reader's mind.

The prayer, without being intended, was formal, unimpressive, and undevotional. The singing, from two or three exclusive voices, was somniferously languid, but we expected that the sermon (as the great Lexicographer would, or might have expressed it) would arouse the inattentive, and invigorate the dull. The moment for announcing the text arrived. Our curiosity was excited. With little less than famine in the land, our hearts were appalled at hearing the words, "When they shall be hungry, they shall fret

themselves, and curse their king, and their God, and look upward." (Isaiah viii. 21.) Mr. Winterbotham, a little before, had been thrown into prison for the freedom of his political remarks in a sermon at Plymouth, and we were half fearful whether in his impetuous current of feeling, some stray expressions might not subject our friend to a like visitation. Our fears were groundless. Strange as it may appear in Mr. Coleridge's vigorous mind, the whole discourse consisted of little more than a Lecture on the "Corn Laws!" which sometime before he had delivered in Bristol, at the Assembly-Room, and which "Corn Laws," he laboured to show, were cruelty to the poor, and the alone cause of the prevailing sufferings, and popular discontent.

Returning from our edifying discourse, to a tavern dinner, we were privileged with more luminous remarks on this inexhaustible subject; but something better (or worse, as the reader's taste may be) is still in reserve. After dinner, Mr. Coleridge remarked, that he should have no objection to preach another sermon that afternoon. In the hope that something redeeming might still appear, and the best be retained for the last, we encouraged his proposal, when Mr. C. rang

the bell, and, on the waiter appearing, he was sent, with Mr. Coleridge's compliments, to Mr. Jardine, to say, "if agreeable, Mr. C. would give his congregation another sermon, this afternoon, on the Hair Powder Tax!" On the departure of the waiter, I was fully assured that Mr. Jardine would smile, and send a civil excuse, satisfied that he had quite enough of political economy, with blue coat and white waistcoat, in the morning, but (exciting the greatest surprise) the waiter returned with Mr. Jardine's compliments, saying, "he should be happy to hear Mr. Coleridge!"

Now all was hurry, lest the concourse should be kept waiting. What surprise will the reader feel, on understanding, that, independently of ourselves, and Mr. Jardine, there were but seventeen persons present, including men, women, and children! We had, as we expected, a recapitulation of the old lecture in reprobation of the Hair Powder Tax; (with the exception of its humorous appendages) and the twice-told tale, even to the ear of friendship, in truth, sounded rather dull!

Two or three times Mr. C. looked significantly toward our seat, when, fearful of being thrown off my guard into a smile, I held down my head,

from which position I was aroused, when the sermon was about half over, by some gentleman throwing back the door of his pew, and walking out of the Chapel. In a few minutes after, a second individual did the same; and, soon after, a third door flew open, and the listener escaped! At this moment affairs looked so very ominous, that we were almost afraid Mr. Jardine himself would fly, and that none but ourselves would fairly sit it out.

A little before, I had been in company with the late Robert Hall and S. T. Coleridge, when the collision of equal minds elicited light and heat; both of them ranking in the first class of Conversationalists, but great indeed was the contrast between them in the pulpit! The parlour was the element for Mr. Coleridge, and the politician's lecture, rather than the minister's harangue. We all returned to Bristol with the feeling of disappointment;—Mr. C. from the little personal attention paid to him by Mr. Jardine; and we, from a dissatisfying sense of a Sunday desecrated. Although no doubt can be entertained of Mr. Coleridge having, in the journey before noticed, surpassed his first Essay, yet, with every reasonable allowance, the conviction was so strong on

my mind, that Mr. C. had mistaken his talent, that my regard for him was too genuine to entertain the wish of ever again seeing him in a pulpit !

It is unknown when the following letter was received, (although quite certain that it was not the evening in which Mr. Coleridge wrote his "Ode to the Departing Year,") and it is printed in this place at something of an uncertainty.*

January 1st.

My dear Cottle,

I have been forced to disappoint not only you, but Dr. Beddoes, on an affair of some importance. Last night I was induced by strong and joint solicitation, to go to a card club, to which Mr. M. belongs, and, after the playing was over, to sup, and spend the remainder of the night; having made a previous compact, that I should not drink; however, just on the verge of twelve, I was desired to drink only one wine glass of punch, in honour of the departing year; and, after twelve, one other in honour of the new year. Though the

* It is this general absence of the dates to Mr. C.'s letters, which may have occasioned me, in one or two instances, to err in the arrangement.

glasses were very small, yet such was the effect produced, during my sleep, that I awoke unwell, and in about twenty minutes after had a relapse of my bilious complaint. I am just now recovered, and with care, I doubt not, shall be as well as ever to-morrow. If I do not see you then, it will be from some relapse, which I have no reason, thank Heaven, to anticipate.

Yours affectionately,

S. T. Coleridge.

In consequence of Mr. Coleridge's journey to the north, to collect subscribers for the *Watchman*, an incident occurred, which produced a considerable effect on his after life. During Mr. C.'s visit to Birmingham, an accident had introduced him to the eldest son of Mr. Lloyd, the eminent banker of that town. Mr. Lloyd had intended his son Charles to unite with him in the bank, but the monotonous business of the establishment, ill accorded with the young man's taste, which had taken a decided literary turn. If the object of Charles Lloyd had been to accumulate wealth, his disposition might have been gratified to the utmost, but the tedious and unintellectual occupation of adjusting pounds, shillings, and pence, suited, he

thought, those alone, who had never, eagle-like, gazed at the sun, or bathed their temples in the dews of Parnassus. The feelings of this young man were ardent; his reading and information extensive; and his genius, though of a peculiar cast, considerable. His mind appeared, however, subject to something of that morbid sensibility which distinguished Cowper. The admiration excited in Mr. L. by Mr. Coleridge's pre-eminent talents, induced him to relinquish his connexion with the bank; and he had now arrived in Bristol to seek Mr. C. out, and to improve his acquaintance with him.

To enjoy the enviable privilege of Mr. Coleridge's conversation, Mr. Charles Lloyd proposed even to domesticate with him; and made him such a pecuniary offer, that Mr. C. immediately acceded to the proposal; and to effect this, as an essential preliminary, removed from Redcliff-Hill, to a house on Kingsdown.

In this his new abode, Mr. Coleridge appeared settled and comfortable. Friends were kind and numerous. Books, of all kinds, were at his command. Of the literary society now found in Bristol, he expressed himself in terms of warm approval, and thought, in this feature, that it

was surpassed by no city in the kingdom. His son Hartley, also, was now born; and no small accession to his comfort arose from his young and intelligent domestic associate, Charles Lloyd. This looked something like permanence: but the promise was fallacious, for Mr. Coleridge now experienced another removal!

His friend, Mr. Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, near Bridgewater, was desirous of obtaining Mr. C. for a permanent neighbour, and recommended him to take a small house at Stowey, then to be let, at seven pounds a year, which he thought would well suit him. Mr. Poole's personal worth; his friendly and social manners; his information, and taste for literature; all this, combined with the prospect of a diminished expense in his establishment, unitedly, formed such powerful inducements, that Mr. C. at once decided, and the more so, as Mr. Charles Lloyd had consented to accompany him. To this place, consequently, the whole party repaired.

On Mr. Coleridge reaching his new abode, I was gratified by receiving from him the following letter.

“ Stowey, 1796.

My dear Cottle,

We arrived safe. Our house is set to rights. We are all—wife, bratling, and self, remarkably well. Mrs. Coleridge likes Stowey, and loves Thomas Poole, and his Mother, who love her. A communication has been made from our orchard into T. Poole’s garden, and from thence to Cruikshank’s, a friend of mine, and a young married man, whose wife is very amiable, and she and Sara are already on the most cordial terms: from all this you will conclude we are happy. By the bye, what a delightful poem, is Southey’s ‘Musings on a Landscape of Gaspar Poussin.’ I love it almost better than his ‘Hymn to the Penates.’ In his volume of poems. The following, namely,

‘The Six Sonnets on the Slave Trade.—The Ode to the Genius of Africa.—To my own Miniature Picture.—The Eight Inscriptions.—Elinor, Botany-bay Eclogue.—Frederick, ditto.—The Ten Sonnets. (pp. 107—116.) On the death of an Old Spaniel.—The Soldier’s Wife, Dactylics.—The Widow, Sapphics.—The Chapel Bell.—The Race of Banco.—Rudiger.’

All these Poems are worthy the Author of ‘Joan of Arc.’ And

‘The Musings on a Landscape,’ &c. and
‘The Hymn to the Penates,’
deserve to have been published after ‘Joan of
Arc,’ as proofs of progressive genius.

God bless you,

S. T. C.

P. S. Pray contrive that the apologetic note to the younger Mr. Eden may be conveyed to him as soon as possible.”

The account of Mr. Coleridge’s residence at Stowey lies in the department of another; although he occasionally visited Bristol, with Mrs. C., as engagements, or inclination prompted; some notice of which visits will here be taken.

Mr. Charles Lloyd was subject to fits, to one of which the second following letter refers. In the above letter Mr. C. pronounces himself, “happy,” but as no condition, in this changeable world, is either permanent happiness, or misery, so the succeeding letter presents Mr. C. overpowered, almost, with a feeling of despondency! The calculation of the course which genius, combined with eccentricity, would be likely to pursue, must be attended with uncertainty, but the probability

is, that had Mr. C.'s mind been easy, at this time, surrounded by domestic quiet, and comparative seclusion, he might have been equal to any intellectual achievement; but soon after he settled at Stowey, he was reduced to the most prostrate state of depression, arising purely from the darkness of his pecuniary horizon. Happily for the reader, a brief mental respite succeeded, in which, if trouble existed, the letter which expressed that trouble, soon exhibits him (half forgetful) expatiating in those comprehensive surveys of possible excellence which formed the garniture of his mind.

“ Stowey, 1796.

My dearest Cottle,

I love and respect you as a brother, and my memory deceives me woefully, if I have not evidenced, by the animated tone of my conversation when we have been tête à tête, how much your conversation interested me. But when last in Bristol, the day I meant to devote to you, was such a day of sadness, I could do nothing. On the Saturday, the Sunday, and ten days after my arrival at Stowey, I felt a depression too dreadful to be described

So much I felt my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat ; Nature within me seemed
 In all her functions, weary of herself.

W——'s conversation aroused me somewhat, but even now I am not the man I have been, and I think never shall. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart. Indeed every mode of life which has promised me bread and cheese, has been, one after another, torn away from me, but God remains. I have no immediate pecuniary distress, having received ten pounds from Lloyd. I employ myself now on a book of morals in answer to Godwin

* * * * *

There are some Poets who write too much at their ease, from the facility with which they please themselves. They do not often enough

‘ Feel their burdened breast
 Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.’

So that to posterity their wreaths will look unseemly. Here, perhaps, an everlasting Amaranth, and, close by its side, some weed of an hour, sere, yellow, and shapeless. Their very beauties will lose half their effect, from

the bad company they keep. They rely too much on story and event, to the neglect of those lofty imaginings that are peculiar to, and definite of the Poet.

The story of Milton might be told in two pages. It is this which distinguishes an Epic Poem from a Romance in metre. Observe the march of Milton; his severe application; his laborious polish; his deep metaphysical researches; his prayer to God before he began his great work; all that could lift and swell his intellect, became his daily food.

I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an Epic Poem. Ten years to collect materials and warm my mind with universal science. I would be a tolerable Mathematician. I would thoroughly understand Mechanics; Hydrostatics; Optics, and Astronomy; Botany; Metallurgy; Fossilism; Chemistry; Geology; Anatomy; Medicine; then the mind of man; then the minds of men; in all Travels, Voyages, and Histories. So I would spend ten years: the next five in the composition of the Poem, and the five last in the correction of it. So would I write, haply not unhearing of that divine and nightly-whispering voice, which speaks to mighty minds, of

predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering.*

God love you.

S. T. Coleridge.

P. S. David Hartley is well and grows. Sara is well, and desires a sister's love to you."

In the spirit of impartiality, it now devolves on me to state a temporary misunderstanding between even the two Pantisocratians themselves; Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey. The affair occurred in the autumn of 1795, but it could not be noticed at that time, without interrupting the narrative.

It is difficult to assign any other reason for the wild scheme of Pantisocracy, than the inexperience of youth, acting on sanguine imaginations. At its first announcement, every reflecting mind saw that the plan, in its nature, and in the agents who were to carry it into effect, was obnoxious to insurmountable objections; but the individuals with whom the design originated, were young,

* How much is it to be deplored, that one whose views were so enlarged as those of Mr. Coleridge, and his conceptions so Miltonic, should have been satisfied with theorizing merely; and that he did not, like his great Prototype, concentrate all his energies, so as to produce some one august poetical work, which should become the glory of his country.

ardent, and enthusiastic, and at that time entertained views of society, erroneous in themselves, and which experience only could correct. The fullest conviction was entertained by their friends, that, as reason established itself in their minds, the delusion would vanish; and that they themselves would soon smile at extravagances which none but their own ingenious order of minds could have devised: but when the dissension occurred, before noticed, at Chepstow, (page 41) Mr. Southey must have had conviction flashed on his mind, that the habits of himself and his friend were so essentially opposed, as to render harmony and success impossible.

Mr. Southey now addressed a temperate letter to Mr. Coleridge, stating that circumstances and his own views, had so altered, as to render it necessary in him, candidly, to state, that he must abandon Pantisocracy, and the whole scheme of colonizing in America. The reader has had cause to believe, that Mr. C. himself had relinquished this wild plan, but it was by implication, rather than by direct avowal. Perhaps, in the frustration of so many of his present designs, a latent thought might linger in his mind, that America, after all, was to be the fostering asylum, where,

alone, unmingled felicity was to be found. The belief is hardly admissible, and yet the admission, extravagant as it is, derives some support, from the unexpected effect which Mr. Southey's announcement produced on Mr. C.

It is almost incredible, though the statement is strictly correct, that, on the receipt of Mr. S.'s letter, a tumult and reaction were excited in Mr. Coleridge's spirit, that filled the whole circle of their mutual friends with grief and dismay. This unexpected effect, perhaps, may be ascribed to the consciousness, first seriously awakened in Mr. C.'s mind, of the erroneous principles on which all his calculations had been founded. He perceived at length, (it may be) that he had been pursuing a phantom; and the conviction must have been associated with self-upbraidings. It is commonly found, that the man who is dissatisfied with himself, is seldom satisfied long with those around him, and these compound and accumulated feelings, must necessarily be directed against some object. At this brain-crazing moment, the safety-valve of feeling was Mr. S. Charges of "desertion," flew thick around; of "a want of principle;" of "dishonourable retraction, in a compact the most solemn and binding."

I, who was familiar with the whole affair, completely justified Mr. S. as having acted with the strictest honour and propriety, and in such a way as any wise man, under such circumstances, would have acted. The great surprise with their friends was, that the crisis should not earlier have occurred, as a result certain to take place, and delayed alone by the vivid succession of objects that gave, it must be said, a temporary suspension to the full exercise of their understandings. In justice to Mr. S. truth requires it to be stated, that he acted purely on the defensive; adopting no epithets, and repelling offensive accusations and expressions, alone, with sober argument and remonstrance. I wrote and spoke to each friend in succession, and laboured to produce a reconciliation; but oil and water, at that time, would sooner have united than the accuser and the accused.

Mr. Southey, a day or two after this unhappy difference, set off on his Spanish and Portuguese expedition. On his return to Bristol, in the next year, as the whole misunderstanding between himself and Mr. C. was the effect of transient feeling, that extended not to the heart, on their meeting, an easy reconciliation was effected; the first

intimation of which, was, Mr. Southey and Mr. Coleridge calling on me, arm in arm, after having taken a pleasant walk together into the country. Each seemed to relish the surprise and the delight in me, which it was impossible to conceal; and I had reason afterwards to think, that this sprightly scene was a preconcerted arrangement to heighten the stage-effect.

On Mr. S.'s departure to the continent, Mr. C. repaired (as before stated) to his own calm retreat, at Stowey, from which place he sent me the following letter; but, as was too common, without any date to determine the precise time.

“Stowey, 1796.

Dear Cottle,

I write under great agony of mind, Charles Lloyd being very ill. He has been seized with his fits three times in the space of seven days: and just as I was in bed last night, I was called up again; and from twelve o'clock at night, to five this morning, he remained in one continued state of agonized delirium. What with bodily toil, exerted in repressing his frantic struggles, and what with the feelings of agony for his sufferings, you may suppose that I have forced myself from

bed, with aching temples, and a feeble frame. * *

We offer petitions, not as supposing we influence the Immutable; but because to petition the Supreme Being, is the way most suited to our nature, to stir up the benevolent affections in our hearts. Christ positively commands it, and in St. Paul you will find unnumbered instances of prayer for individual blessings; for kings, rulers, &c. &c. We indeed should all join to our petitions: 'But thy will be done, Omniscient, All-loving, Immortal God!' * * * *

My respects to your good mother, and to your father; and believe me to have towards you, the inward and spiritual gratitude and affection, though I am not always an adept in the outward and visible signs.

God bless you.

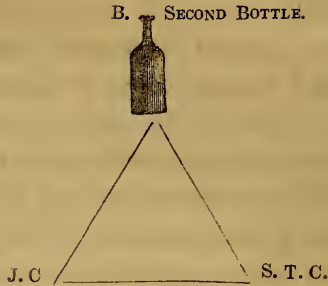
S. T. C."

A letter written by Mr. Coleridge to Miss Cruikshanks, (a lady, with her family, living near Stowey) during Mr. C.'s residence at that place, exhibits the law of association in a new light; and shows the facility with which ingenious men can furnish excuses, at all times, for doing that which they desire.

“ Dear Mary,

I wandered on so thought-bewildered, that it is no wonder I became way-bewildered: however, seeing a road-post, in two places, with the name, ‘Stowey;’ one by some water and a stone-bridge, and another on a tree, at the top of the ascent, I concluded I was only gone a new way, when coming to a place where four roads met, I turned to my left, merely because I saw some houses, and found myself at Plansfield. Accordingly, I turned upward, and as I knew I must pay a farewell visit to Ashhalt, I dined with the B—s’, and arrived at Stowey, just before dark.

I did not lose my way then, though I confess that Mr. B. and myself, disobedient to the voice of the ladies, had contrived to finish two bottles of Port between us, to which I added two glasses of mead. All this was in consequence of conversing about ‘John Cruikshanks’ coming down. Now John Cruikshanks’ idea being regularly associated in Mr. B’s. mind, with a second bottle, and S. T. C. being associated with John Cruikshanks, the second bottle became associated with the idea, and afterwards with the body of S. T. C. by necessity of metaphysical law, as you may see in the annexed figure, or diagram.



God bless you,

S. T. C.”

Miss Cruikshanks has favored me with a letter of Mr. Coleridge to herself, explanatory of his political principles, when he had receded in a good measure, from the sentiments pervading his “*Conciones ad Populum.*” This letter was written at a later period, but is made to follow the preceding, to preserve a continuity of subject.

Miss C. it appears, had lent the first edition of Mr. Coleridge’s poems to Lady Elizabeth Percival, in some parts of which volume, the sentiments of an earlier day were rather too prominently displayed. To counteract the effect such parts were calculated to produce, Mr. Coleridge wrote the following letter, in the hope that by being

shown to her ladyship, it might efface from her mind any unfavourable impression. In this letter also, he tenderly refers to his American scheme.

(No date, supposed to be 1807.)

“My dear Miss Cruikshanks,

With the kindest intentions, I fear you have done me some little disservice, in borrowing the first edition of my poems from Miss B—. I never held any principles indeed, of which, considering my age, I have reason to be ashamed. The whole of my public life may be comprised in eight or nine months of my 22nd year; and the whole of my political sins during that time, consisted in forming a plan of taking a large farm, in common, in America, with other young men of my age. A wild notion indeed, but very harmless.

As to my principles, they were, at all times, decidedly anti-jacobin, and anti-revolutionary, and my American scheme is a proof of this. Indeed at that time, I seriously held the doctrine of passive obedience, though a violent enemy of the first war. Afterwards, and for the last ten years of my life, I have been fighting, incessantly, the good cause, against French ambition, and

French principles; and I had Mr. Addington's suffrage, as to the good produced by my Essays, written in the *Morning Post*, in the interval of the peace of Amiens, and the second war, together with my two letters to Mr. Fox.*

Of my former errors, I should be no more ashamed, than of my change of body, natural to increase of age; but in that first edition, there was inserted (without my consent!) a Sonnet to Lord Stanhope, in direct contradiction, equally, to my then, as to my present principles. A Sonnet written by me in ridicule and mockery of the bloated style of French jacobinical declamation, and inserted (by Biggs, the fool of a printer,) in order,

* It appears from Sir James Macintosh's *Life*, recently published by his son, that a diminution of respect towards Sir James was entertained by Mr. Fox, arising from the above two letters of Mr. Coleridge, to Mr. Fox, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. Some enemy of Sir James had informed Mr. Fox, that these two letters were written by Macintosh, and which exceedingly wounded his mind. Before the error could be corrected, Mr. Fox died. This occurrence was deplored, by Sir James, in a way that showed his deep feeling of regret, but which, as might be supposed, did not prevent him from bearing the amplest testimony to the social worth, and surpassing talents of that great statesman.

Mr. Coleridge's Bristol friends will remember that once Mr. Fox was idolized by him as the paragon of political excellence; and Mr. Pitt depressed in the same proportion.

forsooth, that he might send the book, and a letter, to Earl Stanhope; who, to prove that he was not mad in all things, treated both book and letter, with silent contempt.* I have therefore sent Mr. Poole's second edition, and if it be in your power, I could wish you to read the 'dedication to my brother,' at the beginning, to Lady E. Percival, to obtain whose esteem, so far at least as not to be confounded with the herd of vulgar mob flatterers, I am not ashamed to confess myself solicitous.

* The following is the Sonnet to Lord Stanhope, in the first edition, now omitted.

“NOT STANHOPE! with the *patriot's* doubtful name
 I mock thy worth, FRIEND OF THE HUMAN RACE!
 Since, scorning faction's low and partial aim,
 Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,
 Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain—
 NOBILITY! and, aye unterrified,
 Pourest thy Abdiel warnings on the train
 That sit complotting with rebellious pride
 'Gainst her,* who from th' Almighty's bosom leapt,
 With whirlwind arm, fierce minister of love!
 Wherefore, ere virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept.
 Angels shall lead thee to the throne above,
 And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice—
 Champion of FREEDOM, and her God, rejoice!

* Gallic liberty.

I would I could be with you, and your visitors. Penelope, you know, is very high in my esteem. With true warmth of heart, she joins more strength of understanding; and, to steady principle, more variety of accomplishment, than it has often been my lot to meet with among the fairer sex. When I praise one woman to another I always mean a compliment to both. My tenderest regards to your dear mother, whom I really long to spend a few hours with, and believe me with sincere good wishes,

Yours, &c.

S. T. Coleridge.”

The wish to obtain the favourable opinion of Lady E. Percival, evidently obscured the recollection of Mr. C. in several parts of the preceding letter. The book, (handsomely bound) and the letter, were sent to Lord S. by Mr. C. himself.

Fragment of a Theological letter of Mr. Coleridge, date unknown.

* * * The declaration that the Deity is “the sole Operant” (Religious Musings) is indeed far too bold; may easily be misconstrued into

Spinosism ; and therefore, though it is susceptible of a pious and justifiable interpretation, I should by no means now use such a phrase. I was very young when I wrote that poem, and my religious feelings were more settled than my theological notions.

As to eternal punishments, I can only say, that there are many passages in Scripture, and these not metaphorical, which declare that all flesh shall be finally saved ; that the word *aionios* is indeed used sometimes when eternity must be meant, but so is the word ‘Ancient of Days,’ yet it would be strange reasoning to affirm, that therefore, the word ancient must always mean eternal. The literal meaning of ‘*aionios*’ is, ‘through ages ;’ that is, indefinite ; beyond the power of imagination to bound. But as to the effects of such a doctrine, I say, First,—that it would be more pious to assert nothing concerning it, one way or the other.

Ezra says well, ‘My Son, meditate on the rewards of the Righteous, and examine not over-curiously into the fate of the wicked.’ (This Apocryphal Ezra is supposed to have been written by some christian in the first age of christianity.) Second,—that however the doctrine is now broached, and publicly preached by a large and

increasing sect, it is no longer possible to conceal it from such persons as would be likely to read and understand the Religious Musings. Third.—That if the offers of eternal blessedness; if the love of God; if gratitude; if the fear of punishment, unknown indeed as to its kind and duration, but declared to be unimaginably great; if the possibility, nay, the probability, that this punishment may be followed by annihilation, not final happiness, cannot divert men from wickedness to virtue; I fear there will be no charm in the word Eternal.

Fourth, that it is a certain fact, that scarcely any believe eternal punishment practically with relation to themselves. They all hope in God's mercy, till they make it a presumptuous watch-word for religious indifference. And this, because there is no medium in their faith, between blessedness and misery,—infinite in degree and duration; which latter they do not practically, and with their whole hearts, believe. It is opposite to their clearest views of the divine attributes; for God cannot be vindictive, neither therefore can his punishments be founded on a vindictive principle. They must be, either for amendment, or warning for others; but eternal punishment precludes the idea of amend-

ment; and its infliction, after the day of judgment, when all not so punished shall be divinely secured from the possibility of falling, renders the notion of warning to others inapplicable.

The Catholics are far more afraid of, and incomparably more influenced in their conduct by the doctrine of purgatory, than Protestants by that of hell! That the Catholics practise more superstitions than morals, is the effect of other doctrines. Supererogation; invocation of saints; power of relics, &c. &c. and not of Purgatory, which can only act as a general motive, to what must depend on other causes.

Fifth, and lastly.—It is a perilous state in which a christian stands, if he has gotten no further than to avoid evil from the fear of hell! This is no part of the christian religion, but a preparatory awakening of the soul: a means of dispersing those gross films which render the eye of the spirit incapable of any religion, much less of such a faith as that of the love of Christ.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but perfect love shutteth out fear. It is sufficient for the utmost fervour of gratitude that we are saved from punishments, too great to be conceived; but our salvation is surely not com-

plete, till by the illumination from above, we are made to know 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' and that horribleness in its nature, which, while it involves all these frightful consequences, is yet, of itself more affrightful to a regenerated soul than those consequences. To him who but for a moment felt the influence of God's presence, the thought of eternal exclusion from the sense of that presence, would be the worst hell, his imagination could conceive.

N. B. I admit of no right, no claim of a creature on its Creator. I speak only of hopes and of faith deduced from inevitable reason, the gift of the Creator; from his acknowledged attributes. Above all, immortality is a free gift, which we neither do, nor can deserve. * * *

S. T. C."

To descend now to humbler things.

There are persons who will be interested in learning how the bard and his bookseller managed their great pecuniary affairs. A second edition of Mr. Coleridge's poems being demanded, in the technical language of commerce, the copy-right being mine, I remained under no obligation, in publishing a second edition, to make Mr. Coleridge any

remuneration; alterations or additions being optional with him: but in his circumstances, and to show that my desire was to consider Mr. C. even more than myself, I promised him, on the sale of the second edition of 500, (the same as the first) twenty guineas. The following was his reply: (not viewing the subject quite in the right light; but this was of little consequence.)

“ Stowey, Oct, 18th, 1796.

My dear Cottle,

I have no mercenary feelings, I verily believe; but I hate bartering at any time, and with any person; with you it is absolutely intolerable. I clearly perceive that by giving me twenty guineas, on the sale of the second edition, you will get little or nothing by the additional poems, unless they should be sufficiently popular to reach a third edition, which soars above my wildest expectations. * * * * *

I am not solicitous to have any thing omitted, except the Sonnet to Lord Stanhope and the ludicrous poem;* only, I should like to publish

* WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER

Though much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,
To find a likeness for friend V—ker,

the best pieces together, and those of secondary splendour, at the end of the volume, and think this the best quietus of the whole affair.

Yours affectionately,

S. T. Coleridge."

In consequence of a note received from Mr. Coleridge, I called at the Bristol Library, where I found Mr. George Catcott, the Sub-Librarian, much excited. "See," said he, immediately I entered the room, "here is a letter I have just received from Mr. Coleridge. Pray look at it." I read it. "Do you mean to give the letter to

I've made through earth, and air, and sea,
A voyage of discovery!
And let me add, (to ward off strife)
For V—ker and for V—ker's wife.

She, round and large beyond belief,
A superfluity of beef!
Her mind and body of a piece,
And both composed of kitchen grease.
In short, Dame Truth might safely dub her,
Vulgarity enshrined in blubber!
He, meagre bit of littleness,
All snuff, and musk, and politesse,
So thin, that, strip him of his clothing,
He'd totter on the edge of nothing! * * *

me, with its ponderous contents?" I said, "O yes, take it," he replied. This gift enables me to lay the letter in question before the reader. Mr. George Catcott was a man of worth, though of singular manners, the patron of Chatterton, through whose efforts, chiefly, the Poems of "Rowley" were preserved, and the uncle of Mr. Richard Smith, the eminent surgeon of Bristol.

"Stowey, May, 1797.

My dear Cottle,

I have sent a curious letter to George Catcott. He has altogether made me pay five shillings! for postage, by his letters sent all the way to Stowey, requiring me to return books to the Bristol Library.

* * * * *

"Mr. Catcott,

I beg your acceptance of all the enclosed letters. You must not think lightly of the present, as they cost me, who am a very poor man, five shillings.

With respect to the 'Bruck. Hist. Crit.' although by accident they were registered on the 23rd of March, yet they were not removed from the Library for a fortnight after; and when I received

your first letter, I had had the books just three weeks. Our learned and ingenious Committee may read through two quartos, that is, one thousand and four hundred pages of close printed Latin and Greek, in three weeks, for aught I know to the contrary. I pretend to no such intensesness of application, or rapidity of genius.

I must beg you to inform me, by Mr. Cottle, what length of time is allowed by the rules and customs of our institutions for each book. Whether their contents, as well as their size, are consulted, in apportioning the time, or whether, customarily, any time at all is apportioned, except when the Committee, in individual cases, choose to deem it proper. I subscribe to your library, Mr. Catcott, not to read novels, or books of quick reading and easy digestion, but to get books which I cannot get elsewhere,—books of massy knowledge; and as I have few books of my own, I read with a common-place book, so that if I be not allowed a larger period of time for the perusal of such books, I must contrive to get rid of my subscription, which would be a thing perfectly useless, except so far as it gives me an opportunity of reading your little expensive notes and letters.

Yours in christian fellowship,

S. T. Coleridge.'

Mr. C. was now preparing for a second edition of his Poems, and had sent the order in which his Poems were to be printed, with the following letter, accompanying two new Poems.

“Stowey, Friday Morning,

My dear Cottle,

* * * If you do not like the following verses, or if you do not think them worthy of an edition in which I profess to give nothing but my choicest fish, picked, gutted, and cleaned, please to get some one to write them out and send them, with my compliments, to the editor of the New Monthly Magazine. But if you think as well of them as I do (most probably from parental dotage for my last born) let them immediately follow ‘The Kiss.’

God love you,

S. T. C.”

TO AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG WOMAN,
WHOM I HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE.

Maiden! that with sullen brow,
Sitt’st behind those virgins gay;
Like a scorched, and mildew’d bough,
Leafless mid the blooms of May.

Inly gnawing, thy distresses
 Mock those starts of wanton glee ;
 And thy inmost soul confesses
 Chaste Affection's majesty.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
 Hie thee, maiden ! hie thee hence !
 Seek thy weeping mother's cot,
 With a wiser innocence !

Mute the Lavrac* and forlorn
 While she moults those firstling plumes
 That had skimm'd the tender corn,
 Or the bean-field's od'rous blooms :

Soon with renovated wing,
 Shall she dare a loftier flight,
 Upwards to the day-star sing,
 And embathe in heavenly light.

ALLEGORICAL LINES ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Myrtle Leaf, that, ill besped,
 Pinest in the gladsome ray,
 Soiled beneath the common tread,
 Far from thy protecting spray ;

* The Sky-Lark.

When the scythes-man o'er his sheaf,
Caroll'd in the yellow vale,
Sad, I saw thee, heedless leaf,
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, poor fond thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs
While the flatterer on his wing,
Woo'd, and whisper'd thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high;
Soon on this unsheltered walk,
Flung to fade, and rot, and die!

The two poems, as printed in Mr. Coleridge's edition of 1835, are here given, which by being compared with the same poems, in their original form, will exhibit a study, particularly to the Poet.

(It is to be regretted that Mr. C. in his emendations, should have excluded from the second verse of the first poem, the two best lines in the piece.

“ And thy inmost soul confesses
Chaste Affection's majesty.”)

ON AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE.

(*With Mr. C.'s last corrections.*)

Maiden, that with sullen brow
Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorched and mildew'd bough,
Leafless mid the blooms of May

Him who lured thee and forsook,
Oft I watch'd with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth,
Soft his speech, and soft his sigh ;
But no sound like simple truth,
But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
Hie thee, maiden, hie thee hence !
Seek thy weeping mother's cot,
With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
Thou hast felt that vice is woe :

With a musing melancholy,
Inly armed, go, maiden! go.

Mother sage of self-dominion,
Firm thy steps, O melancholy!
The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn
While she moults the firstling plumes,
That had skimm'd the tender corn,
Or the bean-field's odorous blooms.

Soon with renovated wing,
Shall she dare a loftier flight,
Upward to the day-star spring,
And embathe in heavenly light.

ON AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

Whom the author had known in the days of her innocence

(WITH MR. C.'S LAST CORRECTIONS.)

Myrtle-leaf that ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray;
Soiled beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirred along the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing !
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer on his wing,
Woo'd and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon upon this sheltered walk.
Flung to fade, to rot, and die.

Mr. Coleridge having requested me to decide, concerning the introduction into his volume of the two preceding Poems, I approved of the second, with certain alterations, (which was accordingly printed,) and rejected the first, for the reasons assigned in the following letter. This letter is introduced for the sake of Mr. C.'s reply, and to exhibit the candid and untenacious quality of his mind. As a mark of Mr. Coleridge's solicitude to obtain the observations of another, without surrendering his own ultimate judgment, he

always encouraged my remarks on his compositions. When about to send the second edition of his Poems to the press, he thus wrote to me.

“ My dear Cottle,

* * * On Thursday morning, by Milton, the Stowey carrier, I shall send you a parcel, containing the book of my Poems, interleaved, with the alterations, and likewise the prefaces, which I shall send to you, for your criticisms.” * * *

This is mentioned as an apology for the freedom of the remarks I then took, for it was always my principle, not to spare a friend, through mistaken kindness;—however much I might spare myself.

“ Dear Coleridge,

You have referred your two last Poems to my judgment. I do not think your first, ‘Maiden! that with sullen brow,’ admissible, without a little more of your nice ‘picking.’

The first verse is happy, but two objections apply to the second. To my ear, (perhaps too fastidious) ‘inly,’ and ‘inmost’ are too closely allied for the same stanza; but the first line presents a more serious objection, in containing a

transition verb, (or rather a participle, with the same government) without an objective :

‘Inly gnawing, thy distresses
Mock those starts of sudden glee.’

Gnawing what? surely not distresses; though the bar of a comma can hardly keep them apart. In order to give it any decent meaning, a tortuous ellipsis is necessary; to pursue which, gives the reader too much toil. Rejecting the first horse in the team, the three last are beautiful animals.

To the last line in the third stanza, I rather object; ‘With a wiser innocence.’ The meaning, it appears to me, would be more definite and in character, if you were to say, as you do not represent her utterly debased, ‘With thy wreck of innocence.’ The apostrophe to the ‘Weeping mother’s cot,’ is then impressive.

In the fourth stanza, why do you introduce the old word ‘Lavrac’ a word requiring an explanatory note? Why not say at once, ‘sky-lark?’ A short poem, *you* know better than *I*, should be smooth as oil, and lucid as glass. The two last stanzas, with their associates, will require a few of your delicate touches, before you mount them on the nautilus, which is to bear them buoyant

round the world. These two last stanzas, about the ‘Lavrac,’ though good in themselves, (with the exception of one line, which I will not point out. Its roughness absolutely reminds one of ‘Bowling-Green Lane!’) appear to me to be awkward appendages. The illustration is too much extended. It is laboured; far-fetched. It is an infelicitous attempt to blend sportive fancy, with fact that has touched the heart, and which, in this its sobered mood, shrinks from all idle play of imagination. The transition is too abrupt from truth to fancy. This simile of two stanzas, also, out of five, is a tail disproportioned to the size of so small a body:—A thought, elongated, ramified, attenuated, till its tendril convolutions have almost escaped from their parent stem. I would recommend you to let this Lavrac fly clean away, and to conclude the Poem with the third affecting stanza, unless you can continue the same train of feeling. This you might readily effect, by urging the ‘unfortunate,’ in seeking her ‘weeping mother’s cot,’ to cheer that mother by moral renovation.

I now come to the second Poem, ‘Allegorical lines.’ This poem has sound materials, but it wants some of your hard tinkering. Pardon my

unceremonious language. I do not like that affected old word, 'ill besped,' in the first line. To ascribe human feelings to a leaf, as you have done, through the whole Poem, (notwithstanding your authority) as I conceive, offensively violates reason. There is no analogy: no conceivable bond of union between thought and inanimate things, and is about as rational as though, in sober reasoning, you were to make the polished shoe remonstrate with its wearer, in being soiled so soon after it had received its lustre. It is the utmost stretch of human concession, to grant thought and language to living things;—birds, beasts, and fishes; rights which the old fblers have rendered inalienable, as vehicles of instruction; but here, as I should think, the liberty ends. It is always a pity when sense and poetry cannot go together. They are excellent arm in arm companions, but quarrelsome neighbours, when a stile separates them. The first line in the second stanza I do not like.

‘When the scythesman o’er his sheaf.’

Two objections apply to this line. The word scythesman, for a short poem, is insufferably rough; and furthermore requires the inhalation

of a good breath, before it can be pronounced; besides which, as the second objection, by connecting sheaves with scythesman, it shows that the scythe is cutting wheat, whereas, wheat is cut with a hook or sickle. If my agricultural knowledge be correct, barley and oats are cut with a scythe, but these grains are not put into sheaves. Had you not better substitute 'rustic,' for 'scythesman?'

The first line in the third stanza is not happy. The spondee, in a compound word, sometimes gives a favourable emphasis; but, to my taste, rarely, when it is formed of a double epithet. It has the appearance of labour, like tugging against a hill. Would not 'foolish' be simpler and better than 'poor fond?'

I have one other objection, and that, unfortunately, is in the last line.

'Flung to fade, and rot, and die!'

Surely, if it rots, it must die, or, have died.

Query. 'Flung to wither and to die.'

I am quite astonished at my own temerity. This is reversing the order of things; the pupil correcting his master. But, candidly speaking, I do think these two poems the most defective of

any I ever saw of yours, which, usually, have been remarkably free from all angles, on which the race of snarlers can lay hold.

From, &c. &c.

Joseph Cottle.”

Mr. Coleridge’s reply to the preceding letter.

“Wednesday morning, 10 o’clock.

My dearest Cottle,

* * * ‘Ill besped’ is indeed a sad blotch; but after having tried at least a hundred ways, before I sent the Poem to you, and often since, I find it incurable. This first Poem is but a so so composition. I wonder I could have been so blinded by the ardour of recent composition, as to see any thing in it.

Your remarks are *perfectly just* on the ‘Allegorical lines,’ except that, in this district, corn is as often cut with a scythe, as with a hook. However, for ‘*Scythesman*’ read *Rustic*. For ‘*poor fond thing,*’ read *foolish thing*, and for ‘*flung to fade, and rot, and die,*’ read *flung to wither and to die*.*

* * * * *

Milton (the carrier) waits impatiently.

S. T. C.”

* Mr. C. afterward requested that the “allegorical lines” might

Having once inquired of Mr. Coleridge something respecting a nicety in hexameters, he asked for a sheet of paper, and wrote the following. These hexameters appear in the last edition of Mr. C.'s *POEMS*, though in a less correct form, and without the condensed and well-expressed preliminary remarks. Two new lines are here also added.

“THE Hexameter consists of six feet, or twelve times. These feet, in the Latin and Greek languages, were always either Dactyls, or Spondees: the times of a Dactyl, being only that of a Spondee. In modern languages, however, metre being regulated by the emphasis, or intonation of the syllables, and not by the position of the letters, spondees can scarcely exist, except in compound words, as dark-red. Our dissyllables, are, for the most part, either iambics, as desire; or trochees, as languid. These therefore, but chiefly the latter, we must admit, instead of spondees. The four first feet of each line may be

alone be printed in his second edition, with this title: “To an Unfortunate Woman, whom the Author had known in the days of her innocence.” The first Poem, “Maiden, that with sullen brow,” &c. he meant to re-write, and which he will be found to have done, with considerable effect.

dissyllable feet, or dactyls, or both commingled, as best suits the melody, and requisite variety; but the two last feet, must, with rare exceptions, be uniformly, the former a dactyl, the latter a dissyllable. The amphimacer may, in English, be substituted for the dactyl, occasionally.

EXAMPLES.

O, what a life is the eye! What a fine and inscrutable
essence!

He that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that
warms him;

He that never beheld the swelling breast of his mother,

He that smiled at the bosom, the babe that smiles in its
slumber,

Even to him it exists. It moves, and stirs in its prison;
Lives with a separate life, and "Is it a spirit?" he
murmurs.

Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only a
language.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN, DESCRIBING HEXAMETERS IN HEXAMETERS.

Strongly it tilts us along, o'er leaping and limitless billows,
Nothing before, and nothing behind, but the sky and
the ocean.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column
In the Pentameter still, falling melodious down.

THE ENGLISH DUODECASYLLABLE.

This consists of two Dactyls, and three Trochees, ; the two Dactyls first ; and the Trochees following.

Hear, my beloved ! an old Milesian story ;
High and embosomed in congregated laurels,
Glimmered a temple, upon a breezy headland
In the dim distance, amid the skyey billows,
Rose a fair island ; the God of flocks had blest it :
From the dim shores of this bleak resounding island,
Oft in the moon-light a little boat came floating,
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland,
Where between myrtles a path-way stole in mazes,
Up to the groves of the high embosomed temple.
There in a thicket of consecrated roses,
Oft did a Priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea.
Pray him to hover around the light canoe boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusky waves, till the nightly sailor
Shiv'ring with ecstasy sank upon her bosom.

Now, by the immortals ! he was a beauteous stripling,
Worthy to dream the sweet dream of young Endymion.

In the last edition of Mr. Coleridge's poems, (3 vols, 1835) there is a poem, called "The Destiny of Nations, a Vision;"—a sounding title, with which the contents but ill accord. No note conveys information to the reader, what was the origin of this poem ; nor does any argument show its object, or train of thought. Who the maid is, no one can tell, and if there be a Vision, respecting the Destiny of Nations, it is nearly as confused and incoherent as a true vision of the night ; exciting in the mind some such undefined wonderment, as must have accompanied the descent of one of Peter Wilkins' winged Aerials

The reader may here be informed, that the Second Book of Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," to line 452, (as acknowledged) was written by Mr. Coleridge, with the intermixture of 97 lines, written by Mr. Southey) in which there are noble sentiments, expressed in the loftiest poetical diction ; and in which also there is a tutelary spirit introduced to instruct and counsel the Maid of Orleans. In the second edition of "Joan of Arc," Mr. Southey omitted the whole of these

lines, and intimated to Mr. C. his intention so to do, as early as the autumn of 1795. I advised Mr. Coleridge, from the intrinsic merit of the lines, to print them in the second edition of his poems. To this he assented, but observed, that he must greatly extend them.

Some considerable time after, he read me the poem in its enlarged state, calling it "The Progress of Liberty, or the Visions of the Maid of Orleans." I at once told him, it was all very fine, but what it was all about, I could not tell: that it wanted, I thought, an obvious design, a definite purpose, a cohesion of parts, so as to make it more of a whole, instead of its being, as it then was, profuse, but detached splendour, and exhibiting in the management, nothing like construction. Thus improved, I told him the poem would be worthy of him. Mr. C. was evidently partial to the lines, and said, "I shall consider of what you say, and speak again about them."

Amongst my papers I find two or three notes from Mr. C. on this subject, subsequently received.

"Stowey.

My dear Cottle,

If you delay the press it will give me the

opportunity I so much wish, of sending my "Visions of the Maid of Arc," to Wordsworth, who lives not above twenty miles from this place; and to Charles Lamb, whose taste and judgment, I see reason to think more correct and philosophical than my own, which yet I place pretty high,"

* * * *

In a succeeding letter Mr. Coleridge says,

"My dear Cottle,

The lines which I added to my lines in the 'Joan of Arc,' have been so little approved by Charles Lamb, to whom I sent them, that, although I differ from him in opinion, I have not heart to finish the poem." * * *

Mr. C. still retained a peculiar regard for these lines, and once meant to remodel the whole, as will appear from the following letter.

"Stowey, 1797.

My dear Cottle,

I deeply regret, that my anxieties and my slothfulness, acting in a combined ratio, prevented me from finishing my 'Progress of Liberty, or Visions of the Maid of Orleans,' with that Poem at the

head of the volume, with the Ode in the middle, and the 'Religious Musings' at the end. * * *

In the 'Lines on the Man of Ross,' immediately after these lines,

'He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He mark'd the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze,'

Please to add these two lines ;

'And o'er the portioned maiden's snowy cheek,
Bade bridal love suffuse its blushes meek.'

And, for the line,

'Beneath this roof, if thy cheer'd moments pass,'

I should be glad to substitute this,

'If near this roof thy wine-cheer'd moments pass.'

These emendations came too late for admission in the second edition ; nor have they appeared in the last edition. They will remain therefore for insertion in any future edition of Mr. Coleridge's Poems.*

* Mr. C. after much hesitation, had intended to begin his second edition with this Poem from the "Joan of Arc," in its enlarged, but imperfect state, and even sent it to the press ; but the discouraging remarks which he remembered, of one and another, at the last moment, shook his resolution, and occasioned him to withdraw it

“ Stowey, 1797.

My dear Cottle,

* * * Public affairs are in strange confusion. I am afraid that I shall prove, at least, as good a Prophet as Bard. O, doom'd to fall, my country ! enslaved and vile ! But may God make me a foreboder of evils never to come !

I have heard from Sheridan, desiring me to write a tragedy. I have no genius that way; Robert Southey has. I think highly of his ‘ Joan of Arc,’ and cannot help prophesying, that he will be known to posterity, as Shakspeare’s great grandson. I think that he will write a tragedy or tragedies.

Charles Lloyd has given me his Poems, which I give to you, on condition that you print them in wholly. He commenced his volume with the “ Ode to the Departing Year.”

Mr. Coleridge, thus, having never finished his “ Progress of Liberty, or Visions of the Maid of Orleans,” now called “ The Destiny of Nations, a Vision,” and, consequently, the Poem being, to a considerable extent, (however beautiful in detail) an incoherent mass of imagery and unorganized sentiment; the reader, it is presumed, will be pleased at finding in the Appendix, the whole 452 lines, as they appeared in the first edition of the “ Joan of Arc.” In this form the Poem is restored to its oneness, and will be deemed, as it always was, one of Mr. Coleridge’s happiest efforts. The 9 lines of Mr. Southey will be found specified.

this Volume, after Charles Lamb's Poems; the title page, 'Poems, by S. T. Coleridge. Second Edition; to which are added Poems, by C. Lamb, and C. Lloyd.' C. Lamb's poems will occupy about forty pages; C. Lloyd's at least one hundred, although only his choice fish.

P. S. I like your 'Lines on Savage.'*

* * * * *

God bless you,

S. T. Coleridge."

* WRITTEN, (1793) WITH A PENCIL, ON THE WALL OF THE ROOM IN
BRISTOL NEWGATE,
WHERE SAVAGE DIED.

HERE Savage linger'd long, and here expired!
The mean—the proud—the censured—the admired!

If, wandering o'er misfortune's sad retreat,
Stranger! these lines arrest thy passing feet,
And recollection urge the deeds of shame
That tarnish'd once an unblest Poet's fame;
Judge not another till thyself art free,
And hear the gentle voice of charity.

"No friend received him, and no mother's care
"Sheltered his infant innocence with prayer;
"No father's guardian hand his youth maintain'd,
"Call'd forth his virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

Reader! hadst thou been to neglect consign'd,
And cast upon the mercy of mankind;

In a letter received from Mr. Coleridge soon after, he says, "I shall now stick close to my Tragedy (called Osorio,) and when I have finished it, shall walk to Shaftesbury to spend a few days with Bowles. From thence I go to Salisbury, and thence to Christchurch, to see Southey."

This letter, as was usual, has no date, but a letter from Mr. Wordsworth determines about the time when Mr. C. had nearly finished his Tragedy. Mr. W. says,

"September 13, 1797.

* * * *

"Coleridge is gone over to Bowles with his Tragedy, which he has finished to the middle

Through the wide world, like Savage, forced to stray,
 And find, like him, one long and stormy day;
 Objects less noble might thy soul have sway'd,
 Or crimes, around thee, cast a deeper shade.
 While poring o'er another's mad career,
 Drop for thyself the penitential tear:
 Though prized by friends, and nurs'd in innocence,
 How oft has folly wrong'd thy better sense.
 But if some virtues in thy breast there be,
 Ask, if they sprang from *circumstance*, or *thee*!
 And ever to thy heart the precept bear,
 When thine own conscience smites, a wayward brother spare!

J. C

of the 5th Act. He set off a week ago.”

* * * *

Mr. Coleridge, in the summer of 1797 presented me with an extract from his “Osorio,” which is here given to the reader. (From Mr. C.’s own writing.)

FOSTER-MOTHER’S TALE.

(*Scene, Spain.*)

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Now blessings on the man, whoe’er he be,
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day, and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you—
’Tis more like heaven to come than what *has* been.

MARIA.

O my dear mother! this strange man has left us,
Troubled with wilder fancies than the moon
Breeds in the love-sick maid who gazes at it,
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye
She gazes idly!—But that *entrance*, Mother!

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Can no one hear! It is a perilous tale!

MARIA.

No one ?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor Old Leoni—Angels rest his soul !
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel.
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds of wild flowers and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar who gathered simples in the wood,
A grey-haired-man—he loved this little boy,
The boy loved him—and, when the Friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen ; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
So he became a very learned man.

But O! poor youth!—he read, and read, and read,
'Till his brain turned—and ere his twentieth year,
He had unlawful thoughts of many things :
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place—
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once as by the north side of the Chapel
They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well-nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened :
A fever seized the youth; and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart :
And once, as he was working in the cellar,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning *entrance* I described :
And the young man escaped.

MARIA.

'Tis a sweet tale :

Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.
And what became of him ?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on ship-board
With those bold voyagers, who made discovery
Of golden lands : Leoni's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight,
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more : but 'tis supposed,
He lived and died among the savage men.

The reference, in the following letter, to my late brother, Amos, requires an explanation. My brother, when at Cambridge, had written a Latin poem for the prize ; the subject, "Italia, Vastata." (Printed in my "Malvern Hills, and other Poems and Essays." Fourth edition, 2 vols.) My brother sent this Poem to Mr. Coleridge, with

whom he was on friendly terms, in MS. requesting the favour of his remarks; and this he did about six weeks before it was necessary to deliver it in. Mr. C. in an immediate letter, expressed his approbation of the Poem, and cheerfully undertook the task; but with a little of his procrastination, he returned the MS. with his remarks, just one day after it was too late!

The following letter of Mr. C. was in answer to a request for some copy, long promised, and for which the printer importuned.

“Stowey, 1797.

My dear, dear Cottle,

Have patience, and every thing shall be done. I think now entirely of your brother: in two days I will think entirely for you. By Wednesday next you shall have Lloyd's other Poems, with all Lamb's, &c. &c. * * * *

S. T. C.”

A little before this time, a curious, or, rather, ludicrous occurrence happened to Mr. C. during a pedestrian excursion of his into Somersetshire, as detailed in the following letter to Mr. Wade.

“ My dear friend,

I am here after a most tiresome journey; in the course of which, a woman asked me if I knew one Coleridge, of Bristol. I answered, I had heard of him. ‘Do you know, (quoth she) that that vile jacobin villain drew away a young man of our parish, one Burnet,’ &c. and in this strain did the woman continue for near an hour; heaping on me every name of abuse that the parish of Billingsgate could supply. I listened very particularly; appeared to approve all she said, exclaiming, ‘dear me!’ two or three times, and, in fine, so completely won the woman’s heart by my civilities, that I had not courage enough to undeceive her.

* * *

S. T. Coleridge.

P. S. You are a good prophet. Oh! into what a state have the scoundrels brought this devoted kingdom. If the House of Commons would but melt down their faces, it would greatly assist the copper currency—we should have brass enough.”

This was a whimsical incident, but Mr, Coleridge, when a child, between three and four

years of age, was exposed to extreme danger, arising out of an occurrence, worth narrating.

Little Sammy Coleridge had heard of fishing, and thought he could catch fish as well as his elders. With this impression strong on his mind he went to his sister Ann, (older than himself) and asked for a hook and line, when she crooked a pin, and tying it to a piece of thread, told him to go and bring home all the fish he could catch in the gutter flowing through the street. Little Sammy thought he should never be able to catch any thing better than eels, in that ignoble current, and having an ambition to catch a whale, he hurried off toward the River Otter. The evening was coming on, and not finding a whale, in one part of the river, he posted off further down; and proceeding still in his lofty pursuit, he wandered to a great distance; till, overcome with weariness, he lay down on the bank of the river, and there fell fast asleep.

We must now leave the drowsy little Bard, to notice what is transpiring at the Parsonage. Sammy being the youngest of nine sons, and two daughters, and the child, the family pet, being missed, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbours, all hurried off, in different directions, to

find, and bring home the wanderer. The state of the father and mother's mind may be imagined; their affliction increasing to distraction, as one after another returned, with the direful words, "No tidings!" Mrs. More, a worthy lady, now residing in Bristol, (from whom the account was received) was then a little girl, and living at St. Mary Ottery, next door to the Parsonage house. She was a year or two older than Sammy, with whom she was in the habit of playing, and on hearing that her "dear Sam" was missing, she became one of the first to begin, and to continue the search, but all their efforts were unavailing. Every one felt for the child, but still more for their afflicted vicar, and his disconsolate wife. The Cryer was summoned. He went through the town at ten o'clock at night, crying aloud, "Lost! a little boy, Master Sammy Coleridge. Whoever will bring him to the Parsonage, shall be handsomely rewarded." It was all to no purpose! The ponds, the wells, were examined; the whole town was in tribulation. The night waned away, yet still no tidings!

But now to return to little Sammy. Sound in his slumbers, he forgot the world, and all things in it; the trouble at the Parsonage, and the bustle

in the town, but his bed being rather uncomfortable, in his dreaming restlessness, he had slipt down the bank, near to the very margin of the river. Sammy feeling himself cold, but still not awake, called out. The public road at this place passed near the river, and a waggoner proceeding along, at four in the morning, thought he heard a child's voice! He stopped, and listened. He now heard the voice cry out, "Betty! Betty! I can't pull up the clothes." The waggoner went to the margin of the river when he saw, to his astonishment, a little child with a withy bough in his hand, which hung over the stream, pulling hard, and on the very point of dragging himself into the water. The child when awakened, as well as frightened, could only say, his name was Sammy, and the waggoner carrying him into Ottery, joy, indescribable, soon spread through the town and the Parsonage!

Robert Burns had died in 1796. Finding that his family had little more than their father's fame to support them, I consulted with Mr. Coleridge, whether it would not be possible, to add to the fund, then being raised, by promoting a subscription in Bristol, in furtherance of such design. It being deemed feasible, while Mr. C. undertook to

write a Poem on the subject, to be inserted in a Bristol Paper, I sent the following advertisement to the same vehicle.

TO THE CITIZENS OF BRISTOL.

It will doubtless afford much pleasure to the liberal portion of the inhabitants of this city, to understand that a subscription has been set on foot in different parts of the kingdom, for the wife and five small children of poor Burns, the Scotch poet. There has already been subscribed—

At Dumfries (where the Bard lived)	£104	12	0
At Edinburgh	64 16 0
At Liverpool	67 10 0

Whoever, in Bristol, from their admiration of departed Genius, may wish to contribute, in rescuing from distress the family of Robert Burns, will be pleased to leave their donations with Mr. Cottle, High-Street. Mr. Nichol, of Pall-Mall, London, will publicly acknowledge the receipt of all monies subscribed in this city.

The sum we transmitted to the general fund, did credit to the liberality of Bristol.

Mr. Coleridge had often, in the keenest terms, expressed his contemptuous indignation, at the Scotch patrons of the poet, in making him an exciseman! so that something biting was expected.

It may here be noticed, that if Mr. C.'s nature had been less benevolent, and he had given full vent to the irascible and satirical; the restrained elements of which abounded in his spirit, he would have obtained the least enviable of all kinds of pre-eminence, and have become the undisputed Modern Juvenal.

The Poem Mr. Coleridge wrote for the Bristol paper, was entitled, "To a Friend, [Charles Lloyd] who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry." In reading the Poem immediately after it was written, the rasping force which Mr. C. gave to the following concluding lines was inimitable.

"Is thy Burns dead?

And shall he die unwept, and sink to earth,

Without the meed of one melodious tear?

Thy Burns, and nature's own beloved Bard,

Who, to 'the illustrious of his native land,'*

So properly did look for patronage.

Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!

They took him from the sickle and the plough—

To guage ale firkins!

* Verbatim, from Burn's dedication of his Poems to the nobility and gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

O, for shame return !

On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian Mount,
 There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
 Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
 Make solemn music, pluck its darkest bough,
 Ere yet th' unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
 And weeping, wreath it round thy Poet's tomb :
 Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
 Pick stinking henbane, and the dusky flowers
 Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit ;
 These, with stopped nostril, and glove-guarded hand,
 Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine
 Th' Illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility !

Mr. George Burnet resided sometimes with his relations, sometimes with Mr. Coleridge at Stowey. Mr. and Mrs. C. were now in Bristol, when Mr. C. was summoned back, on account of G. Burnet's sudden and serious illness. On reaching Stowey, Mr. Coleridge sent me the following letter.

“ Stowey,

My dear friend,

I found George Burnet ill enough, heaven knows, Yellow Jaundice,—the introductory symptoms very violent. I return to Bristol on Thursday, and shall not leave till all be done.

Remind Mrs. Coleridge of the kittens, and tell her that George's brandy is just what smuggled spirits might be expected to be, execrable! The smack of it remains in my mouth, and I believe will keep me most horribly temperate for half a century. He (Burnet) was bit, but I caught the Brandiphobia.* [obliterations * * * * *
* * * * *]

(—scratched out, well knowing that you never allow such things to pass, uncensured. A good joke, and it slipt out most impromptu—ishly.)

The mice play the very devil with us. It irks me to set a trap. By all the whiskers of all the pussies that have mewed plaintively, or amorously, since the days of Whittington, it is not fair. 'Tis telling a lie. 'Tis as if you said, Here is a bit of toasted cheese; come little mice! I invite you! when, O foul breach of the rights of hospitality! I mean to assassinate my too credulous guests! No, I cannot set a trap, but I should vastly like to make a Pitt—fall. (Smoke the Pun!) But concerning

* It appears that Mr. Burnet had been prevailed upon by smugglers to buy some prime cheap brandy, but which Mr. Coleridge affirmed to be a compound of Hellebore, kitchen grease, and Assafoetida! or something as bad.

the mice, advise thou, lest there be famine in the land. Such a year of scarcity! Inconsiderate mice! Well, well, so the world wags.

Farewell,

S. T. C.”

P. S. I wish my pockets were as yellow as George's phiz! *

The preceding letter is about a fair example of that playful and ebullient imagination for which Mr. Coleridge, at this time, was distinguished. Subjects high and low received the same embellishment. Figure crowded on figure, and image on image, in new and perpetual variety.

Mr. Coleridge was once reprobating, to me, the introduction of all Bull and Bear similes into Poetry. “Well,” I replied, “whatever your antipathies may be to bulls and bears, you have no objection to Wolves.” “Yes” he answered, “I equally abominate the whole tribe of lion, bull, bear, boar, and wolf similes. They are more thread-bare than a beggar's cast-off coat. From their rapid transition from hand to hand, they are

* Mr. George Burnet died at the age of thirty-two, 1807.

now more hot and sweaty than halfpence on a market day. I would as soon meet a wolf in the open field, as in a friend's poem." I then rejoined, "Your objection, once, at least, to wolf similes, was not quite so strong, seeing you prevailed on Mr. Southey to throw into the first book of "Joan of Arc," a five-line flaming wolf simile of yours. One could almost see the wolf leap, he was so fierce!" "Ah," said Mr. C. "but the discredit rests on him, not on me."

The simile, in question, if not a new subject, is, at least, perhaps, as energetically expressed as any five lines in Mr. Coleridge's writings.

“As who, through many a summer night serene
 Had hover'd round the fold with coward wish;
 Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf,
 From his bleak mountain and his den of snows
 Leaps terrible and mocks the shepherd's spear.”

Book 1. L 47.

In the second edition of "Joan of Arc," Mr. Southey omitted these five lines, as well as all the lines in the second book which were written by Mr. Coleridge, as before noticed.

“ June, 1797.

My dear Cottle,

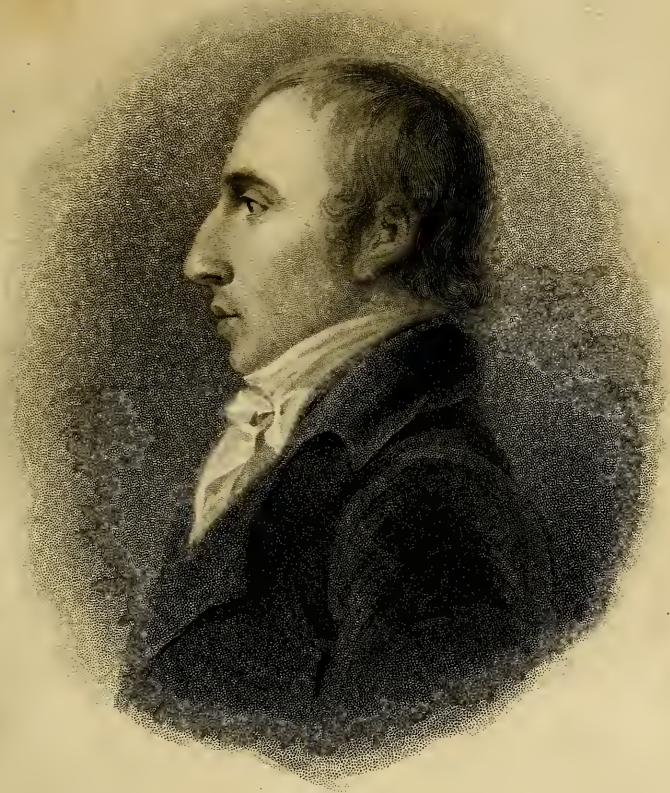
I am sojourning, for a few days, at Racedown, Dorset, the mansion of our friend Wordsworth: who presents his kindest respects to you. * * *

Wordsworth admires my tragedy, which gives me great hopes. Wordsworth has written a Tragedy himself. I speak with heart-felt sincerity, and, I think, unblinded judgment, when I tell you, that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me. There are in the piece, those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the “Robbers” of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities. * * * * *

God bless you, and eke,*

S. T. Coleridge.”

* The reader will have observed a peculiarity in most of Mr. Coleridge's conclusions to his letters. He generally says, “God bless you, and, or eke, S. T. C.” so as to involve a compound blessing.



WM WORDSWORTH,

From a Drawing by Hancock (1798) in the Possession of Mr Coltle.

Respecting this Tragedy of Mr. W.'s, (parts of which I afterwards heard with the highest admiration) Mr. Coleridge in a succeeding letter gives me the following information. "I have procured for Wordsworth's Tragedy an introduction to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who has promised to read it attentively, and give his answer immediately; and if he accepts it, to put it in preparation without an hour's delay."

This Tragedy, may or may not have been deemed suitable for the stage. Should the latter prove the case, and the closet be its element, the public, after these intimations, will importunately urge Mr. W. to a publication of this dramatic piece, so calculated still to augment his high reputation,

There is a peculiar pleasure in recording the favourable sentiments which one Poet entertains of another, I therefore state that Mr. Coleridge says, in a letter, received from him, March 8th, 1798, "The Giant Wordsworth—God love him! When I speak in the terms of admiration due to his intellect, I fear lest these terms should keep out of sight the amiableness of his manners. He has written near twelve hundred lines of blank verse, superior, I hesitate not to aver, to any thing

in our language which any way resembles it.”

And in a letter received from Mr. Coleridge, 1807, he says—speaking of his friend Mr. W.—“He is one, whom God knows, I love and honour as far beyond myself, as both morally and intellectually he is above me.”

“Stowey, 1797.

My dear Cottle,

W— and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed! in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such, that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion, her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw would say,

“Guilt was a thing impossible in her.”

Her information various. Her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste, a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws in, at subtlest beauties, and most recondite faults.

She and W. desire their kindest respects to you.

* * * Give my love to your brother Amos. I condole with him on the loss of the prize, but it is the fortune of war! The finest Greek Poem I ever wrote lost the prize,* and that which gained it, was contemptible. An Ode may sometimes be too bad for the prize, but very often too good.

Your ever affectionate friend,

S. T. C.”

“Stowey, Sept. 1797.

My very dear Cottle,

Your illness afflicts me, and unless I receive a full account of you by Milton, I shall be very uneasy, so do not fail to write.

Herbert Croft is in Exeter Goal! This is unlucky. Poor devil! He must now be unpepered. We are all well. W. is well. Hartley sends a grin to you! He has another tooth!

In the waggon, there was brought, from Bath, a trunk, in order to be forwarded to Stowey, directed, ‘S. T. Coleridge, Stowey, near Bridge-

* Mr. Coleridge used to speak in high terms of Porson, the Greek Professor, and regretted that when his unsuccessful Ode was delivered in, Porson happened not to be one of the examiners; which circumstance, Mr. C. thought, lost him the prize.

water.' This, we suppose, arrived in Bristol on Tuesday or Wednesday, last week. It belonged to Thelwall. If it be not forwarded to Stowey, let it be stopped, and not sent.

Give my kind love to your brother Robert, and *ax* him to put on his hat, and run without delay to the inn, or place, by whatever bird, beast, fish, or man distinguished, where Parsons's Bath wagon sets up.

From your truly affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge."

A letter written, at this time, by Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Wade, more particularly refers to Mr. Thelwall's visit at Stowey.

"Stowey, 1797.

My very dear friend,

* * * John Thelwall is a very warm-hearted, honest man; and disagreeing as we do, on almost every point of religion; of morals; of politics, and philosophy, we like each other uncommonly well. He is a great favourite with Sara. Energetic activity of mind and of heart, is his master feature. He is prompt to conceive, and still prompter to execute: but I think he is defi-

cient in that patience of mind which can look intensely and frequently at the same subject. He believes and disbelieves with impassioned confidence. I wish to see him doubting, and doubting. He is intrepid, eloquent, and honest. Perhaps, the only acting democrat that is honest, for the patriots are ragged cattle: a most execrable herd. Arrogant because they are ignorant, and boastful of the strength of reason, because they have never tried it enough to know its weakness. . Oh! my poor country! The clouds cover thee. There is not one spot of clear blue in the whole heaven!

My love to all whom you love, and believe me, with brotherly affection, with esteem and gratitude, and every warm emotion of the heart,

Your faithful

S. T. Coleridge.”

“London, 1797.

Dear Cottle,

If Mrs. Coleridge be in Bristol, pray desire her to write to me immediately, and I beg you, the moment you receive this letter, to send to No. 17, Newfoundland Street, to know whether she be there. I have written to Stowey, but if she be in

Bristol, beg her to write to me of it by return of post, that I may immediately send down some cash for her travelling expenses, &c. We shall reside in London for the next four months.

God bless you, Cottle, I love you,

S. T. Coleridge."

P. S. The volume (second edition, Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb) is a most beautiful one. You have determined that the three Bards shall walk up Parnassus, in their best bib and tucker.

Mr. Coleridge stated, (p. 253) that Herbert Croft was in Exeter Goal, and that "he must now be unpeppered." Some explanation may here be necessary; and as the subject has something of a public interest, I may be permitted to enter a little the more into detail.

Mr. Southey and myself had often expressed our concern, that Chatterton's relatives should have derived so little advantage from the whole of Chatterton's works; from those, both of his own, confessedly, and also from the numerous Poems of the assumed Rowley. Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, had before complained to me of the disho-

nourable conduct of a gentleman, who, some years prior, had called on her, expressing an enthusiastic admiration of her brother's genius, when he requested the melancholy pleasure of seeing all the Bard's letters, then in her and her mother's possession. The voice of sympathy induced her to exhibit to him the whole of her brother's MSS. Productions which were not only dear to her heart, but, to her, especially valuable, as strangers often called to inquire respecting Chatterton, and to see some of his writing, when, on their curiosity being satisfied, they rarely departed without presenting Mrs. Newton, or her aged mother, (often both) with some little present. These small donations were in a high degree acceptable to her, as she was a widow, with one child, and without any means of support, except that which she derived from teaching infants their letters, at three pence per week.

Mrs. Newton stated, that when "the gentleman saw her brother's writings, he appeared quite affected." "I can never read," he said, "these precious and touching papers, before you, to whom so many of them were addressed. Allow me to take them to my inn, for an hour, when they shall carefully be returned, with a thousand

thanks." The timely present of half-a-guinea to herself and a guinea to her mother, disarmed suspicion, and he was allowed to take them all to his inn, perfect stranger as he was.

The hour expired! The day expired! The week expired! Still the family letters were not returned! and, to augment the evil, the almost distracted Mrs. Chatterton, and her daughter, knew not the name even, of the gentleman to whom they had so imprudently entrusted their treasure! At the expiration of a fortnight, however, they heard from the unknown gentleman; but, instead of returning the MSS. he merely promised that they should be returned, and signed his name "Herbert Croft," but without, at the same time, giving his address. A second letter soon followed, accompanied by no MSS. but containing expressions of regard, and requesting Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter to send him every particular they could recollect, relating to Chatterton, and under the fond hope that Mr. Croft meditated something to their advantage, they sent him a long and circumstantial narrative.

Some months after this, a work appeared, by this Mr. Herbert Croft, called "Love and Madness," in which the whole of the letters, thus sur-

reptitiously obtained, were found to be printed, together with Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter's last long letter! Mr. Croft's publication was founded on a recent tragical event, and rhapsodical as it was, would, in all probability, have attracted little notice, but for the exhibition it made of Chatterton's valuable letters. This work, also, appeared, just at the period when the Rowleyan-controversy was at its height; and as it contained so much more of Chatterton's personal history than had yet been given to the public, the work became popular, and edition followed edition in quick succession.

When Mrs. Chatterton found that all her unfortunate son's letters were thus published, and that for the benefit of a stranger, she felt the injustice that had been done to her, and having, with much difficulty, obtained Mr. Croft's address, she sent him a letter, in which she charged him with duplicity, and accused him of having wronged the widowed mother of him whom he professed so greatly to admire.

Mr. Croft, in his reply, without denying the charges of duplicity and injustice, enclosed ten pounds; five pounds for Mrs. C. and five for Mrs. N. with continued expressions of regard.

Here the affair rested, till 1796. When recollecting the extensive sale, and consequent emolument, that must have attended the publication containing Chatterton's letters, and remembering the small advantage Mrs. Newton had derived from it, (for Mrs. Chatterton was now dead) an individual recommended her to write to Mr. Croft, and gave her the copy of a letter, to ask for some further remuneration; especially as Mrs. N. was now in circumstances that urgently required assistance, with her sight rapidly declining.

To this letter, no answer was returned. Mrs. N. then addressed to him a second letter, much to the same purport; but she now intimated, that, acting with the advice of some respectable friends, if no attention was paid to this letter, some public notice might be taken of the manner in which he had obtained her brother's papers.

This letter produced a reply, dictated alone by the true spirit of folly, wherein he said. "The sort of threatening letter which Mrs. Newton's is, will never succeed with me. * * * * but if the clergyman of the parish will do me the favour to write me word, through Mrs. Newton, what Chatterton's relations consist of, and, what characters they bear! I will try by every thing in

my power, to serve them; yet certainly not, if any of them pretend to have the smallest claim upon me."

During Mr. Southey's residence in Bristol, I informed him of this discreditable affair, and accompanied him to Mrs. Newton, who confirmed the whole of the preceding statement. Our indignation at Mr. Croft's whole conduct was suspended for a moment, to marvel at his vain supposition, that not a person would be found in Bristol, at that time, or in succeeding years, who would resent an injury done to the relatives of the greatest genius that ever adorned its annals!

We now enquired of Mrs. Newton, if she still possessed any writings of her brother's? Her reply was, "Nothing. Mr. Croft had them all," (with the exception of one precious relic of no value, as a publication, she conceived, and which she meant to retain till death.—The identical pocket book, which Chatterton took with him to London, and in which he had entered his cash account, Dr. and Cr. while in the metropolis, with a list of the various political letters he had addressed to the Lord Mayor, and the first personages in the land.*

* On her death bed, Mrs. Newton sent me this pocket book, as a grateful memorial, and which I still retain.—J. C.

Had Mr. Croft, in this state of the business, sent Mrs. Newton a small donation, or written in more conciliating terms; or even if he had expressed, that a present at that time would be inconvenient, the whole affair, so far as Mr. Southey and myself were concerned, without altering our views of the transaction, would have been passed over in silence; but when Herbert Croft, Esq. an opulent man, as he was supposed to be, and heir to a Baronetcy, thus insulted the sister of Chatterton, by requiring information of her family resting on other than her own words, and by demanding as the price of his favour, a parish certificate of her character! we determined, however reluctantly, on ulterior proceedings.

Fairly to apprise Mr. Croft of the offence which his last letter had given to Mrs. Newton and her friends, and of the determination of those friends to see justice done to the sister of Chatterton, I wrote to this gentleman a letter, recapitulating the whole circumstances of the case; pointing out Mrs. Newton's reasonable claims, and urging him, by a timely concession, to prevent that publicity which, otherwise, would inevitably follow. To this letter I signed my name, but received no answer. Mr. Southey at length finally determined to print

by subscription, all Chatterton's works, including those ascribed to Rowley, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton and her daughter. It was not to injure the reputation of Mr. Croft, but to interest the public in the subscription, by showing the unfair means by which that gentleman had obtained Chatterton's family letters, that even his name was mentioned. The calculation was not unfounded. The public did sympathize rightly on the occasion, for after Mr. Southey had sent his "Proposals" to the Monthly Magazine, a handsome subscription followed. With these "Proposals," Mr. S. detailed the whole case between Mrs. Newton, and Mr. Croft, and published their respective letters, conceiving that it was conferring a benefit on Society, to expose an unworthy conduct, that required no other forbearance, than an uncommented statement of facts.

A case of so serious a nature, and so well sustained by evidence; in the same proportion that it interested all generous minds, produced in Mr. Herbert Croft, rage and resentment, untameable. For some cause or other, Mr. Croft, at the time Mr. Southey issued his "Proposals, for a complete edition of Chatterton's works," resided at Copenhagen, when having learnt of Mr. S.'s

exposure, he instantly wrote a defence of himself, dated from that place, and published it in a pamphlet, with the following title.

“CHATTERTON,
AND
LOVE AND MADNESS.

A LETTER FROM DENMARK,
respecting an unprovoked attack made upon the writer, during
his absence from England. &c.

BY THE
REV. SIR HERBERT CROFT, BART.”

(Since his last letter, it appeared, Mr. Croft had gone into the Church, and had acquired his title.) This defence of himself, is a genuine curiosity. It is not to be supposed, that a man writing in his own vindication, would fail to enforce the strongest points; and without some such points, to form the basis of the justifying plea, it would be no defence at all. This was the case with Sir H. Croft. He does not deny having borrowed Chatterton's letters for one hour, (without giving his name) and then keeping them for months. He does not deny

having taken copies of these letters, for a selfish purpose. He does not deny his having published (without permission) all these letters of Chatterton to his mother and sister, for his own emolument, in "Love and Madness." Except the bait, in the first instance, of a "guinea and a half;" he does not deny his having refrained from making any compensation to the mother and sister of Chatterton, for the injury he had done them, till the former upbraided him with "duplicity." The best defence the Rev. Baronet makes, is, that he presented Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter with the preceding ten pounds, but if it had been ten hundred pounds, it would not have exonerated him from the grave charge of having borrowed Chatterton's letters, for an hour, keeping them for months, and then publishing them, without permission, for his own benefit!

With so sandy a foundation on which to build a defence, it becomes an object of speculation, what kind of an edifice, a man, with so desperate a determination, would succeed in rearing. Having no effective arguments to advance, Sir Herbert strives to supply their place, by the grossest personal abuse of Mr. Southey, and, (with a copious introduction of wholly irrelevant matter) attaches

his name to the feeblest of productions ; in which vanity alternates with impotent sarcasm, and stingless irony. The reader may be amused by a specimen or two of Sir Herbert Croft's formidable attack on the present Poet Laureat, in which he takes high ground, little suspecting the rank his opponent was destined to hold in English literature. The Rev Baronet evinces an heroic determination, by a pen and ink thunderbolt, to crush, downright, his weak and death-devoted antagonist. He thus enters triumphantly on the arena of battle.

“I cannot be expected, by any man of honour ! or feeling, to descend to answer a scurrilous person, signing himself Robert Southey.” (He *is* answering him!)

“I have ever revered the little finger of Chatterton, more than Mr. Southey knows how to respect the poor boy's whole body.” (Which proved it most ?)

“I learn so much of Mr. Southey's justice from his abuse, that I should be ashamed of myself, were this person ever to disgrace me by his praise ; which might happen, did he wish to gain money, or fame ! by becoming the officious editor of MY WORKS !” (What, and where are these works ?)

“Innocence would less often fall a prey to villany, if it boldly met the whole of a nefarious accusation !”

“The great Mr. Southey writes prose somewhat like bad poetry, and poetry somewhat like bad prose.”

“Chatterton was the glory of that Bristol which I hope Mr. S. will not further disgrace.”

“A little dictionary-maker, baited by a great epic poet!”*

“My ‘Life of Young.’ I am persuaded that my enemies think better (at the bottom) of this Life, than I have ever thought, even in consequence of Johnson’s praise.”

A remark must here be made on this Life of Dr. Young, by the then Herbert Croft, Esq. founded on a sentiment I adopted, early in life, and which has been confirmed by my maturer judgment.

When Dr. Johnson undertook to write “the Lives of the English Poets,” Mr. Croft, officiously, applied to the Dr. for permission to write the Life of Young. Dr. Johnson, in an evil hour, granted the permission. This transfer to “profane

* Mr. Herbert Croft, some years before, had printed proposals for publishing by subscription, an edition of Johnson’s Dictionary, in which he professed to have accumulated (oh, careless Dr. Johnson and Mr. Todd!) “twenty thousand words, not technical or provincial, but illustrated by examples from the books quoted by Dr. Johnson, and from others of the best authority.” No subscribers could be obtained, and therefore the work was not published.

hands," is greatly to be deplored by all who reverence the name of Dr. Young, as it took the task from one whose critical sagacity, was peculiarly suited to delineate the subtle features of Young's character, and, with due discrimination, to characterize his writings:—a genuine poet, whose capacities were of the first order, and who, if his taste had been equal to his genius, would have stood in the very foremost rank of English poets. The "Life of Young," by Mr. Croft, in the most dispassionate estimate, forms the great blot in the work of our English Plutarch. A more tame and bald piece of biography, than the "Life of Dr. Young, by Herbert Croft, Esq." the English language cannot produce. The writer neither understood his character, nor possessed grasp of mind sufficient to comprehend his genius. A good Life of Young is a desideratum.

The Rev Baronet continues :

"Mr. Southey very well knows his motives for making such a character as he represents me, a clergyman, before I actually was one."

"Mr. Southey, not content with trying to 'filch from me my good name,' in order to enrich himself, (conduct agreeable enough to what I have heard of

BRISTOL Pantisocracy,) but condescends to steal from me my humble prose!" &c. &c.

If the reader should discover (what I have failed to do) any thing in the Rev. Sir H. Croft, Bart.'s defence, which presents an approximation toward a justification of his conduct, most sincerely shall I rejoice; for to censure is at all times painful, but especially so when the object is a clergyman, and one who, at the same time, has passed to his final account!

Chatterton's works were now published, in three volumes, 8vo. during a ten months' residence of mine, in London, in the year 1802. Mr. Southey arranged all the old materials, and had he then dwelt in London, rather than in Bristol, he would doubtless have been more successful than myself, in his application to the British Museum, and the Herald's College, &c. as well as in hunting out and examining the various periodical works, in which might be found any of Chatterton's hitherto undetected communications. I however did not spare my best efforts, and in my enquiries, I derived considerable assistance from the urbanity of the late Mr. Haslewood, who had taken, for many years, a deep interest in the

question of Rowley and Chatterton, and had collected, he believed, one copy of every work that had been published in this severe and protracted controversy; comprising (with other connecting links) an aggregate of eighteen vols. 8vo. These, Mr. H. politely submitted to my inspection.*

Mr. Southey gave me an unrestricted permission (without consulting him) to make what observations I thought proper in the course of the work, provided, that to such observations I affixed my name.

I may further observe, that neither the thought, nor the wish, had ever for one moment been entertained by me, of dividing the editorial honour with Mr. Southey, to whom, as the prime mover, the praise so exclusively belonged; but, with that generosity which is natural to him, in the preface, Mr. S. thus wrote. "The editors (for so much of the business has devolved on Mr. Cottle, that the plural term is necessary) the editors have to acknowledge," &c. &c. "They have felt peculiar pleasure, as natives of the same city, in per-

* On the sale of Mr. Haslewood's books, this valuable collection of the Chattertonian controversy and papers, was purchased by J. M. Gutch, Esq. of Bristol.

forming this act of justice to Chatterton's fame, and to the interests of his family."

The result of this edition of "Chatterton's works," was, that we had the happiness of paying Mrs. Newton, (the poet's sister) first and last, more than three hundred pounds, (either by ourselves, or through the hands of others,) as the produce of her brother's works. When I paid Mrs. N. the last sum of £154 15s. her joy was almost more than she could bear, and exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed. Mrs. N. gave me the following receipt.

"I acknowledge to have received from Mr. Cottle, the sum of one hundred and fifty-four pounds, fifteen shillings.

Mary Newton."

Bristol, Cathay, Feb. 2nd, 1804.

This money rendered comfortable, the last days of Chatterton's sister and niece, (for the niece died two years after her mother) and Mr. Southey and myself derive no common satisfaction in having contributed to so desirable an end.*

* It was not the purpose of Mr. Southey and myself to prepare a new Life of Chatterton, nor to search out every vestige of the Bard's composition which persevering efforts might have discovered in the

Before this subject be dismissed, I may subjoin, that, in publishing the edition of Chatterton's works, the consideration of the question respecting the authenticity of Rowley (I regret to say) devolved exclusively on myself. As I had obtained much new documentary evidence since the grand controversy, (besides, knowing many, if not most, of Chatterton's personal friends,) and from these advantages was enabled to take a juster view of the subject than could previously have been taken, I condensed the arguments in favour of Chatterton into four essays, and which were printed in Chatterton's works, with the initials, "J. C."

In the year 1829, in publishing the fourth edition of my "Malvern Hills, Poems, and Essays,"

periodicals of that day. Our sole object was, to serve Chatterton's destitute family, by publishing for their benefit, the whole of Rowley and Chatterton's generally received writings, with the introduction of certain MSS. more recently obtained; and, in furtherance of this design, adopting the best existing Life, (Dr. Gregory's) imperfect as it confessedly was. This object of ours was completely answered; but that much was left to reward the spirit of enquiry, is proved by the "Life of Chatterton," recently published, by Mr. John Dix, of Bristol, whose work reflects credit on his indefatigable exertions, and which will, it is presumed, supersede the unsatisfactory Lives of Bristol's "Marvellous Boy," with which alone the public have hitherto been furnished.

having received an accession of fresh matter, and reflected more maturely on the subject, I enlarged these four Essays, and printed them in that work. A subject like that of the respective claims of Rowley and Chatterton, which for so many years had divided the literary world, was worthy, I thought, of a full discussion, and final settlement. To this point the subject I believe now to be brought; for after reading even the small portion of the evidence, which will be found in the Appendix, it would be difficult to conceive that any logical mind could still believe in Rowley. The forgery proceeded from Bristol, and it was right that the full and decisive detection should originate in the same place.

Higher authority than that of Mr. Wordsworth could not be adduced, who on being presented by me with a copy of the above work, thus replied.

“ My dear Sir,

I received yesterday, through the hands of Mr. Southey, a very agreeable mark of your regard, in a present of two volumes of your miscellaneous works, for which accept my sincere thanks. I have read a good deal of your volumes with much

pleasure, and, in particular, the ‘Malvern Hills,’ which I found greatly improved. I have also read the ‘Monody on Henderson,’ both favourites of mine. And I have renewed my acquaintance with your observations on Chatterton, which I always thought very highly of, as being conclusive on the subject of the forgery. * * *

With many thanks, I remain,

My dear Mr. Cottle,

Your old and affectionate friend,

William Wordsworth.

Patterdale, August 2nd, 1829.”

But now to return to Mr. Coleridge, from whom I received the following letter.

“Stowey, June 29th, 1797.

My very dear Cottle,

* * * Charles Lamb will probably be here in about a fortnight. Could you not contrive to put yourself in a Bridgewater coach, and T. Poole would fetch you in a one-horse chaise to Stowey. What delight would it not give us.

* * * *

It was not convenient at this time to accept Mr. C.’s invitation, but going to Stowey two or

three weeks afterward, I learnt how pleasantly the interview had been between Charles Lamb and himself. It is delightful, even at the present moment, to recal the images connected with my then visit to Stowey, (which those can best understand, who, like myself, have escaped from severe duties to a brief season of happy recreation :) Mr. Coleridge welcomed me with the warmest cordiality. He talked of his old school-fellow, Lamb, with affection, who had so recently left him; regretted he had not an opportunity of introducing me to one whom he so highly valued. Mr. C. took peculiar delight in assuring me (at least, at that time) how happy he was; exhibiting, successively, his house, his garden, his orchard, laden with fruit; and also the contrivances he had made to unite his two neighbours' domains with his own.

After the grand circuit had been accomplished, by hospitable contrivance, we approached the "Jasmine harbour," when, to our gratifying surprise, we found the tripod table laden with delicious bread and cheese, surmounted by a brown mug of the true Taunton ale. We instinctively took our seats; and there must have been some downright witchery in the provision which sur-

passed all of its kind; nothing like it on the wide terrene, and one glass of the Taunton, settled it to an axiom. While the dappled sun-beams played on our table, through the umbrageous canopy, the very birds seemed to participate in our felicities, and poured forth their selectest anthems. As we sat in our sylvan hall of splendour, a company of the happiest of mortals, (T. Poole, C. Lloyd, S. T. Coleridge, and myself) the bright-blue heavens; the sporting insects; the balmy zephyrs; the feathered choristers; the sympathy of friends, all augmented the pleasurable to the highest point this side the celestial! Every interstice of our hearts being filled with happiness, as a consequence, there was no room for sorrow, exorcised as it now was, and hovering around at unapproachable distance. With our spirits thus entranced, though we might weep at other moments, yet joyance so filled all within and without, that, if, at this juncture, tidings had been brought us, that an irruption of the ocean had swallowed up all our dear brethren of Pekin; from the pre-occupation of our minds, "poor things," would have been our only reply, with anguish put off till the morrow. While thus elevated in the universal current of our feelings.





CHARLES LAMB,

From a Drawing by Hancock (1798) in the Possession of M. Cottle.

Mrs. Coleridge approached, with her fine Hartley; we all smiled, but the father's eye beamed transcendental joy! "But, all things have an end."

Yet, pleasant it is for memory to treasure up in her choicest depository, a few such scenes, (these "sunny spots" in existence!) on which the spirit may repose, when the rough, adverse winds shake and disfigure all beside.

Although so familiar with the name and character of Charles Lamb, through the medium of S. T. Coleridge, yet my intercourse (with the exception of one casual visit) commenced with him in the year 1802, during a residence of many months in London, when we often met. After this period, from my residing permanently in Bristol, our acquaintance was intermitted, till 1819, when he requested the loan of a portrait, for the purpose expressed in the following letter.

"Dear Sir,

It is so long since I have seen or heard from you, that I fear you will consider a request I have to make, as impertinent. About three years since, when I was in Bristol, I made an effort to see you, by calling at Brunswick Square, but you were from home. The request I have to make, is,

that you would very much oblige me, if you have any small portrait of yourself, by allowing me to have it copied, to accompany a selection of the likenesses of "Living Bards," which a most particular friend of mine is making. If you have no objection, and would oblige me by transmitting such portrait, I will answer for taking the greatest care of it, and for its safe return. I hope you will pardon the liberty,

From an old friend and well wisher,

Charles Lamb."

In consequence of this application, I sent Charles Lamb the portrait, by Branwhite, (No. 18, future page) and enclosed for his acceptance, the second part of my "Messiah." When the portrait was returned, it was accompanied with the following letter, containing a few judicious remarks, such as might have been expected from one whose judgment Mr. Coleridge so highly estimated. I do not withhold these criticisms, though to the disparagement of myself.

"Dear Sir,

My friend, whom you have obliged by the loan of your picture, has had it very nicely copied (and

a very spirited drawing it is; so every one thinks who has seen it.) The copy is not much inferior to yours, done by a daughter of Joseph's, R. A.

I accompany the picture with my warm thanks, both for that, and your better favour the 'Més-siah,' which I assure you I have read through with great pleasure. The verses have great sweetness, and a New Testament plainness about them which affected me very much. I could just wish that in page 63, you had omitted the lines 71 and 72, and had ended the period with,

'The willowy brook was there, but that sweet sound—
'When to be heard again on earthly ground!'

Two very sweet lines, and the sense perfect.

And in page 154, line 68,

'He spake, 'I come, ordain'd a world to save,
'To be baptis'd by thee in Jordan's wave.'

These words are hardly borne out by the story, and seem scarce accordant with the modesty with which our Lord came to take his common portion among the baptismal candidates. They also anticipate the beauty of John's recognition of the Messiah, and the subsequent confirmation by the Voice and Dove.

You will excuse the remarks of an old brother bard, whose career, though long since pretty well stopped, was coeval in its beginning with your own, and who is sorry his lot has been always to be so distant from you. It is not likely that C. L. will see Bristol again, but if J. C. should ever visit London, he will be a most welcome visitor to C. L.

My sister joins in cordial remembrances.

Dear sir,

Yours truly,

Charles Lamb.

Having always entertained for Charles Lamb a very kind feeling, independently of my admiration of his wit and genius, I requested his acceptance of my poem of the "Fall of Cambria," to which he sent the following characteristic reply.

"London, India House, May 26, 1829.

My dear Sir,

I am quite ashamed of not having acknowledged your kind present earlier, but that unknown something, which was never yet discovered, though so often speculated upon, which stands in the way of lazy folks' answering letters, has

presented its usual obstacle. It is not forgetfulness, nor disrespect, nor incivility, but terribly like all these bad things.

I have been in my time a great Epistolary scribbler, but the passion, and with it the facility, at length wears out, and it must be pumped up again by the heavy machinery of duty or gratitude, when it should run free. .

I have read your 'Fall of Cambria' with as much pleasure as I did your 'Messiah.' Your Cambrian Poem I shall be tempted to repeat oftenest, as Human poems take me in a mood more frequently congenial than Divine. The character of Llewellyn pleases me more than any thing else perhaps, and then, some of the Lyrical Pieces are fine varieties.

It was quite a mistake that I could dislike any thing you should write against Lord Byron, for I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration of his genius; he is great in so little a way. To be a Poet is to be the Man; not a petty portion of occasional low passion worked up into a permanent form of humanity. Shakspeare has thrust such rubbishly feelings into a corner—the dark dusky heart of Don John, in the 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

The fact is, I have not yet seen your ‘Expostulatory Epistle’ to him. I was not aware, till your question, that it was out. I shall inquire and get it forthwith.

Southey is in town, whom I have seen slightly. Wordsworth expected, whom I hope to see much of. I write with accelerated motion, for I have two or three bothering clerks and brokers about me, who always press in proportion as you seem to be doing something that is not business. I could exclaim a little profanely, but I think you do not like swearing.

I conclude, begging you to consider that I feel myself much obliged by your kindness, and shall be most happy at any and all times to hear from you.

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

Charles Lamb.”

Mr. Coleridge, in the second edition of his Poems, transferred some of the poems which appeared in the first, to a supplement, and, amongst others, some verses addressed to myself, with the following notice.

“The first in order of these verses which I have thus

endeavoured to reprieve from immediate oblivion, was originally addressed ‘To the Author of Poems published anonymously at Bristol.’ A second edition of these poems has lately appeared with the author’s name prefixed: (Joseph Cottle) and I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man amongst my poems, without whose kindness, they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly, and variously obliged, as a poet, a man, and a christian.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

MY honor’d friend! whose verse concise, yet clear,
 Tunes to smooth melody unconquer’d sense,
 May your fame fadeless live, “as never sere”
 The ivy wreathes yon oak, whose broad defence
 Embow’rs me from noon’s sultry influence!
 For like that nameless riv’let stealing by,
 Your modest verse to musing quiet dear
 Is rich with tints heaven-borrow’d the charm’d eye
 Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften’d sky.

Circling the base of the poetic mount
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow;
 Its cold-black waters from oblivion’s fount;
 The vapor-poison’d birds that fly too low,

Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
 Escap'd that heavy stream on pinion fleet,
 Beneath the mountain's lofty frowning brow,
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
 A mead of mildest charm delays the unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,
 That like some giant king, o'er-glooms the hill ;
 Nor there the pine-grove to the midnight blast
 Makes solemn music ! But th' unceasing rill
 To the soft wren or lark's descending trill
 Murmurs sweet under-song mid jasmine bowers.
 In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
 I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flow'rs
 Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers !

There for the monarch-murder'd soldier's tomb
 You wove the unfinish'd * wreath of saddest hues,
 And to that holier † chaplet added bloom
 Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.
 But lo ! your ‡ Henderson awakes the Muse—
 His spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height !
 You left the plain, and soar'd mid richer views !
 So nature mourn'd, when sank the first day's light,
 With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night !

* War, a Fragment. † John the Baptist, a Poem. ‡ Monody on John Henderson.

Still soar my friend those richer views among,
 Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing fancy's beam!
 Virtue and truth shall love your gentler song:
 But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
 Wak'd by heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam
 What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around?
 But if the vex'd air rush a stormy stream,
 Or autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound
 With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest honor'd
 ground.

While the first edition of Mr. Coleridge's Poems was in the press, I received from Mr. C. the following letter.

“My dear Sir,

* * * * There is a beautiful little poetic epistle of Sara's, which I mean to print here. What if her epistle to you were likewise printed, so as to have two of her Poems? It is remarkably elegant, and would do honour to any volume of poems.”

The first epistle I never received. The second was printed in the first edition of Mr. C.'s Poems, and in no other. On account of its merit it is here inserted.

“THE PRODUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY,
ADDRESSED TO HER FRIEND, [J. C.]

(She had lost her thimble, and her complaint being accidentally overheard by her friend, he immediately sent her four others to take her choice from.)

As oft mine eye, with careless glance,
Has gallopp'd o'er some old romance,
Of speaking birds, and steeds with wings,
Giants and dwarfs, and fiends, and kings ;
Beyond the rest, with more attentive care,
I've loved to read of elfin-favor'd fair—
How if she longed for aught beneath the sky,
And suffered to escape one votive sigh,
Wafted along on viewless pinions airy,
It laid itself obsequious at her feet :
Such things I thought we might not hope to meet,
Save in the dear delicious land of fairy !
But now (by proof I know it well)
There's still some peril in free wishing—
Politeness is a licenced spell,
And you, dear Sir, the arch-magician.

You much perplexed me by the various set :
They were indeed an elegant quartette !
My mind went to and fro, and wavered long ;
At length I've chosen (Samuel thinks me wrong)

That around whose azure brim,
Silver figures seem to swim,
Like fleece-white clouds, that on the skyey blue,
Waked by no breeze, the self-same shapes retain ;
Or ocean nymphs, with limbs of snowy hue,
Slow floating o'er the calm cerulean plain.

Just such a one, mon cher ami
(The finger-shield of industry,)
The inventive gods, I deem, to Pallas gave,
What time the vain Arachne, madly brave,
Challenged the blue-eyed virgin of the sky
A duel in embroidered work to try.
And hence the thimble'd finger of grave Pallas,
To th' erring needle's point was more than callous.
But, ah, the poor Arachne! she, unarmed,
Blund'ring, through hasty eagerness, alarmed
With all a rival's hopes, a mortal's fears,
Still miss'd the stitch, and stained the web with tears.
Unnumbered punctures, small, yet sore,
Full fretfully the maiden bore,
Till she her lily finger found
Crimson'd with many a tiny wound,
And to her eyes, suffused with watery woe,
Her flower-embroidered web danced dim, I wist,
Like blossom'd shrubs, in a quick-moving mist ;
Till vanquish'd, the despairing maid sank low.

O, Bard! whom sure no common muse inspires,
 I heard your verse that glows with vestal fires ;
 And I from unwatch'd needle's erring point
 Had surely suffered on each finger joint,
 Those wounds, which erst did poor Arachne meet ;
 While he, the much-loved object of my choice,
 (My bosom thrilling with enthusiast heat)
 Pour'd on mine ear, with deep impressive voice,
 How the great Prophet of the desert stood,
 And preach'd of penitence by Jordan's flood :
 On war ; or else the legendary lays,
 In simplest measures hymn'd to Alla's praise ;
 Or what the Bard from his heart's inmost stores,
 O'er his friend's grave in loftier numbers pours :
 Yes, Bard polite ! you but obey'd the laws
 Of justice, when the thimble you had sent ;
 What wounds your thought-bewildering muse might cause,
 'Tis well, your finger-shielding gifts prevent.

SARA."

“ Dear Cottle,

I have heard nothing of my Tragedy, except some silly remarks of Kemble's, to whom a friend showed it ; it does not appear to me that there is a shadow of probability that it will be accepted. It gave me no pain, and great pleasure, in finding that it gave me no pain.

I had rather hoped than believed that I was possessed of so much philosophical capability. Sheridan, most certainly, has not used me with common justice. The proposal came from himself, and although this circumstance did not bind him to accept the Tragedy, it certainly bound him to every, and that the earliest, attention to it. I suppose, it is snugly in his green bag, if it have not emigrated to the kitchen.

I sent to the Monthly Magazine, (1797) three mock Sonnets, in ridicule of my own Poems, and Charles Lloyd's and Lamb's, &c. &c. exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent, in common-place epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics, (signifying how well and mouthishly the author would read them) puny pathos, &c. &c. the instances were almost all taken from myself, and Lloyd, and Lamb.

I signed them 'Nehemiah Higginbotham.'
I think they may do good to our young Bards.
God love you,

S. T. C.

P. S. I am translating the 'Oberon, of the land,' it is a difficult language, and I can translate at least as fast as I can construe. I have

made, also, a very considerable proficiency in the French language, and study it daily, and daily study the German; so that I am not, and have not been idle. * * *

SONNETS,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

SONNET I.

PENSIVE, at eve, on the hard world I mus'd,
 And my poor heart was sad : so at the moon
 I gazed, and sigh'd, and sigh'd ! for ah ! how soon
 Eve darkens into night ! Mine eye perus'd
 With tearful vacancy the dampy grass,
 Which wept and glitter'd in the paly ray :
 And I did pause me on my lonely way,
 And mused me on those wretched ones, who pass
 O'er the black heath of sorrow. But, alas !
 Most of MYSELF I thought : when it befel
 That the sooth SPIRIT of the breezy wood
 Breath'd in mine ear—" All this is very well ;
 But much of *one* thing is for *no-thing* good."
 Ah ! my poor heart's inexplicable swell !

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTHAM,

SONNET II.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O! I do love thee, meek simplicity!
 For of thy lays, the lulling simpleness
 Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress,
 Distress, though small, yet haply great to me!
 'Tis true, on lady fortune's gentlest pad,
 I amble on; yet, though I know not why,
 So sad I am!—but should a friend and I
 Grow cool and miff, O, I am very sad!
 And then with sonnets, and with sympathy,
 My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
 Now of my false friend 'plaining plaintively,
 Now raving at mankind in gener-al
 But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
 All very simple, meek SIMPLICITY!

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTHAM.

SONNET III.

ON A RUINED HOUSE, IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

AND this reft house is that, the which he built,
 Lamented Jack! and here his malt he pil'd,
 Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak so wild,
 Squeak, not unconscious of their father's guilt.

Did ye not see her gleaming through the glade ?

Belike 'twas she, the Maiden all forlorn.

What though she milk no Cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she stray'd :
And, aye beside her stalks her amorous Knight !

Still on his thighs his wonted brogues are worn,

And through those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white ;
As when through broken clouds, at night's high noon,
Peeps in fair fragments forth—the full-orb'd harvest-moon !

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTHAM.*

* Relating to these Sonnets, chiefly satirising himself, Mr. C. has said, (in his "Biographia;") "So general at that time, and so decided was the opinion concerning the characteristic vices of my style, that a celebrated physician, [Dr. Beddoes] speaking of me, in other respects, with his usual kindness, to a gentleman, who was about to meet me at a dinner party, could not however resist giving him a hint not to mention, in my presence, 'The House that Jack Built,' for that I was as sore as a boil, about that sonnet, he not knowing that I myself was the author of it."

Mr. Coleridge had a singular taste for satirising himself. He has spoken of another ludicrous consequence arising out of this indulgence.

"An amateur performer in verse, expressed to a common friend, a strong desire to be introduced to me, but hesitated in accepting my friend's immediate offer, on the score that 'he was, he must acknowledge, the author of a confounded severe epigram on Mr. C.'s Ancient Mariner, which had given him great pain.' I assured my friend, that if the epigram was a good one, it would only increase my desire to become acquainted with the author, and begged to

The moralist rightly says. "There is nothing permanent in this uncertain world;" and even most friendships do not partake of the "Munition of Rocks."

Alas! the spirit of impartiality now compels me to record, that the inseparable Trio; even the Three "Groscolliases" themselves, had, somehow or other, been touched with the negative magnet, and their particles, in opposition, flew off "as far as from hence to the utmost pole." I never rightly understood the cause of this dissension, but shrewdly suspected that that unwelcome and insidious intruder, Mr. Nehemiah Higginbotham, had no inconsiderable share in it.

Mr. C. even determined, in his third projected edition, (1798) that the productions of his two late friends should be excluded. The three next letters refer to this unpleasant affair.

hear it recited: when, to my no less surprise than amusement, it proved to be one which I had myself, sometime before, written and inserted in the Morning Post."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Your Poem must eternal be,
 Dear Sir, it cannot fail,
 For 'tis incomprehensible.
 And without head or tail."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the difference was of short continuance.

The Latin motto, prefixed to the second edition of Mr. C.'s poems, puzzled every body to know from what author it was derived. One and another inquired of me, to no purpose, and expressed a wish, that Mr. C. had been clearer in his citation, as "no one could understand it." On my naming this to Mr. Coleridge, he laughed heartily, and said, "It was all a Hoax." "Not meeting," said he, "with a suitable motto, I invented one, and with references purposely obscure." as will be explained in the next letter.*

"March 8, 1798.

My dear Cottle,

I have been confined to my bed for some days, through a fever occasioned by the stump of a tooth, which baffled chirurgical efforts to eject, and which, by affecting my eye, affected my stomach, and through that my whole frame. I

* The motto was the following:

Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiae et similium junctarumque
Camœnarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis
longinquitas!

Groscoll. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et Ptol. Lux. Tast.

am better, but still weak, in consequence of such long sleeplessness and wearying pains; weak, very weak. I thank you, my dear friend, for your late kindness, and in a few weeks will either repay you in money, or by verses, as you like. With regard to Lloyd's verses, it is curious that I should be applied to, 'to be persuaded to resign,' and in hopes that I might 'consent to give up' [unknown by whom] a number of poems which were published at the earnest request of the Author, who assured me, that the circumstance was of 'no trivial import to his happiness'!

Times change and people change; but let us keep our souls in quietness! I have no objection to any disposal of Lloyd's poems except that of their being republished with mine. The motto which I had prefixed—"Duplex, &c." from Groscollias, has placed me in a ridiculous situation, but it was a foolish and presumptuous start of affectionateness, and I am not unwilling to incur the punishment due to my folly. By past experiences we build up our moral being.

God bless you,

S. T. Coleridge."

A reference to this "stump of a tooth," was

more particularly made, in the following letter to Mr. Wade.

“ March 21st, 1798.

My very dear friend,

I have even now returned from a little excursion that I have taken for the confirmation of my health, which had suffered a rude assault from the anguish of a stump of a tooth which had baffled the attempts of our surgeon here, and which confined me to my bed. I suffered much from the disease, and more from the doctor; rather than again put my mouth into his hands, I would put my hands in a lion's mouth. I am happy to hear of, and should be most happy to see, the plumpness and progression of your dear boy; but—yes, my dear Wade, it must be a but, much as I hate the word but. Well,—but I cannot attend the chemical lectures. I have many reasons, but the greatest, or at least the most ostensible reason, is, that I cannot leave Mrs. C. at that time; our house is an uncomfortable one; our surgeon may be, for aught I know, a lineal descendant of Esculapius himself, but if so, in the repeated transfusion of life from father to son, through so many generations, the wit and knowledge, being

subtle spirits, have evaporated. * * * *

Ever your grateful and affectionate friend,
S. T. Coleridge.”

“ 1778.

My dear Cottle,

I regret that aught should have disturbed our tranquillity; respecting Lloyd, I am willing to believe myself in part mistaken, and so let all things be as before. I have no wish respecting these poems, either for or against re-publication with mine. As to the third edition, if there be occasion for it immediately, it must be published with some alterations, but no additions or omissions. The Pixies, Chatterton, and some dozen others, shall be printed at the end of the volume, under the title of Juvenile Poems, and in this case I will send you the volume immediately. But if there be no occasion for the volume to go to press for ten weeks, at the expiration of that time, I would make it a volume worthy of me, and omit utterly near one half of the present volume—a sacrifice to pitch black oblivion.*

* Eminent writers, particularly poets, should ever remember, they wield a mighty engine, for evil, or for good. An author, like Mr.

Whichever be the case, I will repay you the money you have paid for me, in money, and in a few weeks; or if you should prefer the latter proposal, (i. e. the not sending me to the press for ten weeks,) I should insist on considering the additions, however large, as my payment to you for the omissions, which, indeed, would be but strict justice.

I am requested by Wordsworth, to put to you the following questions. What could you, conveniently and prudently, and what would you give for—first, our two Tragedies, with small prefaces, containing an analysis of our principal characters? Exclusive of the prefaces, the Tragedies are, together, five thousand lines; which, in printing, from the dialogue form, and directions respecting actors and scenery, are at least equal to six thousand. To be delivered to you within a week of the date of your answer to this letter; and the money which you offer, to be paid to us at the end of

Coleridge, may confidently talk of consigning to “pitch-black oblivion,” writings which he deems immoral, or calculated to disparage his genius; but on works once given to the world, the public lay too tenacious a hold, to consult even the wishes of writers themselves. Improve they may, but withdraw they cannot! So much the more is circumspection required.

four months from the same date ; none to be paid before, all to be paid then.

Second.—Wordsworth's 'Salisbury Plain,' and 'Tale of a Woman;' which two poems, with a few others, which he will add, and the notes, will make a volume. This to be delivered to you within three weeks of the date of your answer, and the money to be paid as before, at the end of four months from the present date.

Do not, my dearest Cottle! harass yourself about the imagined great merit of the compositions, or be reluctant to offer what you can prudently offer, from an idea that the poems are worth more. But calculate what you can do, with reference simply to yourself, and answer as speedily as you can ; and believe me your sincere, grateful, and affectionate

Friend and brother,

S. T. Coleridge."

I offered Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth, thirty guineas each, as proposed, for their two Tragedies ; but which, after some hesitation, was declined, from the hope of introducing one, or both, on the stage. The volume of Poems was left for some future arrangement.

“ My dear Cottle,

I never involved you in the bickering, and never suspected you, in any one action of your life, of practising guile against any human being, except yourself.

Your letter supplied only one in a link of circumstances, that informed me of some things, and perhaps deceived me in others. I shall write to-day to Lloyd. I do not think I shall come to Bristol for these lectures, of which you speak. I ardently wish for the knowledge, but Mrs. Coleridge is within a month of her confinement, and I cannot, I ought not to leave her; especially as her surgeon is not a John Hunter, nor my house likely to perish from a plethora of comforts. Besides, there are other things that might disturb that evenness of benevolent feeling, which I wish to cultivate.

I am much better, and at present at Allfoxden, and my new and tender health is all over me like a voluptuous feeling.

God bless you.

S. T. Coleridge.”

When the dissension, before noticed, occurred, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd, (between whom

a strong friendship had latterly sprung up) became alienated from Mr. Coleridge, and cherished something of an indignant feeling. Strange as it may appear, C. Lamb determined to desert the inglorious ground of neutrality, and to commence active operations against his late friend; but the arrows were taken from his own peculiar armoury; tipped, not with iron, but wit. He sent Mr. Coleridge the following letter. Mr. Coleridge gave me this letter, saying, "These young visionaries will do each other no good." The following is Charles Lamb's letter to Mr. C.

“THESES QUÆDAM THEOLOGICÆ.

- 1st. Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?
- 2nd. Whether the archangel Uriel could affirm an untruth, and if he could, whether he would?
- 3rd. Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather to be reckoned among those qualities which the school-men term ‘*Virtutes minus splendidæ*’?
- 4th. Whether the higher order of Seraphim *illuminati*, ever sneer?
- 5th. Whether pure intelligences can love?
- 6th. Whether the Seraphim *ardentes* do not manifest

their virtues, by the way of vision and theory; and whether practice be not a sub-celestial and merely human virtue?

7th. Whether the vision beatific be any thing more or less than a perpetual representment, to each individual angel, of his own present attainments, and future capabilities, somehow in the manner of mortal looking-glasses, reflecting a perpetual complacency and self-satisfaction?

8th. and last. Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be condemned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?

Learned Sir, my friend,

Presuming on our long habits of friendship, and emboldened further by your late liberal permission to avail myself of your correspondence, in case I want any knowledge, (which I intend to do, when I have no Encyclopedia, or Ladies' Magazine at hand to refer to, in any matter of science,) I now submit to your enquiries the above theological propositions, to be by you defended or oppugned, (or both,) in the schools of Germany, whither, I am told, you are departing, to the utter dissatisfaction of your native Devonshire, and regret of universal England; but to my own individual consolation, if, through the channel of your wished

return, learned Sir, my friend, may be transmitted to this our island, from those famous theological wits of Leipsic and Gottingen, any rays of illumination, in vain to be derived from the home growth of our English halls and colleges. Finally wishing, learned Sir, that you may see Schiller, and swing in a wood, (vide poems) and sit upon a tun, and eat fat hams of Westphalia,

I remain,

Your friend and docile pupil, to instruct,

Charles Lamb."

Mr. Coleridge, at first, appeared greatly hurt at this letter; an impression which I endeavoured to counteract, by considering it as a slight ebullition of feeling in his worthy and valuable friend, that would soon subside; and which happily proved to be the case. I felt concern, also, not only that there should be a dissension between old friends, but that, arising out of the withdrawment of C. Lloyd from Mr. Coleridge's domestic roof, an inconvenience might accrue, to Mr. C. in a pecuniary light. To restore, and heal, therefore, I wrote a conciliatory letter to Charles Lloyd, to which he thus replied.

“Birmingham, 7th June, 1798.

My dear Cottle,

I thank you many times for your pleasing intelligence respecting Coleridge. I cannot think that I have acted with, or from passion towards him. Even my solitary night thoughts have been easy and calm when they have dwelt on him. * * * I love Coleridge, and can forget all that has happened.

At present, I could not well go to Stowey. I could scarcely excuse so sudden a removal from my parents. Lamb quitted me yesterday, after a fortnight's visit. I have been much interested in his society. I never knew him so happy in my life.

I shall write to Coleridge to-day.

God bless you, my dear friend,

C. Lloyd, Jun.”

Mr. C. up to this day, Feb. 18th, 1798, held, though laxly, the doctrines of Socinus. On the Rev. Mr. Rowe, of Shrewsbury, the Socinian minister, coming to settle in Bristol, Mr. Coleridge was strongly recommended, by his friends of that persuasion, to offer himself as Mr. R.'s successor; and he accordingly went on probation to Shrewsbury.

It is proper here to mention, in order that this subject may be the better understood, that Mr. Poole, a little before the above period, had introduced Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Thomas and Mr. Josiah Wedgewood. These gentlemen formed a high estimation of Mr. C.'s talents, and felt a deep interest in his welfare. At the time Mr. Coleridge was hesitating whether or not he should persist in offering himself to the Shrewsbury congregation, and so finally to settle down (provided his sentiments remained unaltered) into a Socinian minister, the Messrs. Wedgewoods having heard of the circumstance, and fearing that a pastoral charge might operate unfavourably on his literary pursuits, interfered, as will appear by the following letter of Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Wade.

“Stowey,

My very dear friend,

This last fortnight has been eventful. I received one hundred pounds from Josiah Wedgewood, in order to prevent the *necessity* of my going into the ministry. I have received an invitation from Shrewsbury, to be the minister there; and after fluctuations of mind, which have for nights toge-

ther robbed me of sleep, and I am afraid of health, I have at length returned the order to Mr. Wedgewood, with a long letter, explanatory of my conduct, and accepted the Shrewsbury invitation." * * * * *

The two Messrs. Wedgewoods still adhering to their first opinion, that Mr. Coleridge, by accepting the proposed engagement, would seriously obstruct his literary efforts; and having duly weighed the "explanatory letter" sent them by Mr. C. addressed to him a conjoint letter, announcing that it was their determination to allow him, for his life, one hundred and fifty pounds a year. This decided Mr. Coleridge to reject the Shrewsbury invitation. Mr. C. was oppressed with grateful emotions to these his liberal benefactors. He always spoke, in particular, of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgewood as being one of the best talkers, and as possessing one of the acutest minds of any man he had known.

While the affair was in suspense, a report was current in Bristol, that Mr. Coleridge had rejected the Messrs. Wedgewoods' offer, which the Socinians in both towns ardently desired. Entertaining a contrary wish, I addressed a letter to Mr. C. stating

the report, and expressing a hope that it had no foundation. The following satisfactory answer was immediately returned.

“ My very dear Cottle,

The moment I received Mr. Wedgewood's letter, I accepted his offer. How a contrary report could arise, I cannot guess. * * * *

I hope to see you at the close of next week. I have been respectfully, and kindly treated at Shrewsbury. I am well, and now, and ever,

Your grateful and affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge.”

In the year 1798, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth determined upon visiting Germany, and were devising means to obtain the necessary funds. A knowledge of this fact will elucidate some of the succeeding letters.

“ Feb. 18, 1798.

My dear Cottle,

I have finished my Ballad, it is 340 lines; I am going on with the ‘Visions’: altogether (for I

shall print two scenes of my Tragedy, as fragments) I can add 1500 lines; now what do you advise? Shall I add my Tragedy, and so make a second volume? or shall I pursue my first intention of inserting 1500 in the third edition? If you should advise a second volume, should you wish, i. e. find it convenient, to be the purchaser? I ask this question, because I wish you to know the true state of my present circumstances. I have received nothing yet from the Wedgewoods, and my money is utterly expended.

A friend of mine wanted five guineas for a little while, which I borrowed of P— as for myself, I do not like therefore to apply to him. Mr. — has some little money I believe in his hands, but I received from him before I went to Shrewsbury, fifteen pounds, and I believe that this was an anticipation of the five guinea presents, which my friends would have made me in March. But (this affair of the Messrs. Wedgewoods turning out) the money in Mr. —'s hand must go towards repaying him that sum which he suffered me to anticipate.— Meantime I owe Biggs £5. which is heavy on my thoughts, and Mrs. F. has not been paid her last quarter which is still heavier. As to myself, I can continue to go on here, but this £10 I must pay

somehow, that is £5. to Biggs, and £5. to Mrs. F.*

* * * * *

God bless you,

S. T. Coleridge.”

A visit to Mr. Coleridge at Stowey, had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth, who read me many of his Lyrical Pieces, when I perceived in them, a peculiar, but decided merit. I advised him to publish them, expressing a belief that they would be well received. I further said that he should be at no risk; that I would give him the same sum which I had given Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey, and that it would be a gratifying circumstance to me, to usher into the world, by becoming the publisher of the first volumes of three such Poets, as Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; a distinction that might never again occur to a Provincial bookseller.

To the idea of publishing he expressed a strong objection, and after several interviews, I left him, with an earnest wish that he would reconsider his determination.

Soon after, Mr. Wordsworth sent me the following letter.

* It is hardly necessary to say, this £10. I immediately paid for Mr. C,

“ Allfoxden, 12th April, 1798.

My dear Cottle,

* * * You will be pleased to hear that I have gone on very rapidly adding to my stock of poetry. Do come and let me read it to you, under the old trees in the park. We have a little more than two months to stay in this place. Within these four days the season has advanced with greater rapidity than I ever remember, and the country becomes almost every hour more lovely.

God bless you,

Your affectionate friend,

W. Wordsworth.”

A little time after, I received an invitation from Mr. Coleridge, to pay himself, and Mr. Wordsworth, another visit. At about the same time, I received the following corroborative invitation from Mr. Wordsworth.

“ Dear Cottle,

We look for you with great impatience. We will never forgive you if you do not come. I say nothing of the ‘Salisbury Plain’ till I see you. I am determined to finish it, and equally so that you shall publish.

I have lately been busy about another plan, which I do not wish to mention till I see you ; let this be very, very soon, and stay a week if possible ; as much longer as you can.

God bless you, dear Cottle,

Yours sincerely,

W. Wordsworth.

Allfoxden, 9th May, 1798.”

The following letter also on this subject, was received from Mr. Coleridge.

“ My dear Cottle,

Neither Wordsworth nor myself could have been otherwise than uncomfortable, if any but yourself had received from us the first offer of our Tragedies, and of the volume of Wordsworth's Poems. At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety, advance such a sum, as we should want at the time we specified. In short, we both regard the publication of our Tragedies, as an evil. It is not impossible but that in happier times, they may be brought on the stage : and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be to make the present moment act fraudulently and usuriously towards the future time.

My Tragedy employed and strained all my thoughts and faculties for six or seven months; Wordsworth consumed far more time, and far more thought, and far more genius. We consider the publication of them an evil on any terms; but our thoughts were bent on a plan for the accomplishment of which, a certain sum of money was necessary, (the whole) at that particular time, and in order to this we resolved, although reluctantly, to part with our Tragedies: that is, if we could obtain thirty guineas for each, and at less than thirty guineas Wordsworth will not part with the copy-right of his volume of Poems. We shall offer the Tragedies to no one, for we have determined to procure the money some other way. If you choose the volume of Poems, at the price mentioned, to be paid at the time specified, i. e. thirty guineas, to be paid sometime in the last fortnight of July, you may have them; but remember, my dear fellow! I write to you now merely as a bookseller, and intreat you, in your answer, to consider yourself only; as to us, although money is necessary to our plan, [that of visiting Germany] yet the plan is not necessary to our happiness; and if it were, W. would sell his Poems for that sum to some one else, or we could

procure the money without selling the poems. So I entreat you, again and again, in your answer, which must be immediate, consider yourself only.

Wordsworth has been caballed against *so long and so loudly*, that he has found it impossible to prevail on the tenant of the Allfoxden estate, to let him the house, after their first agreement is expired, so he must quit it at Midsummer; whether we shall be able to procure him a house and furniture near Stowey, we know not, and yet we must: for the hills, and the woods, and the streams, and the sea, and the shores would break forth into reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve, to keep their Poet among them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him.

At all events, come down, Cottle, as soon as you can, but before Midsummer, and we will procure a horse easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean, and the vast valley of stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snow. At all

events come down, and cease not to believe me
much and affectionately your friend,

S. T. Coleridge."

In consequence of these conjoint invitations, I spent a week with Mr. C. and Mr. W. at Allfoxden house, and during this time, (besides the reading of MS. Poems) they took me to Limouth, and Linton, and the Valley of Stones. This beautiful and august scenery, might suggest many remarks, as well as our incidents on the way, but I check the disposition to amplify, from recollecting the extent, to which an unconstrained indulgence in narrative had formerly led me, in the affair of Tintern Abbey.

At this interview it was determined, that the volume should be published under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," on the terms stipulated in a former letter: that this volume should not contain the poem of "Salisbury Plain,"* but only an extract from it; that it should not contain the poem of "Peter Bell," but consist rather of

* This Poem of "Salisbury Plain" (except an extract in Vol. 1, Lyrical Ballads) has not yet been published. It was always with me a great favourite, and, with the exception of the "Excursion," the poem of all others, on which I thought Mr. Wordsworth might most advantageously rest his fame as a poet.

sundry shorter poems, and, for the most part, of pieces more recently written. I had recommended two volumes, but one was fixed on, and that to be published anonymously. It was to be begun immediately, and with the “Ancient Mariner;” which poem I brought with me to Bristol. A day or two after I received the following.

“My dear Cottle,

You know what I think of a letter, how impossible it is to argue in it. You must therefore take simple statements, and in a week or two, I shall see you, and endeavour to reason with you.

Wordsworth and I have duly weighed your proposal, and this is an answer. W. would not object to the publishing of ‘Peter Bell,’ or the ‘Salisbury Plain’ singly; but to the publishing of his poems in two volumes, he is decisively repugnant and oppugnant.

He deems that they would want variety, &c. &c. If this apply in his case, it applies with ten-fold more force to mine. We deem that the volumes offered to you, are, to a certain degree, one work, in kind, though not in degree, as an ode is one work; and that our different poems are as stanzas, good, relatively rather than absolutely: mark you, I

say in kind, though not in degree. As to the Tragedy, when I consider it in reference to Shakspeare's, and to *one* other Tragedy, it seems a poor thing, and I care little what becomes of it. When I consider it in comparison with modern dramatists, it rises: and I think it too bad to be published, too good to be squandered. I think of breaking it up; the planks are sound, and I will build a new ship of old materials.

The dedication to the Wedgewoods, which you recommend, would be indelicate and unmeaning. If, after four or five years, I shall have finished some work of importance, which could not have been written, but in an unanxious seclusion, to them I will dedicate it; for the public will have owed the work to them, who gave me the power of that unanxious seclusion.

As to anonymous publications, depend on it, you are deceived. Wordsworth's name is nothing to a large number of persons; mine —. The 'Essay on Man,' the 'Botanic Garden,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and many other most popular works, were published anonymously. However, I waive all reasoning, and simply state it as an unaltered opinion, that you should proceed as before, with the 'Ancient Mariner.'

The picture shall be sent.* For your love gifts and book-loans, accept our hearty love. The 'Joan of Arc' is a divine book; it opens lovelily. I

* A portrait of Mr. Wordsworth, correctly and beautifully executed, by an artist then at Stowey. No. 5.

The following is a list of some portraits now in my possession; all esteemed correct likenesses, at the periods in which they were taken (to which I can add my own testimony.)

1. A half-length portrait, 24 in. by 18, by *Mr. Vandyke*, 1795, of
S. T. Coleridge
2. A small ditto, 8 in. by 6, by *Hancock*, 1796, of Ditto
3. A half-length ditto, 24 in. by 18, *Vandyke*, 1795, of Robert Southey
4. A small ditto, 8 inches by 6, *Hancock*, 1797, of Ditto
5. A half-length ditto, 14 inches by 10, 1797, of W. Wordsworth
6. A small ditto, 8 inches by 6, *Hancock*, 1798, of Ditto
7. A small ditto, 8 inches by 6, *Ditto*, 1798, of Charles Lamb
8. A Miniature, small oval, ... 1802, of Leigh Hunt
9. A portrait in pencil, by the late *Miss Eden* 1822, of Robert Hall
10. A portrait in indian ink *Branwhite*, 1828, of John Foster
11. A Ditto, *Ditto*, 1828, of Joseph Hughes
12. A large portrait ... by *Palmer*, 1786, of John Henderson
13. A small ditto ... *Ditto* 1786, of Ditto
14. A portrait 18 inches by 14. *Ditto* 1787, of Amos Cottle
15. A portrait of and by himself, small oval of Wm. Palmer
16. A portrait of the Maid of the Hay-Stack 1786, by *Palmer*
oval, 12 inches by 9,
17. A portrait, 8 inches by 6. *Hancock*, 1796, of J. C.
18. A portrait, ... by *Branwhite*, 1819, of J. C.
19. A portrait. ... *Ditto* 1836, of Robert Southey
20. A portrait, ... *Ditto* 1836, of Walter Savage Landor
21. A ditto, 8 inches by 6, *Hancock*, 1796, of Charles Fox.

hope that you will take off some half dozen of our Poems on great paper, even as the ‘Joan of Arc.’

Cottle, my dear Cottle, I meant to have written you an Essay on the Metaphysics of Typography, but I have not time. Take a few hints, without the abstruse reasons for them, with which I mean to favour you. 18 lines in a page, the lines closely printed, certainly more closely printed than those of the ‘Joan;’* (‘Oh, by all means, closer, *W. Wordsworth*’) equal ink, and large margins; that is beauty; it may even, under your immediate care, mingle the sublime! And now, my dear Cottle, may God love you and me, who am, with most unauthorish feelings,

Your true friend,

S. T. Coleridge.”

P. S. I walked to Linton the day after you left us, and returned on Saturday. I walked in one day, and returned in one.

A reference was made by Mr. Coleridge, in a letter (p. 313) to the “caballing, long and loud,” against Mr. Wordsworth, and which occasioned

* Joan of Arc, 4to. first edition, had twenty lines, in a page.

him to remove from Somersetshire. To learn the nature of this annoyance, may furnish some little amusement to the reader, while Mr. W. himself will only smile at trifling incidents, that are now, perhaps, scarcely remembered.

Mr. W. had taken the Allfoxden House, near Stowey, for one year, (during the minority of the heir) and the reason why he was refused a continuance, by the ignorant man who had the letting of it, arose (as Mr. Coleridge informed me) from a whimsical cause, or rather, a series of causes. The wiseacres of the village had, it seemed, made Mr. W. the subject of their serious conversation. One said that "He had seen him wander about by night, and look rather strangely at the moon! and then, he roamed over the hills, like a partridge." Another said, "he had heard him mutter, as he walked, in some outlandish brogue, that nobody could understand!" Another said, "It's useless to talk, Thomas, I think he is what people call a 'wise man,' [a conjuror!]" Another said, "You are every one of you wrong. I know what he is. We have all met him, tramping away toward the sea. Would any man in his senses, take all that trouble to look at a parcel of water! I think he carries on a snug business in

the smuggling line, and, in these journies, is on the look-out for some *wet cargo*!" Another very significantly said, "I know that he has got a private still in his cellar, for I once passed his house, at a little better than a hundred yards distance, and I could smell the spirits, as plain as an ashen fagot at Christmas!" Another said, "However that was, he is surely a desperd French jacobin, for he is so silent and dark, that no body ever heard him say one word about politics!" And thus these ignoramuses drove from their village, a greater ornament than will ever again be found amongst them.

In order to continue the smile on the reader's countenance, I may be allowed to state a trifling circumstance, which at this moment forces itself on my recollection.

A visit to Mr. Coleridge, at Stowey, in the year 1797, had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth. Soon after our acquaintance had commenced, Mr. W. happened to be in Bristol, and asked me to spend a day or two with him at Allfoxden. I consented, and drove him down in a gig. We called for Mr. Coleridge, Miss Wordsworth, and the servant, at Stowey, and they walked, while we rode on to Mr W.'s

house, (distant two or three miles) where we purposed to dine. A London alderman would smile at our bill-of-fare. It consisted of philosophers' viands; namely, a bottle of brandy, a noble loaf, and a stout piece of cheese; and as there were plenty of lettuces in the garden, with all these comforts we calculated on doing very well.

Our fond hopes, however, were somewhat damped, by finding, that our "stout piece of cheese" had vanished! A sturdy *rat* of a beggar, whom we had relieved on the road, with his olfactories all alive, no doubt, *smelt* our cheese, and while we were gazing at the magnificent clouds, contrived to abstract our treasure! Cruel tramp! An ill return for our pence! We both wished the rind might not choke him! The mournful fact was ascertained a little before we drove into the court-yard of the house. Mr. Coleridge bore the loss with great fortitude, observing, that we should never starve with a loaf of bread, and a bottle of brandy. He now, with the dexterity of an adept, (admired by his friends around) unbuckled the horse, and, putting down the shafts, with a jerk, as a triumphant conclusion of his work, lo! the bottle of brandy, that had been placed most carefully behind us, on the seat, from

the inevitable law of gravity, suddenly rolled down, and, before we could arrest the spirituous avalanche, pitching right on the stones, was dashed to pieces! We all beheld the spectacle, silent and petrified! We might have collected the broken fragments of glass, but, the brandy! that was gone! clean gone!*

One little untoward thing often follows another, and while the rest stood musing, chained to the place, regaling themselves with the Cogniac effluvia, and all miserably chagrined, I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not get off the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. W. first brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck, almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the

* Did the report of the "still," in the former page, originate in this broken bottle of brandy?

useless task, pronouncing that "the horse's head must have grown, (gout or dropsy!) since the collar was put on! "for," he said, "It was a downright impossibility for such a huge *Os Frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this instant the servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, Master," said she, "you do not go about the work in the right way. You should do like this," when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied, afresh, that there were heights of knowledge in the world, to which he had not attained.

We were now summoned to dinner, and a dinner it was, such as every blind and starving man in the three kingdoms would have rejoiced to behold. At the top of the table stood a superb brown loaf. The centre dish presented a pile of the true coss lettuces, and at the bottom appeared an empty plate, where the "stout piece of cheese" ought to have stood! (cruel mendicant!) and though the brandy was "clean gone," yet its place was well, if not *better* supplied by a superabundance of fine sparkling Castalian Champagne! A happy thought at this time started into one of our

minds, that some sauce would render the lettuces a little more acceptable, when an individual in the company, recollected a question, once propounded by the most patient of men "How can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?" and asked for a little of that valuable culinary article. "Indeed Sir," Betty replied, "I quite forgot to buy salt." A general laugh followed the announcement, in which our host heartily joined. This was nothing. We had plenty of other good things, and while crunching our succulents, and munching our crusts, we pitied the far worse condition of those, perchance as hungry as ourselves, who were forced to dine, alone, off æther. For our next meal, the mile-off village furnished all that could be desired, and these trifling incidents present the sum, and the result, of half the little passing disasters of life.

The volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" was published about Midsummer, 1798. In September of the same year, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth, left England for Germany, and I for ever quitted the business of a bookseller, with the earnest hope that the time might never arrive when Bristol possessed not a bookseller, prompt to extend a friendly hand to every man of genius,

home-born, or exotic, that might be found within its borders.

This part of the narrative of Mr. Coleridge is now completed. The next portion of Mr. C.'s Life that came under my own observation, will commence with his return from Germany, 1799.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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